

REYNCLIC METORICAL GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Presented to the

of
The Genealogical Society
of
The Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints

by

Mountain States Bindery





YEARS IN THE SHEAF



Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2019



wan moody

YEARS IN THE SHEAF

Ву

WILLIAM A. MOODY

The
Autobiography

of

William Alfred Moody

Born June 28, 1870

son of

William Cresfield Moody

and

Cynthia Elizabeth (Damron) Moody

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Published by GRANITE PUBLISHING CO.

Copyright 1959 by William A. Moody

All Rights Reserved

Printed 1959 by UTAH PRINTING CO. in the United States of America

1891693

I wish to thank Dr. John A. Widtsoe for helpful suggestions and encouragement in connection with this book. Also Thomas C. Romney and Mrs. Marba C. Josephson for reading and criticizing my manuscript; my daughter Delia Moody Bates for help in selecting, organizing and typing the material, and Mrs. Utella Strang for her aid in the typing and final preparation of the Table of Contents.

. . . The Author



To
My Children
Who Are
Very Dear To Me
This Book Is
Affectionately Dedicated

—The Author

I will do what seems to be my present duty as best I can, and what I lack in ability, I shall humbly strive to make up for by being faithful, proving to God and men that I am a man who can be trusted.

This, then, is the rule by which I have lived.

wan moody

Foreword

Spoken words soon pass on, but written ones, like monuments of stone well preserved, can live forever. So will this well written book, "Years in the Sheaf," an autobiography of William A. Moody, live on, a monument to him, and an example to all of a life well spent in service to others.

This writer has known and respected Bishop Moody for many years and is proud to write a foreword to his book. It is a masterpiece of its kind. It is as fresh and full of life's interests as a western countryside in the spring. It is a story of a man whose deeds, springing from the heart, have blended into the rhythm and purpose of God's eternal plan. Far from being preachy, it is a true picture of pioneer life when men were men.

Church people will enjoy reading of his experiences as a missionary in Samoa where, traveling without purse or script, and suffering hardship and sorrow, he never complained, but trusted in God to guide his footpaths. His testimony is a lesson to all of us. His book is not only faith promoting, but is full of adventure that will interest groups of all ages. Stories of Indians, wrestling with a deer, riding dangerously down a water flume, and gaining success by sheer work and determination lend color and excitement to the narrative. It is a story that will grip your heartstrings, bringing tears one moment and laughter the next. It is not alone the story of the author, but a series of stories about people and problems of life.

As an old folks historian it has been my lot to interview many people and read many manuscripts, but truthfully, never have I read one with so much life, so vividly and well told. Teachers will find supplementary material to interest youth, and those who want suggestions as to how to make a success of life will find an answer in this book.

Every success is wished to this great man, whose entire life has been spent in service for others.

Harold H. Jenson

THE GRANITE PUBLISHING COMPANY is proud to have this fine book, YEARS IN THE SHEAF, on its list — a book that springs from our own cultural and spiritual soil: fresh, rugged, and inspiring.

MR. MOODY covers much of the West, including the Islands of the Pacific, in his bracing personal story, and sprinkles his unusual experiences with good home-spun philosophy. This is interesting and wholesome reading at its best.

A BOOK FOR EVERY HOME AND SCHOOL LIBRARY

-Ezra J. Poulsen

Preface

Often I have found myself yearning to know something of my ancestors beyond the facts presented in the genealogical records. I have sought to imagine what trials, joys, heart throbs, sorrows and achievements went into the making of this or that individual from whom I derive. In the belief that my posterity may possess a similar yearning, I write this narrative of my life. It is a compilation of the substance of ten original journals.

This task is approached with humility and prayer, since the very decision to write an autobiography is an assumption that what is in prospect of being set down is worthy of preservation in print. I am conscious that some of my fond hopes have never been realized; that I have never reached the heights that men esteem great. Mine has been a humble life filled with deeds springing from the heart, as I endeavored to make those about me happy, and to do what I believed God wanted me to do.

But I do see evidence, as I scan in retrospect, such a long life as mine has been, of a conscious and persistent effort of blending that life with the rhythm and purpose of God's eternal plan. Who am I to conceive a better? I have given it the obedience that comes of complete acceptance. And insofar as I have been able to tune in with God's eternal revelations and live His plan, I have been happy. In whatever light my life may appear to others, to me it seems to have been rich and abundant, which fact, I may be permitted to assume, justifies the principles and philosophies by which I sought as best I could to live.

And so, if any humble achievement of mine makes a case for the persistent living of this plan, then I am happy. True, I have known the battering of adverse circumstances and human injustices. But I see myself as an atom in God's universe which has persisted and borne whatever came along — the good and the bad — without faltering, because I believed in a greater purpose and justice than any that appears to this imperfect world.

As I reflect on the spiritual poverty of the world today, a world afraid, a world that has lost the faith of its fathers, I am concerned at this spiritual ailment which fills countless hospital beds with patients, but is charted only in terms of the organic ailments which are its visible symptoms.

Men seek far for the answer when we already have that answer and have had it always. I verily believe it to be found in the first great Commandment, and the second "that is like unto it." God's plan is built upon these, and it is perfect.

The following chronicle is the record of one man's attempt to live that plan consistently, as best he saw it; a man possessed of common human frailties.

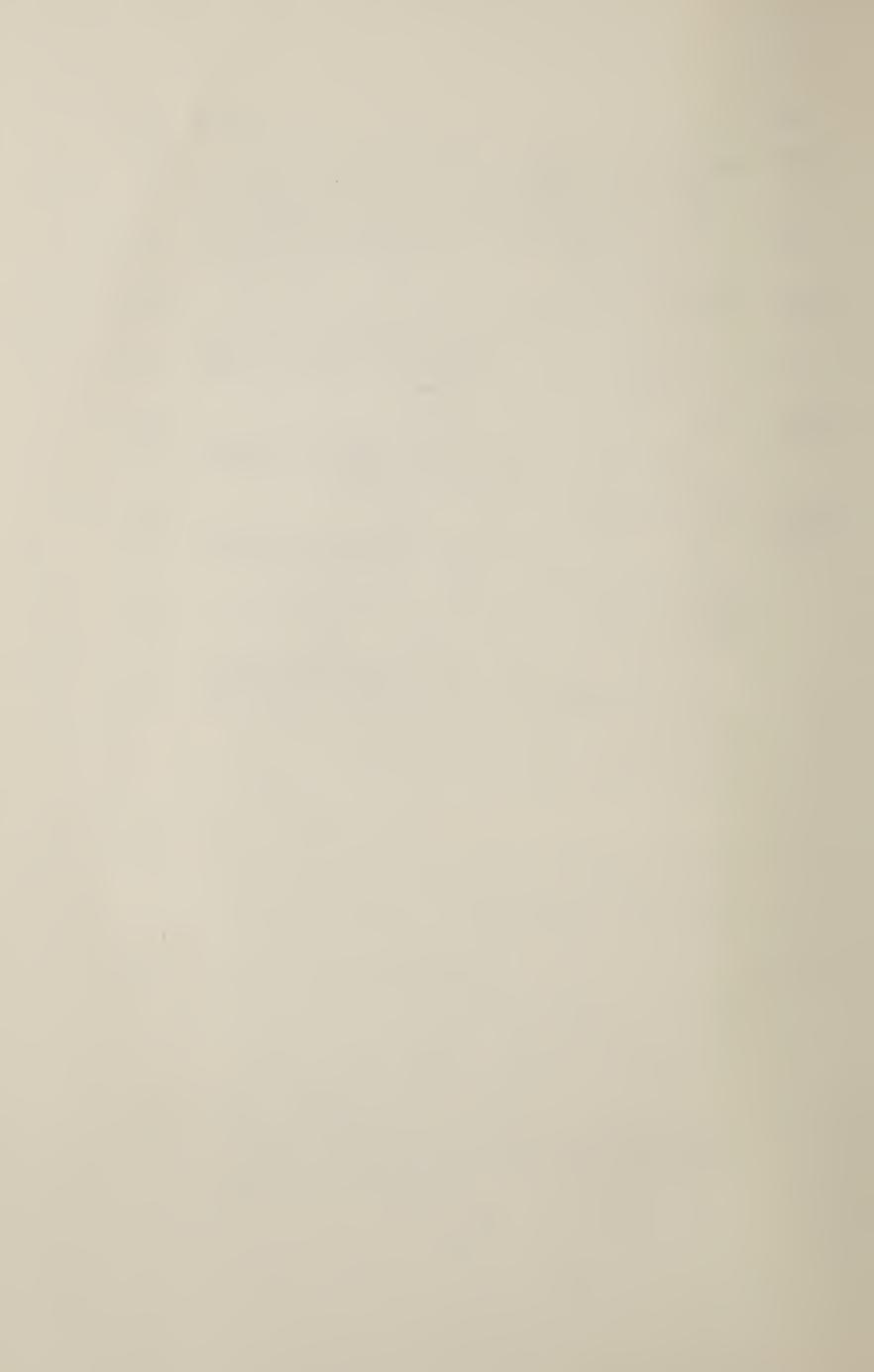
I set it forth for you, my children, and my children's children, and perhaps for others to whom its simple story may speak.

Contents

Forewor	d	xi
Preface.		xiii
Chapter		Page
I	MY NATIVITY AND ANCESTORS Location — "Gean's Cellar" — Mother's Grave — Parents —The Mormon Car—The Plight of Five Motherless Children	1
II	EAGLE VALLEY Indian Friendship — Community Life — Work on the Temple — Move to Deseret — Guarding the cattle	9
III	ARIZONA The departure — Petrified Lumber — Lee's Ferry — United Order — Indian Trouble	16
IV	ON TO NEW ADVENTURES My Education — Selling Melons — Learning Self-Control	28
V	PLENTY OF ACTION Amnesia — Trip to Mexico — John W. Young Railroad — My Fight With a Deer	37
VI	ADELIA The Farm — An Act of Kindness — Lizzie McBride — My Courtship and Marriage to Adelia — Business Venture — Called to Samoa — A Grave Decision — Sam	44
VII	SAMOA My Wife Called to accompany me on my Mission — Insufficient Funds — Our Faith Tested — God's Providence — Apia — Assignment — Life seemed Ideal — Hazel's Birth — Adelia's Death — My Faith Shaken — I Struggle On — Assigned to Labor at Siupapa — I Visit My Baby	52
VIII	THE WORK PROGRESSES The "Handsome Man" — Marriage of a Taupou — Lost in the Jungle — More About Samoa and its People — I Labor Alone — Scarcity of Food	64
IX	HAZEL BECOMES ILL Food Problem — I Fast and Pray — Good News — Prayers Answered — David Kenison — Dangerous Passage — Saleaula — Elder Burnham — The Chief's Viewpoint — My Baby Sick Again — A Miraculous Healing — I Send Hazel Home	74
X	A VISION I Preside at West End of Savaii — The Vision — My Banyan Tree — Revelation and its Fulfillment	83
XI	MY WORK PROGRESSES Conference — Baptisms — I Expect My Release — A Miraculous Healing — Baptism of Three High Chiefs — Trip to Tutuila	88

XII	Thoughts About The People and My Missionary Work — On Board the Monowai Again — Our Ship on Fire — Home at Last — Partnership — Probate Judge and County School Superintendent — A Strange Presentiment — Sadie Blake — Courtship and Marriage — Four Years as Probate Judge	101
XIII	COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT Steps Taken to Improve Schools — Efficient Teachers and Graded Schools — Closer Supervision — New Buildings and Equipment — Many Changes Made — Institutes — Excerpts From My Speech at The Territorial Teachers' Institute	108
XIV	CHURCH ACTIVITIES A New Home — Positions Held — Brief History of the Church at Thatcher, Arizona — Bishop — Building a Chapel — Some Lessons Learned	114
XV	BUSINESS VENTURES Bank — Sawmill — Lorenzo Watson — Commercial Club — Samuel Claridge — An Interesting Incident — Purpose of Life? — An Analogy — "Essence of Life is Divine"	119
XVI	OUR HOME LIFE The Setting — Happy, Prosperous Days — Business Activities — More About Sarah — Hazel Lost — Prayer Answered — A Miraculous Healing — Tramp Problem — Seeing The Good and Beautiful — Home Night — Christmas — Changing Tears to Smiles — Father's Death — Call to Preside over the Samoan Mission	126
XVII	MY SECOND MISSION Fulfillment of Prophecy — President Smith's Instructions — Excerpts From Writings of Sarah Blake Moody — My Arrival in Samoa — Discovery of True Conditions — Cocoanut Trees Planted — Mapusaga — Happy Natives — Conference and Plantings — Trip to Savii — Sorrowful Decline of Mission — Volcano	137
XVIII	THE GOSPEL TREE German's Antagonism — "There is a Way" — Gathering Move Abandoned — A Prophecy and its Fulfillment — New Impetus — Interesting Incidents — Gospel Tree Grows — New Policy Approved — Tongan Mission — Death of Elder George E. Morris — A visit With Governor Solf — Baptisms	146
XIX	A NEW YEAR STARTS Savaii — Upward Trend of Work — Mission School Excels — Moving The Tuasivi House — Spirit of Love — First Conference in Tonga — July 24th Celebration — Island Visited — A Joke on Me — Matter of Chastity — Lake Lanatoo — Magic Lantern — Tuluila — New School — Books for S. S. Annapolis — Letters From Home	155
XX	THE MISSION'S PROGRESS Cocoanut Plantation — Statistical — Spiritual Growth — Healings — Church Books in Public Library — Trouble with German Governor—Tonga—A Visit to My Wife's Grave— My Release and Farewells	167

XXI	HOME!	177
	My Arrival — The Sawmill — Water Trouble — Riding the Flume — Member State Land Commission — Discover Huge Land Fraud — Our Protest Reached Washington — I Investigate the "Painted Desert" — Three Sessions of Legislations — Land Legislation — My Term Expired — Excerpts from Letters Received	
XXII	VARIED CAREERS	190
	With Theodore Roosevelt at Hopi Snake Dance — State Land Appraiser — Barma — Superintendent of State Industrial School and What We Accomplish — Our Efforts Crowned — Influenza — Letters of Appreciation	
XXIII	GRIEF TINGES OUR JOY	200
	Rupert — Move to Phoenix — Land Boom and Speculators — Boom Breaks — Heavy Losses — Politics — Governor George W. P. Hunt, His Friendship Shown	
XXIV	DEEP SORROW	207
	Sarah — 'She Was Truly One in a Million' — Our Happiness — Her Fortitude, Sickness and Death — Fanny — Amy — My Children	
	CONCLUSION	215
	ADDENDUM	216
	Ina D. Lee — I. B. Ball — Victoria Reginia Moody Hawley — A Letter from Senator Mulford Winsor to Honorable William G. McAdoo	



CHAPTER I

My Nativity and Ancestors

In southeastern Nevada there is a chain of small valleys lying about two hours ride by modern motor car from the transcontinental highway. Beautiful little valleys bearing the significant names of Spring Valley, Eagle Valley, Rose Valley, Dry Valley and Meadow Valley. At Ely, one may observe a signpost pointing toward a stretch of desolate and arid desert which reads, "Pioche, 108 miles," and beyond Pioche there are fourteen more miles to be traversed in order to reach these linking valleys.

Today, all except Dry Valley, these are inhabited by prosperous ranchers having fine cattle herds which feed on the lush grass of the meadows, as well as the more meager pickings to be found on the hillsides.

But in 1870 when I came into the world, these valleys were an earth-end, having barely acquired the dignity of names. Aside from the fertile meadow lands, the country was covered with sagebrush and cedar trees, furnishing homes for deer, coyotes and the smaller animals and birds, much then as now.

Our specific home was in Eagle Valley, and the only mother I ever knew was my sister Regenia, fondly nicknamed Gean, on whom the burden of the dugout and her brothers depended. So completely was the child accepted in this role that even the house was called "Gean's Cellar."

One of my earliest recollections is of this sister, with a face too old for her years, but with the inevitable twinkle in her eyes, coming out to round up the boys for the evening meal; attracted by my screams, running to rescue me from a bed of those large, ferocious red ants which being infuriated by my sitting down on their ant hill, swarmed out and attacked me like so many little tigers. The memory of their poisonous stings still remains with me. After rescuing me, she grabbed me to her, tugging me on one hip, while she rounded up the three older boys, George, Thomas Alfonzo and Milton.

One of them was located without delay, for he was curled comfortably high in the "tithing apple tree," which had come by its name because, being in the corner of our property, it was convenient for those passing by to help themselves to the apples hanging temptingly over the fence. We always said they took a tithe from the tree. The apples were large and mealy, and many a boy sated his appetite because of the tree.

Gean rousted the boy from the tree and trudged on around the stack yard where in autumn the corn was shocked, then down to the "calf field" where our father raised potatoes, and here were the other two boys.

We were complete now and as we often did, we circled on to the simple litle graveyard at the edge of the hill, and here we paused, gazing solemnly at the rough mound of gravel beneath which our mother slept. Baby though I was, and on this particular evening still coping with some of the ants my sister had not been able to brush away, I sensed the loss which had been ours, and the sanctity of this place.

Sadly we looked from the mound to each other, then with no one speaking a word, we turned and started home.

"Gean's Cellar" was half excavation with a superstructure of stone and a roof. It had a sod floor, hard-packed, and the one large room was partitioned into sleeping quarters by a calico curtain. A table of rough pine, a pot-bellied iron stove and homemade beds with rawhide woven springs were its chief furnishings.

Down the shallow steps thundered my hungry brothers, but supper had to wait until Gean had cleaned me thoroughly to free me from the ants.

My father had originally come to Dry Valley to fill a wood contract and do some masonry work for a Pioche mining company.

He even established a small town named Moodyville for him, and it was here that I was born. The town had a common well which furnished water for drinking and cooking. But when washings were to be done, the women took their laundry two miles away to the mouth of a canyon where Flat-Nose Creek emerged into the valley. Always these excursions were gala events for the children. They waded, climbed hills, and played under the shade of huge cottonwood trees. And above the women engaged in their laundry work, where the creek ran sparkling clear, the children lay on their little bellies and drank their fill.

When father's contract with the mining company was terminated, he went to Eagle Valley, and eventually there was no Moody ville, for this was a barren valley where I was born, and today only rubble and the remains of several sturdy chimneys mark the place.

"Little town, thy streets forevermore will silent be." And soon

not a soul to tell why thou art desolate can ever return.

I possessed always, a deep love and great respect for my father. He was the son of John Wyatt Moody and Mary (Polly) Baldwin, having been born on March 23rd, 1819, in Coosa County, Alabama. He was a man of large stature and great physical strength. His American ancestors settled first in Virginia, and were land owners of some importance. At the time of his birth, slavery was common. My grandfather left Virginia while he was still a young, unmarried man, and went to Alabama, being a trader and later owning a plantation and slaves. He met and fell in love with "Polly" Baldwin, but her parents moved to Ohio, taking her with them.

Months elapsed while a letter went such a distance and a reply came back, but John's love for Polly was not to be squelched. He besieged her with love letters, ardent pleas that she be his wife, and finally he won her, even though such great distance separated them.

He took her to Virginia, but later they returned to Alabama,

where my father was born.

When he was sixteen, he moved with his family to Texas, arriving there in May of 1835, not too long before the disastrous news of the Battle of the Alamo had gone out across the land. Feeling ran high everywhere, and father promptly enlisted in the army under General Sam Houston about March of 1836.

It was soon thereafter that Texas gained her independence, and because of his citizenship and army service father received a land grant of a Spanish League, or about 4,409 acres.

His father became the first auditor of the Texas Republic.

About 1850, Mormon Elders came to Texas, teaching the gospel as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"Their teachings had the ring of truth," my father often told us later, and so it was that he and his family, his mother and brother John Monroe and family, were baptized into the church. With the exception of John Monroe, they left Texas on March 20th of 1853 to go to Salt Lake City, Utah, arriving there on September 20th of the same year. John followed a year later.

When he left Texas, father relinquished his rights to the land grant which had been presented to him.

After filling two missions for the church, one to Texas and another to England, he responded to a call from Brigham Young to help colonize St. George in Washington County, Utah.

A pioneer was he, first and last.

It is an inspiration and a challenge to me that my progenitors, as far back as I have record of them, were predominantly men and women of honor and integrity, God-fearing and sensitive to the needs of their fellow men.

To be found within the ranks of these forebears are a number of physicians and ministers, types of men who have devoted their lives in service. Both of my parents held steadfastly to the faith they had espoused, that they might reap its promise, "Great shall be their reward and eternal shall be their glory." They bequeathed to me a noble heritage. It has always been my prayer that I might hand this on to my posterity untarnished.

Little imagination is required to enable me to conjure a picture of my father as he sat with bowed head and grave mien, inscribing in the record sheet of the family Bible, the painful item of my mother's passing. His was such a curious blend of rugged strength and gentle tenderness.

In his even, painstaking hand, he had written:

"Cinthy Elizabeth Damron Moody who departed this life December 7th, 1872, leaves five children, four sons and a daughter, to mourn her loss. She was a good and faithful wife and an indulgent mother, and I do solemnly mourn her loss. She died in the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and I feel an assurance that if I am faithful to the end, I shall meet her beyond the grave in eternal bloom, where death has no power. God Grant. Amen."

Long and serious must have been his reflections upon her death. My own children will remember that a large, tinted photograph of my mother, given to me by father, hung for many years in our home, a keepsake I still have and treasure.

Although she had no physical part in my rearing, it is surprising how much she influenced my life. The frequent walks which took us to her grave impressed me deeply, and everywhere were the evidences of her teachings which still served to guide us all as we

grew to manhood and womanhood.

Of her virtues, small doubt exists. Mrs. Lorenzo Cutler, who crossed the plains with her and her sister Matilda, in 1857, when the three of them were young girls, said, "Cinthy Elizabeth and Matilda Damron were two of the most perfect and angelic persons that ever lived. They were intelligent, kind and generous, and I loved them both."

Years later, when I traveled as a state land appraiser through Arizona, I came upon Lucy Lytle, who had been midwife in attendance at my birth, and who had been the only person with my mother when she died. She spoke feelingly in praise of mother.

She was converted to the church by father and his brother John, while they were filling missions in Texas. She and her sister, along with Mary Louise Whitmore, later to become Mrs. Lorenzo Cutler, rode all the way from Tyler, Texas to Utah on horseback, along with a wagon train and cattle herds. William W. (Uncle Billy) Damron, and Joseph W. Damron, her younger brother, came to Utah in the same company in 1857, when mother was eighteen years of age.

About this time, Johnston's Army was headed west, to find out what the Mormons were "up to." The company of which mother was a part sometimes passed them on the road as they were encamped, and at other times the army, also on horseback, passed them. There was much excitement and no little interest for the pioneers to be thus in proximity to Johnston's Army, whose destination was the same as theirs, but whose objective was quite the opposite.

The occasion caused the three young women to compose a song, which they sang to the tune of John Brown's Body as they rode along.

"The Mormon car is moving and She's been in motion long. At first her powers were feeble, But now they're getting strong. And having started on the track, The best that we can do, Is to keep the car in motion And pop her quickly through.

"We have a good conductor
And a brakeman with his force,
Who, when a danger threatens
Can stop the iron horse.
We've an engineer and a fireman
And an engine good and true;
So let's keep the car in motion
And pop her quickly through.

"She's at station with the buckeyes, With the brutes and suckers too, Who prophesied the Mormon car Would never travel through. But on solid track, with fiery darts, With Deseret in view, She's disappointed all their hopes, And popped us quickly through.

"We've been long enough in leading strength And can't with patience wait, So we'll make a bow to Uncle Sam, And ask to be a state.

And then with Brigham at the head And Wells and Heber too, We'll all unite with one consent, And pop her quickly through."

The reference to a "car" or "iron horse" is only figurative, of course, since the railroad did not come into Utah until 1869.

While my mother's influence did cast a long and lovely reflection down the stream of my life, I still never knew the deep sense of security which must surely come from no other source than from a mother's love and care.

Gean was only nine years old when mother left us and in his first grief, it had not seemed wise or possible to father that she could take over the care of her brothers. One of the boys was older than she, but none of the five was sufficiently grown up to be left to our own devices.

Father, a deeply religious man, had followed the divinely-spoken command to plural marriage, having married Harriet Henson in

1840, and in 1857, he married my mother and Aunt Eliza, eventually having in all twenty-three children.

He had one other wife, Louisa Gillard (Williams) Moody, from which union there was no issue. It seemed the logical solution that she should care for the five of us, and for a time she did. But it soon became evident to all involved that she simply was not the sort of person who could take on this gigantic task. An Englishwoman, and extremely intellectual, she must have found it as difficult to understand us as we did to understand her, and no doubt all concerned were greatly relieved when we were transferred to the home of Aunt Eliza.

She took us to her with open arms, but because she had eleven children of her own, the additional five of us eventually proved too much for any household, and we moved to "Gean's Cellar," where she took care of us, even though Aunt Eliza did all she could to supervise us and watch out for our welfare. All praise to her memory!

After my sister grew to womanhood and had been blessed with children of her own, she often said to me, "It is my constant prayer that God spare my life until my family is reared. I don't want them to go through the trials we went through for want of a mother."

Her prayers were answered and her devotion to her own children, as well as to her brothers never failed. I have cherished her always.

And how deeply I understood what she meant too, for so often when I was small, I would see a mother take her child onto her lap and caress him tenderly, and I would turn aside, while a lump was in my throat and my eyes burned with tears. This sense of lack, this need and hunger which were in my young heart, once caused me to question my sister, "Why haven't we a mother as other children have?"

Young though she was, her answer was the right one, and it proved a comfort to me for many years, at that time when I most needed comfort.

"We do have a mother," she said, "but ours has gone to heaven to live with God. I think He lets her come and visit us sometimes, only we can't see her. She might be here right now listening to us. When we grieve, she grieves. When we are naughty, she is sorry. Our mother is a good woman and she wants us to be good, too, so some day we can go to heaven and all live together happily." "Where is heaven," I queried. "As far as Pioche?" Pioche then was the center of the universe for me.

Gean said it was much farther, being the home of our Heavenly Father, "and there isn't anything there to make us cry and feel bad, as there is here."

This startling revelation that I did have a mother, and that she might see my actions, became one of the impelling forces of my life. The desire for her love and approval was a guardian influence aiding me whenever I was tempted, as I often was. Thenceforward I felt myself heaven bound, even though at the foot of the ladder with so many rounds yet to climb. I sensed, though I did not know it, nor understand it completely, the meaning of the doctrine of eternal progress.

"Heaven is not gained by a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round."

Embryo gods are we, a wonderful thought, one of which we should never lose track!

As my life took its course over the many years which were given to me, and the loss of my mother was only one of many similar losses of loved ones, this thought still dwelt with me that I must have the approval of my acts and of my life, to be given to me by those who had gone on before.

Even more important, their exaltation depended in a measure upon my making my calling an election sure, that I might take my place at the head of my family in the years to come, if I yielded obedience to God's eternal laws.

Thus, though I never knew my mother, her influence was farreaching, so great in its scope that it will ever be a part of me until that day when I shall join her and the other loved ones.

CHAPTER II

Eagle Valley

It might be the general concensus of opinion that rural Nevada in the 1870's was the end of the earth, but to me as a child, it was the very center of the world! It never occurred to me that there could be anything the heart of a boy would desire which could not be had here simply for the taking.

Did not my perception bear testimony of it as my eyes followed the circle of hills on the horizon? Rich are my memories of this early period of my life, despite its hardships. There was the mountain with its "Hole in the Rock." There was the red paint bank on the hillside, where Indians got the mineral paint to decorate their faces. We had the meadow, the swamp where the killdeer feigned injury to lure us from their nests, and the big, cold spring with its watercress, where "Chub" Maxwell and I had a rousing fight one day.

The whole community fished in the creek by turning its waters from one branch into the other, making it simple to snag the fish in the holes of the original stream's bed. At another spot, a diversion dam was built across the water next a cliff, and in the big pool which resulted, I was baptized by Bishop John Hammond.

On a Sunday afternoon when most of the village boys were playing in the sand of the creek, I found a small, shallow hole which I was drawn to explore with my bare foot. I thrust in a toe, moving

it about curiously. Suddenly a huge, long-tailed lizard streaked out of the hole and up my leg. I wore only shirt and pants, and it ran down, up and around my bare body with its claws digging into my flesh. The little creature was terrified, but no more so than was I! I screamed, jumping about like one possessed, sure that I was going to die any minute. When finally it escaped from the end of my pants leg, I sat down hard, quite out of breath.

Thus I learned about lizards, and about bare feet in mysterious holes.

All the boys had a good friend and champion in the person of Uncle George Lytle. We had Indians who were our friends, too. Often we went to the Indian camps. Pete, the big fat chief of the tribe nearest our home, had several wives. Harry, another Indian, was very bent, and it was said of him that his back had been broken in a fight with a deer. I greatly admired their bows and arrows, and was frequently struggling to make myself a bow. One day Harry saw me thus occupied, my only tool my little pocket knife.

"You want a bow?" he asked.

I told him I wanted one more than anything in the world.

He grinned and went away. A few days later, as I was still struggling to make myself one, he appeared, carrying in his hand a beautiful little bow and some cane arrows, properly feathered. As I stood gaping at the marvel of this miniature which was just like his big one, he put it into my hand, complete with arrows.

"For you," said Harry, and at that moment, I knew he was the noblest Indian on the face of the earth.

The redmen always liked father and he took a kindly interest in them. They were given to showing their affection for him by bringing us pine nuts, and were the community's only source for this important food item, which they gathered in forests distant and unknown to us. One winter when the snow was unusually deep and our supply of flour was exhausted, they came to our rescue with pine nuts.

There were only six or seven families living in Eagle Valley and community life was patterned by the environment. Ours was centered around the church, with John Hammond the bishop, and his wife leading the singing. "Ye Elders of Israel" was a favorite hymn.

Every man in the village had his turn to speak at the services, then soon it was his turn again! Father was conceded to be the most fluent speaker of the village, although sometimes someone came from as far away as Panaca to talk to us.

Our schoolteachers also played an important part in community life. Charley Bell and a Mr. Wyman, each in turn, would hold night school for all, parents as well as children. Spelling bees and arithmetic matches enlivened these night sessions. In the matter of the arithmetic, it seems to me now that our teachers had a rather ingenious method of scoring our slates. At a signal all of us went about solving the problem written on the blackboard. The first to complete it would run to a stool in the center of the room and place his slate on it. Each in turn, as he completed the assignment, would run and put his slate on top of the one already there. Scoring was then accomplished by grading the top slate one point if the answer was correct. The next below scored two points and so on down to the bottom slate, which, being that of the first pupil to have finished, received the highest score of all. Thus both speed and accuracy were at a premium.

These lively evenings often ended with refreshments, but our chief amusement was dancing. It required every member of the community to make a group large enough for a dance. There was only square dancing, such steps as the quadrille and Virginia reel. Once in a rare while, we could find someone able to dance a "step dance" such as the Sailor's Hornpipe. It was the task of Leigh Maxwell to play the fiddle and call the quadrilles.

Until I was ten, I attended this little log schoolhouse for a portion of each winter. Teachers were paid a tuition by the parents, and they boarded with the various families alternately. Every May Day, the teachers took us for a long walk over the hills, pointing out the various flowers, the Indian paintbrush, redbells, buttercups, bluebells, and we looked forward eagerly to this springtime treat.

One of my earliest memories is of receiving a small iron axe at Christmas time. Both blade and handle were of iron, and it was only four inches long, but what a treasure! Children of a later day, surfeited with trinkets, could never imagine how precious was that tiny toy to me, so precious, in fact, that I have it still.

Father took the products of his farm regularly to Pioche, such items as potatoes, beans and fruit, and there he bought store goods to bring home. Once in a while he even drove as far as St. George, but it was on one of these visits to Pioche that a large Negro lad snatched an apple from the box in our wagon and ran with it.

My brother and I who were waiting there saw him, and snatching a potato, threw this at the black boy. It hit him squarely in the back of the head. He staggered to a quick stop, swung around, and there was on his face the most surprised look I had ever seen, which sent both of us into peals of delighted laughter.

I was about five years old when father took me with him to St. George to work on the temple. He took Aunt Louisa to keep house for him, since he planned to be away all winter.

Often I was allowed to carry his lunch to him where he worked, and occasionally my mother's sister, my Aunt Matilda, would send her son Mit and me to get a jug of molasses from a mill where it was freshly made. How we hurried home, confident that we would be given a piece of bread spread thick with its rich, brown goodness!

It was that winter that I became acquainted with my cousin, Bill Moody, who used to trap sparrows and shoot them with a spool cannon he had contrived, an activity which I found very fascinating.

Finally as spring days were upon us, we were permitted to remove our shoes, impatient with the knotted laces, peel off our long heavy stockings, and feel the grains of soil on the soles of our feet, feet made tender through the long winter. The coolness of the shaded earth and the heat of the sun baked ground. What a delight! It was as though we drank from it through our bare feet as surely as our mouths might drink from a spring.

Father finally finished his labors on the temple, and all who had worked with him looked upon the nearly-completed building with much joy and satisfaction.

Our horses' heads were turned once more in the direction of Eagle Valley, and on our way home, father did a little shooting of small game here and there. Once he emptied his six-shooter at a sage hen hiding by a bush across a big wash from us. He failed to hit her and with a grin put up his gun. "She gave me six shots. If I can't hit her with that many, she's entitled to live."

By the year 1881, he had a large family of sons and daughters who were almost grown, and in order to give them a better opportunity to mate well, he moved to Deseret, Utah.

By then we had accumulated a fine herd of cattle and horses. Some of the horses he traded for more cattle, but his move, made during the bleak weather of winter, proved hard on the cattle who were not accustomed to the vast unprotected desert and cold winds. Besides it happened to be an exceptionally cold winter. Conse-

quently his losses were heavy, still he had not had a chance to move at any other season, for only in winter when it was not growing time, did he feel he could move. Even so, a large crop of potatoes had prevented his departing earlier in the fall. These must be marketed first.

He purchased a farm in the bottom land of the Sevier River, where we lived until 1885. Pasturing cattle was simple here on the overflow lands and he built an adobe house for the family, then cleared willows from the land.

The house was later destroyed by high flood water and he purchased a farm north of town near where Hinckley later stood, but before we got flooded out and moved, it was my duty to tend the cows on the overflow lands at the sink of the Sevier. It eventually became a terrific burden, since it never ceased. In all weathers, in all seasons, I guarded the cows and helped to milk them.

"Rich" Cropper, another boy with similar duties, became my constant companion. I was very fond of his sister, Kate, but was too young and bashful to tell her so. In what leisure we had, we swam for hours at a time or caught fish with a pin hook, or gathered and roasted snipe eggs in the hot sand. I became an excellent swimmer, and on one occasion, thinking to outdo the other boys, attempted to dive the entire way across the great hole, perhaps some hundred feet wide, where two river branches joined their waters in a swirling flood.

It was high-water time of year as well, and the currents and eddies were especially strong. I had to remain under water for a long time in order to reach the opposite bank. My dive had been so deep it seemed forever when I tried to come to the surface. I lunged frantically toward the opposite shore, and the minute I surfaced, my head felt as though it might have been split with an axe. I lost consciousness then, and never since was I able to dive without a resulting severe headache.

Our greatest excitement during this period of my life became bullfights. I have witnessed two of them evenly matched fight for hours, their heads bloody masses. Sometimes we became so fascinated by these exhibitions of strength and endurance that we were known to drive in a strange bull to our herd on the range just to get a good scrap going!

Our cow herding was done largely on foot, and we went without shoes all summer, causing our legs and feet to be so chapped and sore and full of slivers that it was painful to walk through salt grass. Part of the time I rode a small grey mare, a good and faithful animal to which I was deeply devoted. One day father gave Milton, and my half-brother, Juel, and me each an iron-grey colt. Mine abruptly caused me to switch my affections from the gentle gray mare, and the two-year-old filly became my constant companion. She was a splendid animal, and together we worked and played, constantly on the alert for rattlers, which were plentiful, for I killed several every day.

By the time I was fifteen years of age, Kate Cropper was much larger than I, having matured more rapidly, and my boyhood attraction to her terminated without delay. She was replaced by Courteniah Black, the daughter of the bishop at Deseret. She was an intelligent girl and attractive, but before I could do much but admire her from a distance, I moved again!

My schooling had been very limited, for still I attended only a few months of the year because of my continual duties with the cows. The schools were not graded and our standing was determined by which reader we were in. My favorite teacher was a young woman by the name of Mary Russell, whom I thought was the prettiest and most accomplished girl in the world.

During those years I had another burdensome duty fall to me far more often than I felt it should have. This was caring for my younger half-brothers and sisters while our elders attended parties, celebrations and other social gatherings. I was sure that I missed everything worthwhile. And at the very time of my life when I should have keenly enjoyed participation. But denials of this sort, these disagreeable disciplines, taken in the proper spirit, are useful in building a mature character. Through them we acquire moral habits of increasing strength which enable us to respond with fine and noble conduct in emergencies.

I have long made it a practice to be dependable in every assignment or obligation. For to persist unerringly in doing each act properly, however small or unpleasant it may be, is to make the cuts of the chisel which properly shape the monument of one's life. Duties and their accompanying discipline are spiritual necessities to man.

But in many matters one has more choice of conduct, as in the matter of how he shall care for wife and children. I feel that one has not acted most nobly when he performs a minimum of acts,

perhaps grudgingly, out of a sense of duty. His efforts lack the fragrance of love, for love desires to promote the joy and welfare of others. And giving joy to others reacts in joy to the giver. It has been my strong belief in this generosity of love that has made me try, all my married life, to be thoughtful of things conducive to the happiness of my family. Insofar as I have succeeded, I have been very happy.

Our family association has been, for the most part, that of mutual sympathy between members, gentle counsel, and supreme trust and confidence. I trust that my family and I are one.

A sense of duty makes one perform with simple adequacy. But love performs generously, inspiredly, willingly. So, also, with duties done for God. If I love Him, I perform the duties necessary to His work with a willing and fervant heart. Therein lies joy and elevation.

CHAPTER III

Arizona

Many of the faithful brethren of the church had entered into polygamous marriages because they were convinced that they were thus living a higher law which would expand their eternal kingship in the patriarchial order.

There was at that time no civil law forbidding such practice. Then during the year 1885, the United States Government became active in prosecuting these men, jailing those who did not forthwith reduce the number of wives to one.

Father came home one day and said, "I have just been to a council of the brethren. Bishop Black told us that he did not believe the Lord wanted him to go to jail. If He doesn't want Bishop Black to go to jail, He doesn't want me to go either, and I'm not going to if I can help it."

Any number of Mormons who had entered into polygamous marriages made immediate preparations to depart for Canada or Mexico. Father had decided on Mexico! He began his hasty preparations, gathering together what belongings would be vitally necessary, leaving everything else with Aunt Eliza, who must remain behind for the time being.

Every one of his boys was eager to go with him, sure that high adventure lay ahead, but to each he had to shake his head in refusal, for he was taking only the childless Aunt Louisa and me!

ARIZONA 17

By then my two oldest brothers had gone for themselves, so there was none of my mother's children remaining behind except Regenia and Milton.

The day after Christmas in 1885, my father drove the wagon

away and on my little mare, I pranced along beside him.

He was quiet for a long time as we jogged along, a part of a caravan of departing Mormons, and I knew that his thoughts were troubled. It had not been easy for him to leave his families behind, with no idea how they would fare and when he would see them again. But I was too young and too eager for what was ahead of us to be in anything but high spirits. There was no feeling of responsibility on my part for the welfare of those we left behind us, and this trip was carrying me farther from home than I had ever been.

Our journey took us southward to Cedar City, and it was there that we encountered a terrific snowstorm. There, too, that I traded my faithful little mare for a brown one and a colt, to accommodate a man who said that his animal always left him and went back to

where she was raised every time she got loose.

We went from Cedar City to Toquerville, where we rested for several weeks and where I traded the new colt for a cap and ball six shooter, having been persuaded that I should need a gun while traveling in Indian territory where some of the redmen were on the warpath.

Kanab was our next point, and about one day out of there, before we reached the Colorado River, I was sent on ahead to pick out

a place to camp where there was wood for campfires.

I noted that all the vegetation along the way was scrubby, with the largest bushes scarcely big enough to be any good for fuel. I searched diligently, eager to show the others that I could be of service to the wagon train, anxious that they appreciate my dependa-

bility.

As I circled about, I came at last upon a little knoll, and saw what looked to be an abandoned sawmill site, and much to my delight, there was a pile of slabs, several of lumber, pine bark and wood fragments. What good fortune! I turned the mare about and made quick work of locating a suitable spot as a campsite. I had only time enough to gather in a bundle of the less desirable brush in the immediate vicinity and get a brisk fire started before the wagons began to roll in.

Just as I had been sure would be the case, one of the first to

arrive called out, "What you figuring to do for wood?"

Smug and confident and enjoying this not a little, I said, "I know where there's plenty." Then I told him about the abandoned sawmill just over on the next hill. "There's boards and slabs left, great piles of them."

He stared at me. "I don't see how that could be. Why would they put a sawmill here where there's no timber and no water?"

It was my turn to stare at him now. Why indeed? We were carrying barrels of water on the side of our wagons for camp use.

"You better go and take another look to make sure."

I lost no time in doing just that. This time I took nothing for granted as I had before. I dismounted and walked right up to the ample piles, and to my amazement, I found that the lumber and slabs were petrified!

My first reaction was one of awful embarrassment that I had been so taken in when I wanted to impress the others of our party, but since that time, this phenomenon has given me reason for much thought. Why would there have been a sawmill here, and how had this petrification occurred? Could ancient American inhabitants have had sawmills? If so, and the fact could be demonstrated, it would be a valuable find for the archeologists.

Or was it possible that lumber could have been hauled there for some purpose in modern times? If this were true, conditions for petrification were at that date more favorable than they now are at that place.

A few petrified trees have been found as far north as Kanab, Utah, and only a few miles distance from where I made my discovery. As I recall it, the place was one day's travel out of Kanab, toward Lee's Ferry.

What, I have always asked myself, would induce anyone to haul lumber there, and from where was it hauled? Desert surrounded the spot for many miles.

Of course it is well known that farther south lies the famous petrified forest extending from south of the Little Colorado River and south and east of Holbrook, Arizona, to, perhaps, the trees in Kanab.

In the years since, I have been over most of the petrified forest region, and once saw a perfect specimen of a coiled diamond rattle-snake, its markings intact, as natural as life.

Many tales of petrified objects exist, such as the well-known one about an Indian in a well, but whether they are well authenticated

ARIZONA 19

I cannot say. I can vouch for the lumber though, as I was old enough at the time to make a responsible perception.

A few days thereafter, we reached the Colorado River. Our journey had been slow and the road was rough and slightly traveled. More than once we had found ourselves short of water, especially while crossing the Buckskin Mountains. Here we depended on water holes far up in the canyons, and notices were posted along the road to tell us where to look for these.

When we reached Lee's Ferry, we crossed the river on a large raft kept there for that purpose, then our journey took us along what was known as Lee's Backbone, a very rocky ridge. We traversed the Navajo Indian Reservation and came to the Little Colorado River. It was high-water time and the river was the muddiest I had ever seen.

We stopped at the abandoned Sunset Village, where a group of Latter day Saints under the leadership of Lot Smith had operated under the "United Order." We looked at the dining room and the tables where they dined in common. The land appeared to be fertile at the beginning of their venture, but soon it became salty as the alkalies rose when water was put on it for irrigation. The people became financially bad off as their crops bore poor harvests. They were also a long way from a source of supplies, all of which contributed to the eventual failure of the colony, aside from what internal difficulties and tensions may have developed.

Some of these settlers moved farther up the river and established another town called Saint Joseph, where they endured much hardship.

Twenty-nine years after that, I went again to the town of Saint Joseph, when as land commissioner for Arizona, I helped the people get title to their land, and found them well-to-do, the few milk cows they originally had, having devloped on the open range into vast herds.

My father's party traveled on southward to Snowflake, a Mormon settlement, and thence across the Mogollon Mountains. We were joined there by George Skinner and Alfred Baker, who were returning to their homes in the Gila Valley from St. George, Utah. Bishop J. S. Black stopped along the way.

The great Mogollon Forest filled my boyish heart with awe. It was a fascinating land of tall timber, of prowling wild life, of cold mountain streams which cascaded down deep canyons. One

day, scrambling to a steep pinnacle, I heard the loud cry of a panther, and on another occasion, a huge flock of wild turkeys flew over me, high in the heavens.

It was with actual regret that I departed from this wild place, but on we traveled to Ft. Apache, meeting Indians ever more frequently. We did not know whether they were friendly or otherwise, but our guns were always handy. From there we went on to Black River which was swollen from melting snows. The water, clear and very beautiful, tumbled down the canyon in a torrent.

Our crossing was negotiated on a small improvised raft, by taking a part of our things over at a time. We came near losing some of them. Our horses swam, and finally all of us and our possessions were safe on land again.

Along about the first of May, we reached the Gila River some thirty miles west of Pima. Here we made camp, and I walked down the river a short distance and saw about twenty-five beavers. There were a great many along the stream at that time, but as the country became more settled, they disappeared rapidly.

Pima was perhaps the oldest Mormon settlement in the Gila Valley, and it was here that we found the family of my Uncle John Moody. He had died a few years before.

We were by then without funds or any property worth mentioning, since father had left everything with those who would remain in Utah.

Surely our prospects were not the best, yet I was filled with eager anticipation. I would be sixteen years old the month following our arrival here, and surely the horizon of my perception had broadened immensely.

The village of Thatcher had been recently laid out, or platted into a townsite, by Christopher Layton, who was then stake president. The land was covered with large mesquite trees and brush. A few families had settled there just prior to our arrival, and lived in temporary shanties.

There were a few houses, and a few scattered ranches nearer the river. A short time after our arrival in the vicinity, some of the general authorities of the church visited us and advised us not to go on to Mexico until the church could purchase land on which to settle.

After a short stay in Arizona, therefore, most of those who had made this trip headed back to Utah, but father purchased

ARIZONA 21

ground, hauled willows from the river bottom, and wove them in and out around the posts as tightly as possible. He then plastered the walls with mud. The roof was made of poles, willows and mud, then covered with dirt. There were two rooms with no floors except the ground which we wet and packed down as solidly as possible. We also built a fence of willow around our lot, which was about an acre and six-tenths.

Soon thereafter father pre-empted one hundred and sixty acres of land about a mile west of town, which he later homesteaded.

This land had been ceded to the United States by Mexico through the Gadsden Purchase in 1853, so it would be presumed that a few Mexicans had lived along this river for quite some time before our arrival, but the only white people to be here before the time of our settling here had built small canals to convey

water to the lower lands, so we were indeed real pioneers.

At Thatcher, the Central Canal was of the highest elevation, but still did not reach to land as high as that of the townsite. Later the Union Canal irigated the whole area and a few years later the old Montezuma Canal was extended along the foothills above Thatcher and thus brought a considerable amount of new land under cultivation. The higher ground was fairly free of alkalis and proved to be very productive.

For a number of years after our arrival in the Gila Valley there was much malarial fever, but later, after the lowlands had

been drained and put into crops, this began to disappear.

We arrived there so late that the season was well along. Father decided we could still clear some land and plant a garden as well as a melon patch. Always fond of melons, I went to work with a will, and when they ripened, I hauled them to market at Fort Grant, the army post. Later I caught quails, which were plentiful in the district, and these went along to be sold, thus giving us some much-needed cash.

As time went on, every autumn found me buying and selling produce. I sold almost anything grown or produced on a farm, such as chickens, eggs, turkeys, cows, pigs, fruit, hay and grain. I had competitors, and often when the first crop of fruit came on, our trips were enlivened by racing to market, all in good-natured rivalry.

Clifton, Morenci, San Carlos and Globe were our main sources of disposing of produce, the latter being the farthest away, some

eighty miles.

I had my share of being first to arrive with my wares, which was due in large part to the fact that if I wanted to awaken at three o'clock in the morning, I could fix that time in my mind, and almost invariably I would awaken then.

During these early days of our settlement in the Gila Valley, we were not without Indian disturbances. The Apaches, under shrewd wily Chief Geronimo, were committing depredations right and left in defiance of the government's attempt to subdue them to an innocuous position on the reservation.

My youthful ears drank in every tale told about them. One such claiming that shortly before our arrival in the valley, a band of Indians had come through and stolen a number of horses. A posse of angry settlers followed them. Horses were much too valuable and necessary on these newly-cultivated lands and for riding and hauling the long distances to supply sources, to lose them so easily.

The posse made haste to follow the tracks and the men had not gone far when they came upon the remains of a freshly-slaughtered cow. They dismounted and carefully studied the evidence. Scraps of hide lay scattered about.

"They've used the cowhide to shoe their horses," one of them

observed and the others nodded in agreement.

Another pointed to fresh tracks and all gathered to examine these.

"Seem to be headed in the direction of Ash Springs in the mountains," said one of the posse and they all began to talk excitedly. Let them be off without delay. The culprits could not be far ahead.

First they had to straighten and cinch up the packs on their animals. While this was being done, two brothers, Lorenzo and Seth Wright, impatient to be on their way, rode on ahead to discover to their sorrow that indeed, the Indians were not far ahead.

At the crest of the next hill, they were crouched in the brush waiting. It was a simple matter to ambush only the two who had ridden ahead. With wild whoops, the Indians were upon them. This was November 30th, 1885, that they lost their lives. The deed done, the red men leaped on their wiry little ponies and were far away by the time the rest of the posse reached the spot, to find only the mutilated bodies of their companions.

It is a route over which I have traveled many times since on my way to Clifton, Arizona, and it is dotted by numerous monuARIZONA 23

ments along the way which mark the place where settlers have sacrificed their lives from time to time. In April of 1886, a Frank Thurston was killed southwest of Pima, near Mud Springs, as he worked at his lime kiln.

Since killings occurred too often for comfort, we were continually on the alert, our guns our constant companions lest we

be taken by surprise without them.

When we first moved onto our farm, occasionally at night our horses would snort. Assuming they scented Indians, father, auntie and I would grab a quilt and a gun and run down into the brush to hide until all appeared to be safe. Auntie was sure she heard Indians many times, when, without doubt, actually there were none, but we were living under this contant tension.

During this period of unrelenting vigilance, I was hauling a load of freight to Globe, and as I passed beyond Fort Thomas, I came upon a burning wagon which had been loaded with potatoes. The driver was dead and his horses were missing, so our fears were not unwarranted and it was only good sense to be on the alert always.

It was a few years later that an Indian called "The Kid" first defied the government, and with his followers became a desperado. I was driving a wagon, along with Hyrum Claridge, up the San Carlos River. We saw considerable excitement among the Indians and wondered what was happening. There were many of them at the San Carlos Military Post through which we passed. Just before leaving the river, Hyrum took his horses through a field to the river to give them water, while I guarded the wagons. Then it would be my turn to take my horses through the field to drink.

Hyrum made it without mishap or disturbance, but when I attempted to return, I found the field bars up. An Indian with a

gun was standing before them.

I demanded to pass through the gate.

He forbade me.

I jerked down the lower bar, and as I did so, he brought up

his gun in readiness. Then he demanded money.

Luckily, I had with me my large and faithful hound Bummer. The dog sensed danger for me and approached stealthily, ready to spring at the throat of the redman. This I was aware of, but the Indian was not. I knew that Bummer only waited for my command. There was a moment of tense hesitation. All the while another Indian just above us on a hill was calling down something to the one facing me. There were groups of them on the bluff nearby as well.

I stood unyielding. The Indian continued to finger his firearm threateningly.

Bummer kept his eyes on my face waiting for any encouragement from me that he could spring.

Gradually the Indian lowered his gun, then he told me in broken English that his chief, the one on the bluff, had told him to let me go. There was hate in his eyes, making it apparent he did not agree with his superior, but it was with much relief that I went on my way.

We traveled on toward Globe until dark overtook us, at which time we made camp for the night. We had noticed that Indians were skulking along our way at regular intervals, keeping to the nearby foothills. We weren't able to figure what this might indicate. Something had them badly stirred up!

That night at the edge of a bluff not far from us, and plainly visible from our small camp, they made a huge fire.

We put our beds on the ground with some misgivings, but the night was uneventful and early the next morning we were up and on our way.

We arrived at the Gilson Cattle Ranch that forenoon and learned from its owner that The Kid, along with some other Indians, had come to one of his sub-ranches during the night. His cowboys had not been there at the time, otherwise there might have been killing. The Indians took what they wanted and went on toward the main ranch, where we were then visiting. There they took two of his best work horses and headed southward.

Mr. Gilson had notified the sheriff at Globe, and a posse gave chase to the band, crowding them so closely that the redskins killed the two big work horses by slitting their throats.

In their hasty flight, they left behind them a squaw, and she was willing and eager to tell her story.

The Kid and his rebels, after leaving Gilson's Ranch, had come upon her and her husband as they gathered grass for market. The Indians used to bind the grass into bundles and sell it at Globe. The Kid wanted this Indian couple to join them, showing them a belt of money and telling them, "Come along with me and we can take lots of money from the white men."

ARIZONA 25

Her husband refused to go.

"Then I will kill you," said The Kid. He threatened him thus several times but her husband still refused, and finally started to run, at which time The Kid shot him in the back.

The rebels had taken her with them, but upon being pressed by the posse, had abandoned her.

A few days prior to this, and between the Gilson Ranch and Globe, two Indians rode alongside a freight wagon where the teamster was riding the near wheel horse of a three-span team, and one Indian reached for the freighter's gun on the dashboard and shot him with it, then galloped over the hills before the other freighters could retaliate.

There was nothing reassuring to us about any of these events as we continued on toward our destination, but we got to Globe in good time, delivered our freight, and started home.

As we reached the San Carlos River, our roadbed followed near the mesa, and occasionally we saw an Indian head peep above a boulder on the hillside, or saw a pool of blood in our path which marked the spot of some recent tragedy.

We met a cavalry company composed of Negroes, and one of them told us that the commander at Fort San Carlos had sent word to The Kid to surrender, but that The Kid had replied, "If you want me, come and take me."

He and his band were camped on the point of the mesa where we had seen the fire a few nights previously as we journeyed toward Globe. These soldiers told us they had orders to take him dead or alive.

It was a temptation to join them and see the fight, but good sense decided against it. We were glad that we had gone on about our own business an hour later when the company of soldiers came galloping back in great disorder. They did not pause long enough to tell us what had happened, but it was obvious that they had not captured the rebels.

The Kid and his followers were at large for several years after that.

Some time after our trip to Globe, I had been hunting all day for some strayed away horses. I found them in the foothills along about sundown, but was not able to separate them before dark from the band with which they were running. I decided to

lie out that night, as I had done numerous times, and complete my task in daylight.

I had brought no food with me, and I was plenty hungry, so, after hobbling my riding horse, I took my gun to find me a rabbit while there was still some daylight.

It was not long until I saw a jack rabbit which was running about a hundred yards away. Just as it was about to pass over a hill, it stopped, as rabbits will, feeling safe to look about. This proved his undoing, as I promptly shot him. The land was exceptionally rugged and stony, covered with cacti and scrub mesquite brush, but I found a smooth place large enough to make camp, and soon had my meat cooking over a good bed of coals.

It was really dark by then, and it was when the meal was almost ready to eat that suddenly the band of horses snorted and came rushing toward me, their hoofs clattering over the rocky terrain. There was no doubt but that something had frightened them greatly.

They hesitated for a moment, snorted again and came on toward where I tended my roasting food.

It was a known fact that horses would snort and become greatly excited at the smell of Indians if they were not familiar with it. Soon they were no more than two hundred yards away.

I remembered then that I must be near the Indian Trail from Arizona to Mexico, which led by Mud Springs about three miles west of me. I felt that the Indians were coming toward me, but the glare of my campfire in the darkness made it impossible for me to see any distance.

Suddenly my little brown mare snorted and hobbled though she was, she came jumping into camp.

There was no doubt about it now, trouble was close upon me and it was time to move.

I felt around in the darkness and found a solid stick with which I loosened dirt and covered my nice bed of glowing coals. With my saddle, blanket and gun, I ran downhill, stumbling and falling over some boulders, which tossed me, luckily, in a hole which was some six feet deep and with a sandy bottom.

This must have been a place which, at flood times, was a part of a waterfall as water poured over the boulders which had just caused my fall. It was a dry hole now, and quite well hidden by the surrounding brush.

ARIZONA 27

I placed my saddle to one side, and with my gun convenient in my hand, I flattened myself on the sandy bottom and waited.

This region was infested with lizards and rattlers, but I was much too concerned about the approaching red men to give them a thought.

A great stillness was all about me. Here where I waited, hidden from the world, not even the hoofbeats of the restless horses were reaching my ears. The minutes passed and gradually I began to breathe more normally. I had ridden long and hard this day and I was more weary than I knew, for the time came when I opened my eyes, thoroughly startled, to find the sun up a good hour above the horizon!

I jumped to my feet and listened. Still no sounds. I crept stealthily out of my sandy hole, to find the prints of many animals in the sand patches between the rocks and the Indian Trail, hoof prints which could have been from my own horses, but they could also have been an indication that the Indians had ridden their ponies close. I would never know, but I always felt that the redskins were close upon me that night, while I slumbered undisturbed.

At least they had not come upon my jack rabbit, which hung cold and dry over what had been my campfire, but I was so hungry by then that the meat tasted appetizing anyway, and having eaten, I made short work of cutting out my runaway horses and heading for home.

In later life while I was summering in Flagstaff, Arizona with my family one summer, we made a trip to see the ancient cliff dwelling a short distance east of there. At the entrance to the deep, rugged canyon, we found an Indian chief camped, a man of education and intelligence. His words impressed me with the great truth of them.

"The written history of the trouble between the Indians and the whites is very biased. If the white men killed a group of Indians, the fact was written as though it were an honorable achievement. But if the same thing happened, except that Indians killed white men, that was a massacre."

I had no answer for that, because it was all too true.

CHAPTER IV

On To New Adventures

My father, along with Dan Kemp and Ted Dye, made the first bricks that were made in Thatcher, and I was allowed to help. In fact, it was expected of me. Of schooling I was receiving little, but in practical education, no boy was ever more fortunate than was I.

In building the kiln, we made a vault in its center, which we filled with limestone, then burned it in sufficient amounts so we had mortar to build our houses. After we had the brick moved to our lot and the foundation was in, father decided to move to our pre-empted land.

We sold the brick and it was used to build the first store in town. On our farm about a mile west of Thatcher, we constructed a frame house which answered our purpose for a while until father and I could make more brick and build a two-story house, and when we did get around to it, there wasn't a finer one thereabout!

Aunt Louisa with her penchant for learning, put considerable pressure on me all during these years in the Gila Valley to study at home, since I was not able to attend school, and because of her, it became a habit with me to spend considerable hours at home in learning. I was handicapped by not having any idea what to study, and since books were scarce, it was not easy to come by them, let alone having a variety from which to choose. At that

time, my library consisted of a geography, Ray's Practical Arithmetic, Eaton's High School Arithmetic, McGuffey's Speller and last, but the most prized of all, Wilson's Fifth Reader, printed in 1865.

I still have this book, having kept it near me always, and I still find it full of interest. Aside from the sentiment engendered through a lifelong companionship with it, I find it full of inspiration. The selections teem with the omnipotence of God, the great, intelligent Force which develops and directs life, both plant and animal, with laws which some men are pleased to call, "the laws of nature." The book is faith-promoting, and it implanted in me, awe for His power and reverence for the manifestations of Him that are apparent in all life everywhere.

I shall be grateful, always, to Marcius Wilson for his Fifth Reader!

Later, Ropp's Commercial Calculator was added to my precious horde of books, and it helped me greatly. I studied arithmetic until I felt that I was master of all the problems presented, although I pondered long on them which could have been quickly elucidated by a competent instructor. I struggled mightily over the measurement of land, and often while I rested in the fields, I figured on these difficult problems by using a finger in the smooth dust.

Another puzzler for me was how to divide by a mixed number. The answer finally came one night after I had retired. The clue, of course, was to find the common denominator. Thus it was that I had often to invent my own rules, since I found a need for them before I discovered them in my texts.

My process of learning was admittedly backward, but it perhaps was more sound and thorough than as though I had known someone who would help me discover the means of arriving at an answer.

Of one fact I am certain. I was a competent mathematician by the time I was privileged to attend St. Joseph Stake Academy for a semester when I was nineteen years old.

Home study had become such a part of me that it occupied the greater number of my evenings, and even after I married I still pursued it in much the same manner. Study, once the habit has been acquired and the hunger is there, can open wonderful and previously unthought of mysteries. In my own case, I tried to make up for my lack of regular schooling as a youth by taking, through the years, a course in Memory and Personal Magnetism

with Dickson's School of Public Speaking. I studied chemistry, bacteriology, sanitary science and anatomy in connection with a course in embalming at the Worsham's School in Chicago. I took a one-term course in genealogy at the University of California at Berkeley. I completed the University of Southern California's Extension School course in Real Estate Law and Practice. And while I served as Judge of the Probate Court of Graham County, Arizona, I studied law.

But another type of education was usually surrounding me in one way or another, a type which struggled to undo what all my evenings of study was accomplishing. When I was about sixteen, I spent several months on a ranch where the language of my associates was extremely profane. I had been taught by my religious father never to use such language, and most especially

not to take the name of the Lord in vain.

I had no inkling that the talk of those around me was having its infleunce on me or that I would ever stoop to such low, vulgar

expressions as they used so constantly.

But one day while I was leading two horses through miles of high brush and mesquite, taking them to range on the desert grasses at the foot of the mountain, one of them repeatedly jerked back on his neck rope and this hurt my hands. I became annoyed, then angry, and finally flew into an uncontrollable rage. Involuntarily I began to curse and swear, taking the name of the Lord in vain.

Later as I returned home, and after my rage had cooled, I was amazed at my loss of control. I was frightened by what I had done and knew that I had sinned grieviously. In sorrow and tears, I begged God to forgive me. With bowed head and sadness in my heart, I pondered over this sin of mine, and in repentance resolved never to repeat it. It all comes through getting angry, I thought. I lost control of myself. If getting angry makes me swear, then I must not get angry. I'll have to find a way to put on the brakes.

The incident, probably comparatively slight in itself, started me off on a project of self-control. I little realized the magnitude of the struggle that lay before me, for at the time I had a quick temper and was inclined to fly into sudden rages. The fact of my association with profane men had given me reason to ape them without being aware that I was doing so until it was done.

Even then as a lad of sixteen, I sensed vaguely what I now understand more fully, that emotions, especially anger, are as

dangerous as disease germs when uncontrolled. As a means to an end, I evolved the plan of singing or whistling lustily when I became angry. The fact that I had no voice and was unable to carry a tune led to my attempts being a standing joke in the community. As one friend put it, "I have never seen a man who sings so much and can sing so little."

It was true, my ludicrous attempts invariably brought smiles, and the effect of these smiles on me was simple magic, like pouring water on fire. Within a moment my anger would subside, and with it went the danger of being profane.

This little diversion worked so well for me that I used it for years, until putting on the brakes in this manner became second nature. I never again profaned the name of God.

I found, however, that self-control is not attained in one sudden leap, but is a matter of long and arduous effort. The Apostle Paul said, "Be ye angry, and sin not." In a busy life one often has occasions for anger. All my life I have chafed at delays. I am especially annoyed to think I know the exact location of articles and find I have to search for them at the last moment. I recall one such frantic search I made for a report I was to give at a meeting. I jerked open drawers and ransacked them. I flung open cupboard doors and one of them came off its hinges. The exasperating crux of the entire matter was that my wife Sarah, who was uniformly calm and a mistress of self-control, picked up the paper from the mantle and said, "Could this be it?" It was. All the time the paper was in plain sight, and right where I had left it myself.

I succeeded better, though, on an earlier occasion, soon after I began struggling with my temper. I often took a load of water-melons from the farm to market at Clifton, Arizona. I camped at the edge of town on this particular night, and that evening I found one melon which had rubbed against the side of the wagon bed so the rind was bruised, making it unsalable although inside it was perfectly sound. I put it aside, and soon a small boy came from a near-by house. He looked hungrily at the melons, so I gave him this bruised one, sure that he would enjoy it.

The next morning as I started for town, my first stop naturally was at the house where the boy lived. A woman stood at the gate, and I felt confident that the melon had done some good advertising for me. I would sell melons quickly, since the news had probably

spread before me that a load of delicious melons had come to town from the valley. I reminded myself that a kind act is sure to bear good fruit.

I was correct in that the woman was at the gate for the purpose of stopping me, but from there on, my surmising was not accurate.

"So, you're the one," she shouted before I had time to tug my team to a complete halt. "How dare you give my boy rotten melons?" Her voice rasped, like pulling a saw across a metal surface. "You think my boy is a pig that lives out of a swill bucket? I'll thank you to keep your cast-off refuse to yourself. Don't you ever try giving my boy anything again. You hear? You leave him alone. We don't want none of your rotten melons."

The woman had jumped to conclusions, not bothering to cut into the ripe and delicious melon, which I knew was good inside. An indignant protest rose to my young lips, but I never spoke it.

And the woman went on shouting at me, telling me that I had a lot of nerve, that I was a fraud, and that I would be run out of town for trying to pass off spoiled produce.

Gradually her tirade began to embarrass me and I found myself grinning. When she finally stopped to get her breath, I asked, still grinning, "Are you through?"

She wasn't, or if she was, my question set her off again.

Finally she began to realize she was in a one-sided argument for I had not differed with her. She stopped abruptly and stared at me.

"All through now?" I queried patiently, and this time, she whipped about and walked back into the house. I clucked to the team and they began to move. At the window I saw the little fellow peeking out who had accepted the melon and never gotten to enjoy it. I waved merrily to him and he disappeared from sight.

With such a dubious beginning, I decided it would be wiser to go to the far end of town and work back. I passed a group of men who had been giving their attention to the scene. House wives, attracted by my assailant's penetrating voice, were in the doorways. I began to realize that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Despite this inauspicious start, my sales were most satisfactory.

That evening as I jogged down the same street, homeward bound, I stopped at the house of a neighbor of my morning assailant, hoping to dispose of my last few melons. After the

purchase was completed, she commented, "I hear you were across the way this morning."

I nodded.

"I hear she gave you quite a tongue-lashing."

"Never heard the like of it."

"She's got a mean tongue in her when she wants to use it. She told me she abused you for half an hour, and that you just stood there smiling and never said a word, except to ask her if she was through. Do you want to know what else she said?"

I confessed to a mild interest.

"She said she never felt so whipped and humiliated in all her life as she did when you failed to argue. She told me that she could have wrung your neck."

I burst into merry laughter. That woman had been spoiling for a good scrap and I had disappointed her.

How very true that my education during those formative years was not all gained from the books over which I poured after the day had given way to night.

Self-control has been one of the major struggles of my life. One is born into this world with unlimited possibilities. There lies before him the way to eternal progress. God has given him the freedom of choice to make of himself what he will. He can choose to bury his talents or to enlarge them. There is no let or hindrance by the divine power. One is here, as it were, on probation, with a mission to develop his latent powers and grow toward godhood. Whether or not he succeeds is largely, if not entirely, up to him. He has the choice of success by manly control of his actions and conscious cooperation with God, clinging tenaciously to his purpose and course of life, presuming of course that his purpose is as lofty as the mountain peaks, yea, as lofty as God's eternal truth, since he is a spark of divine intelligence. Or he may become a victim of uncontrolled passions, and retrograde by nonconformity with God's eternal laws of growth. He who continues to climb to nobler heights is truly great, for he is resolutely growing, even though some may seem to outstrip him.

When man gets into his consciousness that he is actually the offspring of God, that he belongs to a race of gods, and is developing toward godhood, it dignifies his soul and inspires him to become like unto his Father, the Father of spirits, God. With such a

thought in mind, he begins to recognize his importance, and the wonderful possibilities lying before him, and he is inspired to achieve the greatness offered him.

Man may gain control over the forces of nature by becoming acquainted with natural law, which is Gods law for governing things, but he himself is ever the greatest problem. To master himself, to control his energies, to engineer his life with all the help he can find from psychology and other legitimate sources, greatest of which is inspiration from God, to which he is entitled if he lives rightly, such achievement is reached only through long and persistent effort, until one's habits become fixed.

Blessed is the man who can say with Henley,

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

To gain self-mastery, to live uniformly up to the best standards I know, to avoid giving sorrow or doing an injury to others; to radiate joy and happiness to all whom my influence may reach, but never to radiate distress, sorrow or humiliation, this has been the ideal of my life. I may never reach such excellence, but by faith, I hope I am on the way with a persistence that will always lead me upward and onward. Perhaps sometime, during eternity, I may reach the difficult goal I seek.

Haste is a quality I have also sought to eliminate. I have found that it impairs my efforts a great deal. I cannot do efficient work when I am filled with worry and anxiety. In thinking back over my life, I find that I have been in a hurry too much of the time. I have undertaken to do more than I should and never had enough recreation. More careful thought, better planning, more of never undertaking a project until I had well considered the end, would have been helpful. I have always put in long hours to accomplish what I had to do, and never seemed to find a stopping place. Wise was the provision of God in ordaining a seventh day for rest. All beings need recuperative rest. Furthermore, it is by methodical planning and executing of plans that men control their environment instead of being controlled by it. The chief difference between destructive worry and constructive thinking is that the first lets the mind dwell on the dark possibilities of failure instead of casting about for ways and means of changing the situation. Constructive

thinking moves toward a plan by which a man can control his circumstances.

1891693

It seems, however, that the more a man accumulates in a business way, the less time he takes for promoting joy and happiness for himself and family, such things as keeping up one's courtship, so essential to the happiness of married couples. I hope that my children and their spouses will not forget this. A wife yearns for the attentions her husband formerly bestowed upon her in their youth. A husband yearns for creature comfort and tenderness from his wife. If a man comes home tired, a good wife, by nature, sort of pampers him, waits on him just a little and looks to his comfort and an appetizing dinner. She does this despite the fact that she may have had just as much or more to annoy her and make her weary during the day, and he should take pains to see and discover the nice things she has done for their comfort. He should take her into his arms and show her the love he has for her, never letting love and affection be taken for granted. Someone has wisely said, "If you love your wife, kiss her and tell her so."

I must here give each of mine, in turn, credit for opening the way to happiness for us. Each in her day made it a practice to meet me at the door on my return from work and greet me with a kiss, to make me welcome and let me feel the spirit of love and union in our home. Even so, I was slow to learn the importance of consciously showing my love and appreciation for this and voicing it. My wife, Sarah, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten, and I have been thankful for it many times since. I had been away from home for about three months, selecting grant lands for the State of Arizona. Upon my return, I was greeted as usual by the children, who ran to the gate as I came up. With one in each arm and the others dancing about me, I went joyfully to the house, where my wife smilingly greeted me with a kiss, and the spirit of joy and welcome was in the atmosphere. A good dinner was on the table. The lamp chimneys had been washed and polished. The house was in perfect order. We enjoyed the meal together and conversation was eager and stimulating. After dinner the children went about their play. My wife and I moved into the living room and talked of our recent experiences since we had been separated, then a pause fell on our conversation. Sarah said finally, with a hint of hurt in her tone, "Don't you think the home looks nice?"

I glanced about and told her that I did think so.

"I've spent three whole days cleaning the house to make it ready for your homecoming, and see, I painted the floor around the rug. Oh, I did many things. I wanted it to be nice for you and you didn't even notice it!"

It was not that I was unappreciative. I was simply thoughtless. She habitually kept the house clean, so I did not notice that it was particularly so. How she would have glowed with delight, and in a measure felt repaid for her drudgery, had I expressed the delight which was mine at coming home to such pleasantness as awaited me.

My sin was one of omission, and while I did not tell her so, I resolved right then always to be on the alert for something to praise.

Some years later I got another lesson, this time by example, from Norman H. Moore when he stopped at a flower shop and said, "I want to get flowers to take home to my wife."

If Mr. Moore could do this, so could Mr. Moody, and how pleased my wife was!

So it is that all through life, I keep learning, an item here and an item there, about the small courtesies and kindnesses that keep married love alive. By the time I reach a hundred years, I should be a fairly good husband.

CHAPTER V

Plenty of Action

Along with whatever spiritual and mental growth was mine during my youth came plenty of physical activity too, and not all by way of the work which I must do to help my father, which prevented me from attending the poor little school of the community. Neither was it confined to Indian troubles.

There was, for instance, the day during my seventeenth year when I attempted to master a broncho filly that had succeeded in throwing everyone who attempted to ride her. She was given to pitching viciously, and when I got on her back, I was no exception to her rule, but I did manage to remain on her, and because I did, took courage to head out south of town to hunt for a horse which had become lost. As I rode, twice she threw herself over backward to the ground, but I escaped injury by sliding to the ground and free of her.

She continued to buck until I was tired of it and I lashed her with my quirt every time she began to bow her back again. Infuriated with the whipping, she reared backward with more than the usual violence, and this time, I did not escape.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying quietly and bleeding profusely. Much later as I had more time to think about it, I decided the filly must have fallen on me, for my memory was gone, entirely blank for the time being.

Amnesia is a strange and unnerving affliction. I could not remember who I was, nor whether I had home, country and family. It was as though I had been suddenly created, a grown boy set upon a new and untried world. Yet a form of memory did operate, for I could identify objects. I saw the culprit standing a short distance away and knew it to be a horse. I could also reason, for I decided the horse must have thrown me, that we must have come from somewhere, hence we would be able to follow our tracks back to the place.

But those tracks were confusing, for the broncho had bucked in a circle and I could not find the tracks entering this circle.

The day was extremely warm and I became aware of intense thirst. I was able to reason that there might be water a short distance away, where stood some large cottonwood trees. Leading the horse, I started there. I had not gone far when I came to a road. I knew this to be evidence of the existence of other beings like myself and so followed it. After walking about a mile, I came to a spring with a platform and pump over it.

Here I drank, washed the blood from myself, bathing my head in the cool water, then I sat down to try to think. The first indication of returning memory was my recognition that I had been in the spot before, though I did not know what place it was. I walked on down the road, and when at the edge of town, I met the owner of the filly and my memory snapped back to normalcy. I could clearly recall all that had happened, but the experience of that hour without memory had been frightening, but it was interesting to discover that reason can function independently of memory.

Although my father realized fully that to have settled in the Gila Valley had been much more sensible than to go on into Mexico as he originally planned when he left Utah, still there was a mystery and challenge to the land which never let him quite give up the idea of seeing it, at least and so it was that about the year 1888, he decided to make the trip with Brother Despain, and they took me along to care for the team and do the cooking. Regardless of what drudgery might be involved, I was delighted over the chance to go, and it was a rewarding and interesting sojourn, greatly enlightening me as to the ways of the Mexican people.

We visited the Mormon settlements of Diaz, Dublan which was just being laid out and settled, and Juarez, all on the Casa

Grande River. The settlers were beginning to get established and were doing much to develop that part of the state of Chihuahua. Our journey took us to any number of other small Mexican towns, and in one of them we witnessed a bullfight, but to me this was no more exciting than the ones we were permitted to watch back in Utah where both participants were the bulls!

By the time we got back to Gila Valley, I felt myself quite a man, and about 1890, I hauled freight from Willcox, a railroad station, to Globe, where the Old Dominion Copper Company operated. It was with this company that George W. P. Hunt arose to prominence so that he later became Governor of Arizona, in which position he helped me along the way to such political prominence as I attained in state matters.

Part of my freight outfit in 1890 belonged to Elijah Pomeroy, a very good and lovable man. After a few trips as a freighter, through the influence of Brother Pomeroy, I went to Deming, New Mexico, and worked for a while on the John W. Young Railroad, which was being constructed at that time from Deming to some point in Old Mexico. While on this job I learned to speak fluently the Spanish language as it was spoken by the Mexican people.

The laborers were largely Mormon settlers in Mexico, together with a number of Mexicans. Our diet consisted almost entirely of beans and bread. Joe Claridge, a friend of mine from Thatcher, was my companion on this venture.

The company failed, and by way of compensation for my services, I was presented with a due-bill which read, "Due W. A. Moody, \$166.00, when the railroad company pays." It was signed by Ammon Tenny, subcontractor.

The company never paid.

It was during this same year of 1890, after I had come back to Gila Valley, that I had one of the most exciting experiences of my entire life.

John Damron and I had gone deer hunting, and as evening approached, we found ourselves still without venison, and heading homeward.

Trudging along, side by side, in the rugged, sloping foothills of Mt. Graham, I said, "I better not miss if we should see a deer, as I have only two cartridges left."

"And I have only one," said John with mock seriousness which sent us off in uproarious laughter, for John's one was stuck in the magazine of his rifle.

While we were still laughing about this, and with no notion whatever of seeing a deer after having hunted all day long, suddenly there was a fine, fat buck speeding by at a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

Scarcely breathing, we watched him slow his pace and enter a barranco farther up the mountain.

With no further thought for my companion, I scrambled over the rough terrain, circling to a point above where I had seen the deer disappear from sight. When I could see into the *barranco*, there he was, walking leisurely on the opposite bank, perhaps a hundred yards from me.

My chances were excellent! Surely I would be able to hit from this distance.

I leveled my rifle and fired.

Nothing happened.

Trembling with excitement, I told myself that I dared not miss the second time, for this was my last cartridge.

Aiming carefully I fired, and again I did not hit my target.

Deeply puzzled, I examined my rifle and discovered that when I had first spotted the deer, I raised the gun sight for a quarter-mile shot. Having come within a hundred yards of him by the time I fired, in my excitement, I had neglected to lower it again.

I was sick with remorse. Whatever would John think of me? Such a perfect opportunity, and I had ruined it! What sort of hunter was I, anyway?

Apparently undisturbed by the shooting, the buck was moving away at a leisurely, meandering pace, entering a heavy clump of live oaks which hugged the lower side of a huge rock about a hundred and fifty yards along, the boulder rising some ten feet and partially embedded in the hillside. Here, as they sometimes will, he hid himself.

If only I could stalk the animal from the upper side, I reasoned he might run downhill toward John, who probably had been able to release that one cartridge by now.

Approaching the upper portion of the rock with a stealthy step, I deposited my firearm on the ground and selected two heavy

stones. At the edge, I peered down until I could see the points of the antlers, a four pronged buck.

Accurate aiming of any hand-tossed missile had never been one of my accomplishments, and although I leaned forward carefully now, and cast the stone at his head, I missed.

In sudden alarm, the buck leaped to his feet, and I, being directly over him, surprised myself by leaping too, but panther like from above.

My fingers fastened around his antlers and there was no thought in my mind except to try to survive.

I staggered under his swift lunges toward me, and the fact that I came up against a tree was all that prevented me from falling under his sharp hoofs. He struggled mightily to gore me, then giving up, tossed his head, throwing me high, my feet swinging into the air.

In the minutes that followed, those feet of mine were as often in the air as they were on the ground.

We were by then in a tight area, with the rock wall on one side and a thicket of live oak on the other, thus preventing him from bounding down the hillside and away.

I soon began to doubt whether he would have done so anyway, for he fought viciously, and soon he had me directly in front of him, my back pressed against a tree.

Until that moment, I had been successful in holding him at bay, and all I could do now was hold onto those antlers, making it impossible for him to down me.

Finally he began to retreat, dragging me until a tree at his

rear stopped him, at which point the tussle started again.

Rugged and wiry though I was, I knew that my strength was lessening, but apparently the buck shared my weariness, for he stopped and was breathing hard.

I kept my feet wide apart, fingers clinging to those antlers, and in the moment's respite when we both rested, I decided that

I would try bulldogging him as cowboys do a steer.

Working my feet into position, I gave a sudden lunge and threw my weight in a twisting movement on the level of his antlers. If only I could twist his neck and turn his nose upward, I had him!

But the buck stiffened for the contest and the battle was on again. I hung my weight on that bulldog twist, using my heft

as leverage against his twisted neck. My clothes were being torn from me, my flesh was bleeding from the frequent contacts with the oak limbs, but I kept clinging tenaciously to that twist until finally I threw the buck onto his back.

His hind feet went forward, over his body, cutting and striking at me without mercy. The fact that my weight anchored his head made it possible for him to do this.

I was in real danger now, and for a fleeting moment, I condemned myself for my rash action which had put me in this position, but there was no time for regrets. I slid my body backward between the trees and lay, face downward flat on the ground, hands stretched beyond my head to maintain the grip on his antlers.

Those vicious hind feet just reached my back, stroke after stroke, enough to wound the flesh.

Finally I knew that it was only a matter of a short time when I must give up, then again the buck had to rest, and as he relaxed, I let go with one hand and reached for my pocket knife, opening the blade with my teeth, ready instantly to discard this scheme should he make a move, but he lay quietly long enough for me to drive the blade into his neck. I dropped the knife and caught my hold on his antlers again.

He writhed with renewed fury, striking at my back with his hoofs as before, then as his strength ebbed and he rested again, I got hold of my knife and drove it into his neck the second time hoping to be able to sever the jugular vein.

This I repeated several times and finally felt a quiver of his frame. His tension slackened and he collapsed.

For a brief moment I slumped beside my victim, then stiffly and wearily I retraced my steps until I came on John who was searching for me.

"Come and help me bring out my buck," I called to him, with more enthusiasm than I felt at that moment.

Obviously disgruntled, John shouted, "It took you long enough to shoot one old deer."

Just then I stepped out from the live oak thicket and his mouth agape, he stared at my torn garments, my swelling face and the blood which oozed down my body.

"Say," he asked, "how many wild cats did it take to do that to you?"

My laugh was shaky. "You kill a four-pronged buck with your two hands and see if you can come out looking any better," I challenged him.

He found it hard to accept and grasp my story at first, but finally he suggested that I remain there while he went to fetch a horse to help get my buck back to camp.

Grateful I sank to the ground, well aware that never would I have more reason to feel pride over my game that I had on this occasion.

CHAPTER VI

Adelia

From early life until I was about fifty years old, the farm with its power to supply diverse needs was my stable support.

Regardless of this, money was scarce in those earlier pioneer days, and to obtain some ready cash, I did a certain amount of produce buying and hauling to markets in the mining camps, as well as some freight hauling. Two seasons, I cut wild hay, along with other young men, and sold this on contract to the government army posts.

It was when I was twenty two that the entire care of the farm fell to me. Father was then seventy three, and had decided that he wanted to go back to Utah and spend his remaining years there with his wife Eliza and their children.

Since he did not expect ever to return to Arizona, he left this farm which he had homesteaded to "Auntie" and me, share and share alike, and of course I would be responsible for her welfare.

The farm was largely in the rough, and I had to clear from it the heavy growth of mesquite trees, dig their stumps, grub brush and level the land. Father and I had previously cleared about thirty acres.

The first year after he left us, I farmed it in partnership with my cousin Will Damron, and our first harvest was about four hundred sacks of wheat, or eight hundred bushels.

ADELIA 45

We loaded forty sacks to haul to the bishop's storehouse for tithing, then I said, "Let's throw on a few sacks for old Brother Despain. I think he needs it." Pioneering at his age and with a young family was not easy.

We stopped at the gate and I ran in. "We've brought you

some wheat," I called. "Where shall we put it?"

He took my hand and tears were in his eyes. "God bless you, William. I haven't a mouthful of flour in the house and no money to buy any. How little you know what joy you have brought us!"

His gratitude was deep and touching. Even now after so many years, the remembering of it fills me with joy. I rejoice that I was impelled to take that wheat to him. I bought more happiness with those three sacks of wheat than I could possibly have obtained from making any other use of them.

How true is the saying that the road to hell is paved with good intentions! When I hear a person tell of the good things he would do if he were rich, I wonder whether he is doing the little things he might do which lie right at his door, if only to give a word of en-

couragement to a sad heart.

"Happiness you can bring rarely; joy sometimes; help always."

(Elizabeth, Late Queen of Rumania.)

I think of so many opportunities I have missed, and in these I was the chief loser. Our talents are our tools, and through their use we carve our character. Our sins of omission are many. If we neglect to cultivate our minds, they go to seed. If we neglect our health, we become weak. Likewise if we neglect our moral growth, we will retrograde. And moral growth involves countless small decisions in the right directions, as well as an alert mind to watch daily for opportunities to be charitable, faithful, hopeful and thus honor the God Who gave us life. It is helpful to youths to live with the consciousness that God is our ancestor and our ideal, and that to seek to become like Him is to grow toward godhood.

The religious life of those days in Thatcher gave a wholesome atmosphere that predominated all other activities. In fact, religion created the soil in which practically all our social activities flourished. For several years, I was Sunday School librarian, and as the meetinghouse was also the schoolhouse, we had to carry our books from home every Sunday morning. For two years, I carried a heavy box filled with them back and forth. Later I was made secretary to the Y.M.M.I.A. After meetings of the latter, we boys sought to take home the girls of our choice.

Dancing was the chief community entertainment, but on Sunday afternoons and sometimes in the evenings, the young folks would gather at the home of one of them, or in different groups, and sing songs and play games. Sometimes we had candy pulls, and one of our favorite pastimes was to hitch a good team to a wagon with three or four spring seats and go riding. On these occasions, the air was split with our mirth, song and laughter.

Picnicking in the canyons on mountain streams was also a frequent diversion during the summer months. The boys and girls would pair off and stroll along the creek gathering wild berries or pine gum from the pine trees, or ramble in the beautiful glades and glens. I think we enjoyed our social life quite as much as boys and girls do now, perhaps more than youths of today who have only man-made pleasure palaces of a greater civilization.

Boys and girls had wholesome companionship and if there was any sexual sin in our community, I never knew of it. We boys were plenty interested in the girls, and hoped to find among them one who would be a proper mate. I often took out my cousins, Susie and Emma Moody, and sometimes Lulu Lewis, who was more a sister to me than a sweetheart. My first serious interest was in Lizzie McBride of Pima.

I greatly admired her and was eager to make a good impression on her the first time I went to call.

To this end I traded my fast little grey mare for a beautiful black one, intending to use her for the first time that night. Buggies were scarce; in fact mine was one of only three in the whole valley, and although it was second hand, with the beautiful black mare harnessed to it, I was proud of my outfit and felt sure that I would make the good impression which I so much desired to make. I left in gay spirits, allowing ample time to make the five miles from Thatcher to Pima, only to find to my dismay that my horse was all beauty and no spirit. Urge her as I might, I could not persuade her to move faster than a slow walk. I struggled with her for what seemed like hours, prodding, shouting, perspiring, and feeling my spirits sink from gaiety to irritation, to frustration. It was far past the appointed hour when I reached Lizzie's home, and later yet when we arrived at the party. It was not until we were on our way home that I discovered that a pokey horse might be an advantage after all. From then on our court-SHIP had smooth sailing for more than a year, when, figuratively speaking, it bumped upon a reef, and the currents took us in opposite directions.

ADELIA 47

I still had hopes of making up with Lizzie when I came, one day, into the blacksmith shop of Dave Williams, a hearty, jovial fellow who had come from Wales as a boy. He told me that he had lost his father and that his mother had married again and had twenty more children, several pairs of twins and triplets among them, a story which impressed me deeply.

Dave had offered to lend me a saddle, and I went to his house to get it. I had never been in a neater, cleaner house than this one was, but it was Dave's daughter, Adelia, who caught my eye the most.

My next call there was with no other purpose than to see Adelia. I rang the doorbell and the little four-year-old of the household let me in, then promptly went away and apparently forgot that I was there.

I waited and waited, utterly miserable and not at all sure what I should do. In another room I heard the family assemble and begin eating dinner. Finally, I was discovered by one of the older boys who came in from the outside, then Adelia's father rushed in with his usual hearty manner and said, "Well, young man, what can I do for you today?"

Turning very red, I stammered that I had not come to see him, but desired to speak to his daughter Adelia.

"Oh, it's Delie you want to see. I'll send her right in."

When she came in, I realized that she was as ill at ease as was I, and it made the situation easier because this was so. I made quick work of asking her to go to a dance at Pima with me, and she consented, although she told me after we grew to know each other much better, that she did so because her father had pointed out to her that this was her chance, since he had no room for anyone in his buggy accept Adelia's mother!

Nevertheless, we took to each other on this first outing and found that we were very congenial. Again and again I took out Miss Adelia Williams, and one day I realized that I had not so much as thought of Lizzie McBride for a long time.

My affection grew into love as I realized even more surely that love was unlocking the treasures of my soul and here was a girl on whom I could lavish the largess of my heart's affections—gentle and good, intelligent, amiable and cheerful, trustworthy and kind. While she was naturally quiet, she was also affectionate.

One evening after we had returned from M.I.A., we sat together on a trunk and I asked her to be my wife, and she accepted me. The days that followed were wonderful beyond description, with one of them standing out especially in my mind. It was shortly before our wedding and we had gone with a group to Ash Creek. The mountain stream leaped down the canyon, sparkling and gleaming in the sun, twisting over the stones clear and beautiful. The stream, the mountain trees, the shade, the happy voices of the boys and girls, wove their spell about us. I helped her onto a large flat rock in midstream and we sat there together, talking of our future plans and our love for each other. What hopes drew us together in a harmony of spirit.

On the fourth of June, 1894, we were married. Ella Adelia Williams became the bride of William Alfred Moody at the home of the bride's parents.

The night of the wedding, I gave a dance to which the public was invited, as was the local custom, thus avoiding the charivari parties suffered night after night by those who failed to give a dance, until they "came through."

How sweet are the memories of our early life together. The future was bright and life was full of promise. One small incident of that period stands out, a precious gem in my memory. I was plowing with a hand plow one hot summer day, breaking some land I had cleared. My face was soiled with the sweat and dust, and I was hot as only an Arizonian can be hot in midsummer. I must have been a quarter of a mile from the house when I looked up to see Adelia coming. She carried a pitcher carefully wrapped with a wet cloth to keep it cool, and it contained fresh buttermilk from the churning she had just completed. Never did a cool drink taste so good! I felt such a surge of tenderness for her because she had been so thoughtful that her very presence in the field hallowed it for me.

I was fairly well established in business by now. I owned eighty acres of land with some stock and equipment, and had, furthermore, entered into the shipping business with my cousin, Will Damron. We established ourselves upon a tract of land on Chase Creek, adjacent to the mining town of Clifton, Arizona, being the first settlers there. Others soon followed, all of us holding the land by squatter's rights.

Not too many years later, as Probate Judge of Graham County, I had the pleasure of procuring the title as Trustee in Trust for a



Adelia W. Moody Cherished bride of my youth.



ADELIA 49

townsite for the benefit of those who had settled around the spot where first our corrals had been built. About two thousand people had settled there, and hotels and business houses had been established. I subdivided the townsite and deeded to each squatter his lot.

Our shipping business was thriving. Our chief competitor was a man named Sam, a shrewd, aggressive businessman; and we decided

our best move was to take him in with us.

We operated between Clifton, Morenci and the Gila Valley, shipping produce from the valley farms to the mines. We added a transfer business and did hauling for the mining companies, also contract team work.

Clifton and Morenci were "wide open" mining towns, with saloons plentiful. Miners worked for a month, drew their pay, and for as long as this lasted, most of them lived riotously, drinking, gambling, indulging in all sorts of immorality. Shortly after pay day, they were broke, and went without money until the next pay day, when they would repeat their squandering.

Our freight became mostly liquor, because of the tremendous demand for it. We would deliver a load and return with the empty bottles, for which we had paid a cent and a half, and which we resold for five cents, thus realizing a fine profit even in this way.

Conditions were good and money began to pour in so fast that Sam, who handled this end of the business, had it scattered in drawers, tills, cups, any place that would hold it. Much of this was in the form of the mining company's due-bills, called *bolettas* and good for cash at the end of the month. There were no banks in the town, and of course this made the care of money something of a problem.

Will criticized Sam to the extent that their feud became rather violent, for we had always scrupulously accounted for every cent as it passed through our hands, but Sam said money was coming in at such a rate he wasn't able to cope with it. Finally it became such an issue between the two men that Will withdrew from the

partnership.

It was at this point in my career that I received a letter from "Box B" of the church.

They were calling me on a mission to Samoa!

Now I was torn between this call to give my entire time to the Lord, or continue the hitherto-unknown opportunity to go ahead and get rich. I was painfully aware that I was standing at the forks of the road, one way leading upward toward a life of virtue, respect

and esteem, with service in the work of the Lord and salvation and an eternal life of joy as its goal. The other path would have plenty of hazards, but it was reasonable to presume that it would bring wealth. It could also well lead downward to degradation and sin if I were not strong enough to resist temptations. The very fact that we were dealing in liquor was in itself a lowering of my standards.

Would my childhood training be deeply enough imbedded to keep me from becoming a drunkard and gambler myself? Was I right in handling such a commodity as liquor when I did not sanction its use?

There was another phase of the problem to be considered too. I found that I was very eager to solve one large question which had been put squarely up to me by this request from the church. Was the gospel true? Was there really eternal salvation following it? Or would I throw away my financial security only to be disappointed in the gospel?

I must find out for myself whether this gospel as taught by

the Latter-day Saints is true, I thought.

Surely there was no better place to test this than a mission. Was I willing to spend a few years of my life to determine what course I should pursue for the remainder of it? I knew the decision was a momentous one. Deeply concerned, I left Clifton and went home to discuss the matter with my wife.

We made it a matter of prayer, praying as earnestly and humbly as we knew how, and as though our lives and souls depended on

the decision we should make, which in fact they did.

There were other matters incumbent on this one, for by this time Delia knew that she was to become a mother. There was also "Auntie," my father's childless wife, to consider and for whom I was obliged to provide.

Surely there was plenty to make it seem unwise for me to go on this mission. Delia was not without misgivings at the thought

of my leaving her in her present condition.

But we put the matter up to the Lord, and soon came the feeling to both of us, Oh, Lord, Thy will be done, not ours.

We felt that I had been called by the Lord and should go. And strangely once we made the decision. I became eager to do so

strangely, once we made the decision, I became eager to do so.

Our plans were to go together as far as Salt Lake City, and there go through the temple and receive our endowments, to be sealed for time and all eternity as husband and wife. Then Delia ADELIA 51

would return home to Arizona and live with her parents while I was away.

When I reported our decision to Sam, he said, "Well, I'd like to have you with me, but if you won't make money, I'll have to make

it alone!"

It so happened that Will Damron and I had put up the capital to start this thriving enterprise, but now it was turned over to Sam with no settlement for us.

Incidentally, it was four years before I saw him again. He had accumulated more than a hundred thousand dollars during my absence on a mission, but he had sunk in the moral scale, having become addicted to liquor. His wife had divorced him, and religion was pushed far, far into the background.

During their suit for property settlement, his wife came into the courthouse and stepped into my office to ask me to accompany her to see her attorney. Since I was an old, and I hoped, valued,

friend, I complied without question.

She dismissed her attorney, and without any explanation to me left the building. This proved to be an unfortunate incident, for Sam, misconstruing the matter and in the belief that I was interfering, became angry at me. He wrote me a threatening letter, but by the time I saw him he had cooled down, for two years had elapsed, and he gave me two hundred dollars which I was soliciting,

toward the building of the Thatcher church.

He was innately a good man, but not strong enough to stand the sudden prosperity which had come to him. At the time I met him and invited him to my office, he said to me, "Bishop Moody, you wrote me a letter some time back and said in it, 'Come back, Sam. Repent and turn your devotions to the Lord while you can, and He will forgive you.' Those words rang in my ears constantly. I couldn't rid myself of them. Over and over I told myself, 'I can repent, I can repent, and I will. I'll spend the rest of my days in the work of the Lord and try to make restitution for my past life, if only I am allowed to return to the church.'"

He was living in Los Angeles at the time and went to Joseph McMurrin, who was then president of the California Mission, and made a clean confession of his sins, humbly pleading to be admitted back. His case was submitted to President Heber J. Grant, and finally he was accepted. He went on a mission and became a preacher of righteousness, devoting his entire time to the service of the Lord until the day of his death.

CHAPTER VII

Samoa

As soon as our decision had been made, there were numberless preparations to be attended to, and everyone was exceedingly helpful and kind.

D. Foster Cluff had also been called, and we were the first missionaries from Thatcher to go into any mission field. On September 24th, 1894, our friends and relatives bade us farewell, and the parting as the train pulled away from the little depot was a solemn one indeed.

I had written the church headquarters our plans, and was pleased to receive a letter from them stating that the mission needed a sister. Sarah Hilton was the only one there, and this being the case, I would be permitted to take my wife with me.

The letter reached us at Oasis while we were visiting with my folks before reaching Salt Lake City, and it meant that Delia could go with me!

Even while we were overjoyed with this good news, we found ourselves confronted by the fact that we had not left Thatcher with enough money to pay both fares and the added expenses. A quick check told us we would be short some thirty dollars.

"What are we to do?" she asked me.

I did not know, and told her so, but added, "If this is truly the Lord's work, He will provide for us. We will go as far as our SAMOA 53

money takes us, and trust Him to open the way. Missionaries of our church once traveled without 'purse or scrip,' surely we are as capable as they. Have you sufficient faith to undertake it?"

Without hesitation, she lifted her sweet face to me and said, "We will go. I trust you, and the Lord will be with us."

As I write of this, I marvel now at our childlike faith in undertaking a trip thousands of miles long without sufficient funds, with my wife on the way to bearing a child, and with no slightest knowledge of what conditions we should find in Samoa. Time and science have made the world small, but at that period of history, Samoa was as isolated from our home as another planet seems today.

In order that the full force of the story of how we were provided for may be gained, I digress from the chronological order of events here to follow through with how the providence of God touched the financial aspects of this mission.

Before leaving Deseret, where we visited, my brother Milton handed me eleven dollars. Was the Lord opening the way? We asked ourselves. En route from there to Salt Lake City, we met another train which had stopped on a side track to let ours pass. As we came alongside it, I looked out the window and saw a number of passengers from the other train walking about. When we stopped, I joined them, and whom should I see but my brother in law, Jacob Hawley. After warm greetings, he said, "How are you fixed for money?" I told him and he emptied his purse into my hands. "That's all I have," he said, "three dollars and seventy-five cents." Then he added, "Oh, wait a minute, there's a man over there who owes me five dollars, and if he'll pay me, I'll give that to you."

The man did pay him, and so I was that much closer to taking care of my deficit.

Again I asked myself, was the Lord helping me, or was this all just happenstance?

We reached Salt Lake City on October 9th, went through the temple on the eleventh and received our endowments, being sealed in holy celestial marriage for time and eternity. We were set apart for our missions on October 12th, and left Salt Lake City on the evening of October 14th, at 6:15, en route to San Francisco.

Just as we were leaving Ogden, I was standing at the entrance to our car and saw a man running toward me. He reached up to me and placed nineteen dollars in my hand. "I sold your plow for fif-

teen dollars, and there is one dollar from Ed Allen and three from me." It was my cousin, Will Damron.

I had not asked Will to sell that plow. Why he had done so, I did not know, or how he happened to be on his way up there to give me the money right at that time.

We purchased steampship tickets for Samoa, and after paying for our hotel room and a few necessities, we had not one cent left.

On the ship, Elder James R. Welker handed me ten dollars and said, "Five of this came from Pima, Arizona. I was told to give it to the elder who needed it most. The other five, I got by taking up a subscription on the ship!"

We landed in Samoa with nine dollars, but to go on into God's providence a bit farther, after I had been in Samoa some time, through circumstances which will be told later, I became more than a hundred dollars in debt with the mission office, and so, as money came into my hands from one source or another, such as the sale of a cow for me at home, or donations from sympathetic friends, I turned almost all of it over to the office to apply on my debt and certain other obligations, and did my missionary work without monetary reward. Just before I was to return home, I received enough money from a man who owed me to pay off all obligations, making it possible for me to depart free of debt.

The church paid my homeward passage to Salt Lake City as was the custom. Since I wanted to go directly home instead, they permitted me to use the money for that purpose, and it took me as far as Los Angeles. On the way there by train, three of us returning missionaries had only twenty-five cents to pay for our meals. The train stopped for dinner in the evening. I looked at the prices in the eating place at the station, then at my twenty-five cents, and dashed across the road to a smaller restaurant. I went directly through to the kitchen and said to the cook, "I'm a returning missionary. There are three of us. Kindly give me all the food you can manage for twenty-five cents, and hurry, as I have to catch that train."

He filled a ten-pound paper bag with sandwiches, plenty for both our suppers and breakfasts.

At Los Angeles, I stopped with my brother Thomas and his family. He gave me a little money, enough to pay my fare to Bowie, Arizona, and buy me a suit of clothes, for which I was destitute. I paid thirteen dollars for that suit, a Prince Albert, the style worn by missionaries of the day except those in the tropics. I felt that

SAMOA 55

I should return home with the missionary air! When I reached Bowie, I needed seventy-five cents to pay my fare the remaining fifty miles to my home, so was able to borrow one dollar from a merchant whom I had never seen before, and thus I reached home.

God had indeed made it possible for me to fill my mission and my faith was justified.

But to go back to the details of our trip to Samoa, we departed on October 18th of 1894, a party of eleven elders and two sisters, on board the *Monawai*, moving out of the San Francisco Harbor and through the Golden Gate.

On deck stood Delia and I, shaken with emotion at the sight of our vanishing native land. The tall buildings of the bay city broke through the mists, and the wooded shore line retreated. Quietly we spoke of our home and our loved ones soon to be so far away from us. In an attempt to cheer her, I said, "Three years from now, we'll be watching for this same Golden Gate upon our return."

Delia replied, "Do you think we will?"

And afterward, looking back, I wondered if even then she had a presentiment that she might never return.

At Honolulu our ship was greeted by the usual native boys and girls who dived for small coins tossed into the sea by the passengers. We went ashore, ate poi, were much pleased with the natives and their adornments, and with the flowers that ran riot everywhere. I sized up the natives, since we were embarked upon a mission to preach to a similar group, and I was suddenly struck with the great responsibility of carrying the message of truth to these simple, childlike people. I was glad that I had a few more days in which to prepare myself.

Two of our party, George and Ella Birdno, remained at Hawaii.

It was on the morning of November 2nd, 1894 that the outlines of Samoa appeared in the distance. What expectations filled us, especially Delia, because she had been very ill during the entire journey at sea. As the ship zigzagged its way between the long, protruding arms of the coral reef, we viewed the beauties of the island of Upolu. The entire mountainous island was covered with a deep, tangled forest and jungle, and few if any bare spots appeared. At the very apex of the mountain, a cut in the forest attracted our attention.

"What is it?" someone asked, and another replied, "The lookout at Lake Lanutoo."

It was many years thereafter, during my second mission, that I

was privileged to visit the spot.

Directly before us this lovely morning was the main village of Samoa — Apia, which had a population of perhaps a little less than three thousand. The cocoanut plantations which skirted the shore at many places around the island stood out in sharp relief against the green mountain background. This capital village of Apia was picturesque, with semi-foreign and native thatched-roof houses peeping at us through the verdant foliage that was everywhere. Our attentions were then diverted to the hulk of a battleship, whose frame lay broadside upon a coral reef and we learned that it was a German ship, the Adler, one of the victims of the hurricane of 1889, when four such ships were wrecked, and about forty smaller craft, with much loss of life. Two of the men-of-war lost were American ships. I now have part of an American flag from one of them which suffered the fate of being lifted high upon the crest of a wave and coming down upon a jutting arm of sharp coral reef, where it balanced for a minute then toppled upside down, carrying its burden of life to a watery grave. A diver obtained the flag, some time after the disaster, and give it to me.

Our anchor chains were being lowered, for Apia had no wharf. Hundreds of small craft were splashing their way toward our ship, some to take the passengers ashore, others to bring native vendors who sold coral, baskets, siapo and other wares, the siapo being a

native cloth made from the bark of the paper mulberry tree.

Elder Thomas Hilton, the mission president, came with two natives in the mission boat and took us to the mission headquarters at Fagalii, about three miles down the coast. The two Samoan oarsmen wore nothing but a loincloth, called a *lavalava*, and their bodies shone in the tropical sun, having been oiled all over with cocoanut oil in which a golden yellow coloring matter had been mixed.

Ashore, in contrast to the smell of the ocean breeze, the air was pungent with odors of tropical vegetation. The absence of the rocking motion of the ship made me "land sick" for a short time, but the feeling passed with the coming of night, and for Delia's sake, I was thankful to have the journey over, for her two weeks of illness had left her emaciated and weak, so much so that it was necessary to aid her to walk to the house.

At once I found myself liking the native people. They appeared ever cheerful and jolly, and were eager to help us learn their

SAMOA 57

language. The Samoans, both men and women, are possessed with splendid physiques, with no round shoulders, but only straight, muscular limbs. The women are rather muscular, but very graceful and poised of bearing. From childhood they do much dancing which gives them rhythmic grace.

My strange new environment interested me. The flora was different from any I had known, and I could not name any of the trees, with the exception of the cocoanut palm. The flowers ferns, bamboo, the great spreading banyan trees, the jungle — all were fascinating. It seemed to me that only the sky was familiar, and that not entirely so, since the North Star had disappeared below the horizon, and it was not possible to orient myself from it, as had been my lifelong custom at home. We were at fourteen degrees south latitude, and the Southern Cross shone in the sky.

Besides our group of seven elders, there were eighteen others and Sister Sarah Hilton at the mission headquarters. All missionaries had gathered, as was their custom, from the far ends of the island, to get their mail, which came only once a month. Such times were occasions for joyous greetings, exchange of experiences, and pleasant conversations.

In the evening we held a testimony meeting, which was lengthy because we all talked. It gave me my first glimpse of what it would be like to do missionary work, and I found it highly spiritual and enlightening.

As the elders were assigned, two by two, to their respective fields of labor, and departed, Adelia and I remained at the mission headquarters with President Thomas Hilton and his wife Sarah. The house was reasonably comfortable and suited to the climate. Bedclothes were not needed, other than a sheet, but mosquito nettings over the beds were a necessity. We lived economically, using cocoanut shells for fuel. Cockroaches were abundant and annoying.

The meetinghouse had been constructed by the elders, with sides made of split and pounded bamboo, woven about posts. Such a construction was about the pattern for all new meetinghouses when a branch was established. All had a partition across one end which provided living quarters for the elders. It fell to my lot to care for the mission chores. In fact, it seemed to me, in my eagerness to get at the real work of my mission, that I was too much a roustabout. I made a daily trip to Apia to fetch supplies, using a

big two-wheeled cart which was also our carriage in which to go places.

Much intervened to take my time from my study of the gospel and the native language. My ambition to learn the language quickly was doomed to failure, because of the many interruptions. Elders who were stationed among the natives had a much better opportunity to learn and use the language.

In November Delia and I were entering the sixth month of our married life. We were happy in each other's love, and frequently talked of our plans for the future when we should have completed our missions. Perhaps few if any who have started married life together were more congenial to each other than were we. From a source unknown to me, a poem comes to me which fitted us so perfectly in these days together in Samoa.

"We wandered where the dreamy palms Murmured above the sleeping wave, And through the waters clear and calm Looked down into the coral cave, Where echoes never had been stirred By breath of man or song of bird."

We confided in each other and rested contentedly in each other's love. We looked forward to the birth of our child, but not without anxiety, for there was some question as to how Delia would come through the event, yet we kept diligently at the study of the language and the gospel, and took our part in missionary life. We walked frequently in the grassy cocoanut grove, and Delia often went with me when I tethered the horse to graze. We bathed in the warm, still water of the lagoon within the encircling coral reef. Together we did our washing and cooking, and always we studied. Never, not once, did we speak crossly to each other, nor was any act calculated to wound or reprimand. How like heaven was life because we sought to make each other happy, and there was an inflow of the Spirit of God because we were devoted to the common cause of doing His work.

It is very possible that I see my life of then more idyllic in retrospect than it acutally was. Yet it seems so to me with the surroundings of tropical beauty, of mutual trust and love, and our unity in laboring for the gospel.

SAMOA 59

"But Hark! Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairies are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and dips his oar
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! The notes on my ear that play
Are set to words: as they float they say
'Passing away! Passing away!'"

In the beauty of our innocence of youth, we lay in our dreams, having no prescience of what should come. There was no way for us to know that we were about to pass, as though in a boat, from the playful brook where "the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads and the flowers on the bank seemed to offer themselves to our young hands," to the wider and deeper floods of the sea of life, to the cataracts, the shoals and quicksands. Our test was at hand, but we knew it not.

On March 27th, 1895, President Hilton and his wife, Charles R. Thomason, and two missionary sisters from Tonga, Maggie Durham and Luella Adams, having been released, left for their homes in Utah. That morning at prayer, we sang the hymn

"Adieu, my dear brethren, adieu.
Reluctant we give you the hand,
No more to assemble with you
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand."

With prayers and tears we bade them farewell. If it was a momentous occasion for those who were leaving, as no doubt it was, how much more it must have meant to Delia, since it left her alone of the women missionaries, to be on the island. She who was so soon to become a mother and would need the friendly sympathetic care of a woman's hand! Did she feel that Sister Hilton should have stayed to see her through? Whatever were her emotions, she silently yielded to a trying situation and clung to me still more closely as she looked toward an uncertain future.

During the days that followed, our thoughts and plans inevitably centered in the one big occasion so close at hand. Every detail was as carefully planned as possible for the safe arrival of our baby, and the preservation of the life and health of the mother. No word of mine can overstate our anxiety as the hour approached.

On May 3rd, 1895, at 1:15 a.m. the baby came. How relieved I was to lay this tiny morsel of life onto the arm of her smiling mother, who, radiant with joy, cuddled the dark-haired girl to her willing breast.

At that moment, a new love was born to us, which had hitherto been unknown — the parental love. We had exercised the creative power, the most godlike power given to man, and perhaps the most sacred. A power granted him to co-operate with God in creation, and hence to assume the responsibility of guiding, caring for, and tutoring an immortal soul. In its fuller sense it is the beginning of our kingdom, over which, when we shall have developed like unto our heavenly parents, we shall rule in God's patriarchial order. Without delay, we called our new daughter Hazel.

But our joy was short-lived, and the days that followed took my faith through the most crucial test it ever had. For three weeks, I abandoned everything else to the care of my wife. As I write now after so many eventful years, I can still hear the tick of the clock which marked the hours of my lonely vigil, as night after night, in silence, I watched the life of my beloved ebbing away.

Hitherto God had answered my prayers and administrations in her behalf and that of others, but He seemed now to have forsaken me. Adelia had a vision of heavenly beings standing near her bed and called my attention to them, friends and relations from the spirit world, who appeared to have come to welcome and guide her to them.

She asked for her baby, once more to hold her in her arms clingingly, then on May 24th of 1895, she closed her eyes to everything mortal.

I must have felt much as Jesus did when, upon the cross, he was impelled to cry out, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou for saken me?"

The light of the whole world went out of my life when she was taken. I feel sure now that heavenly angels accompanied her spirit to her heavenly home, where, if I can only remain faithful

SAMOA 61

to the end, I shall meet her, know her once more, and continue to lavish upon her my undying love.

Upon a little rise in land facing the northern shore of Upolu, near Fagalii, in the midst of a cocoanut grove whose feathery fronds are ever swaying in the breezes, her body rests. The anguish of my heart, and the hopes buried beneath that coffin lid had better remain further untold.

At the time of my wife's death, I knew little about the justice and balance of God's eternal laws. I found it very difficult to accept my new situation. With hopes shattered, plans frustrated, my outlook appeared to be dark and largely without incentive. My one gleam of interest was now centered in my baby. I must save her and love her, so that, through her, I might see something of Adelia. In the course of time, nature began to bring about a gradual return of my spirit for the duties and environment surrounding me, and to create a new interest in life. Yet even then, I felt a protest at my return to normal living, as though it were a disloyalty to my wife, leaving in the background my great love for her.

In my heart and soul, I nursed a grievance against God for His dealings with me. I also nursed my grief, much to my own detriment. I should have known that God is always just and never cruel. He could not be God and be otherwise. Withal there was something within me that led me to be faithful to my missionary work and to make a success of it. I prayed earnestly in the hope that God would somehow make the whole matter clear to me and restore my shaken confidence and faith. I had to wait a year, however, during which time I carried both my wounded feelings and my work as a double burden. In the proper place, I look forward to telling of my glorious awakening.

As I have said, I longed mightily to make a success of my mission, despite my loss of spirit for it, so that I should not have to return home a failure. I arranged with a Mrs. Bell, a school-teacher from England, to care for Hazel, then left for Siupapa, on the south side of the island. I had been assigned to this station in company with Elder James B. Barton who had been with me

all through my wife's illness.

Our journey was made on foot, over rocky mountain and through jungle which was almost impenetrable. We slept on Samoan mats, but preferred our shoes and clothing for a pillow, to the section of bamboo upon short legs over which the native rested his neck at night. We forded several shallow rivers and one deep one, where we had to hold our knapsacks high above our heads to keep them dry.

We ate with the natives when they courteously called us in to do so, and went without when they told us instead, "We have nothing good today, as there is a food shortage." And thus, after fifty miles on foot, drenched to the skin from the dripping of shrubs or the waters of streams, we arrived finally at our destination. There we found that pigs had rooted into the mission and set up housekeeping for themselves. But the natives brought food to us, and weary as we were, we soon crawled under our mosquito nets and fell asleep.

The following day being the Sabbath, the children beat wooden drums to summon the natives to church in the early morning. After a meeting open to the public, we held another more private one for members only. Sacrament was administered to and partaken of, and then time was given for testimony bearing. After this, we had our breakfast.

The regular Sunday School followed the meal, then the natives all went to sleep, which was their way of making sure they kept the Sabbath day holy. But at four o'clock the drums sounded again, and they gathered for the final meeting of the day. After this, food was spread, the chiefs and their wives dining in one house together, the common folk in another, while the young folks occupied still a third where they could eat and play together.

The Sabbath day ended at sundown in Samoa, and a routine similar to this one was followed in almost all the Samoan villages every Sunday.

We spent the next several weeks teaching a school of native children, and visiting the natives and teaching them the gospel. Once we walked to the east end of the island and did missionary work there, then joined with a large group of native men, almost all the men on the east and south sides of the island, to attend a council at Falifa, with reference as to whether they would or would not sustain Malitoa as king, these men being rebels.

There were many boats, loaded not only with men, but with their food which consisted of hundreds of pigs and kegs of beef, along with other edibles. From Falifa, we walked about twenty-five miles to mission headquarters, to gather with other elders for the mail and the regular meeting. SAMOA 63

I visited with Mrs. Bell, to find my baby doing well. I went to Adelia's resting place and tenderly removed the weeds which encroached upon the grave, and planted oleanders and other shrubs to beautify the spot. What memories were stirred as I labored there, bringing tears to my eyes and causing my heart to be heavy.

Our visit at an end, we returned to our field of labor at Siupapa.

CHAPTER VIII

The Work Progresses

While there was so much which we could and did teach the natives, there was a great deal which we must learn from them in order to give fully of our knowledge, and as the months passed, many interesting incidents of their ways come to our attention.

It was while I was stationed at Siupapa that I became acquainted with the native custom with reference to their "handsome man." Each district had one, so designated by the chief's council. The Samoan women braid very beautiful mats, with fiber as fine as thread. It may take a year or more to weave one mat, braiding on it at odd times. The main use of these is their exchange value, for they are used much as we use money, but largely for a dowry to accompany the *Taupou*, or village virgin, when she is wed to a "handsome man" of another village.

The Taupou is the daughter of a chief, chosen in childhood and guarded constantly to be sure she is kept morally pure. It seems to be a title almost equivalent to a princess, since she has considerable authority in her village or district. Her special duties are to plan and carry through entertainment for guests. She calls to her aid, other maidens of her district when they are needed, and must look to the comfort and pleasure of all village guests. She is trained to be a leader in songs and dances, and has no more choice in her marriage than have royal princesses anywhere.



Samoan Taupou, daughter of High Chief Asi, who was courted by The Handsome Man, Tupua.



She is under the control of the Tulafales who are the titled orators or spokesmen.

The "handsome man" as well as the Taupou, must obey the district chiefs' orders in the matter of his marriage. When a district is short of fine mats and other kindred property, such as Samoan cloth, siapo, they direct their "handsome man" to send his present wife, in case he has one, back to her village, which is the equivalent of a divorce, and the rulers hold a council and select a new bride for him. She must be a Taupou of another village, preferably of high rank, since the higher the rank, the greater the dowry. Each village's wealth is gauged by its amount of mats and like property, and its prestige is greatly increased if it has mats of great beauty and age, to which are affixed legends concerning their former owners and the like. When, therefore, a Taupou has been selected for the value of her dowry, the district chiefs prepare to make the official proposal.

In the case of which I tell, the "handsome man" was indeed a very handsome man. Young, stalwart, and with a most pleasing personality. His name was Tupua.

The proposed bride-to-be was the daughter of the great warrior and high chief Asi, at Apia. Our district gathered several large boat-loads of food, including a number of hogs, and barrels of beef shipped from New Zealand. The "handsome man" made the trip with the boats of food and it was piled in a huge pile in an oblong plaza in Apia. According to custom, the chiefs of the Taupou's district gathered on one side of the plaza and the proposing party on the other. Then the village orator, the Tulafale, had a real chance to show his learning. Though he was Tulafale of the "handsome man's" district, he recounted the genealogy and history of the Taupou's father and other high chiefs of their district, praising them greatly. Then the Tulafale of the Taupou's district replied much in kind, recounting the genealogy and history of the "handsome man's" district chiefs.

On occasions of this kind, it was custom for the head chief of the Taupou's district, if he wanted to accept the proposal, to order his men to gather up the food in the presence of the proposing party. But if he didn't order the food accepted and taken in their presence, it was equivalent to a rejection of the proposal. This meant the bid was not sufficient, and the proposing party must leave their offering and return home temporarily rejected. In this case there

was a rival, a party from the Tongan Islands having come on another day to solicit with much food the hand of the Taupou in marriage, with a proposed bridegroom from the royal family of

Tonga. This proposal was also rejected.

Both parties returned again later with more food and more persuasion, but were again rejected. In fact they came several times, but in the end the young man from Tonga was accepted, and since the Taupou's village always got all the food offered by both

parties, it made rather a nice source of supply.

Marriage, in this case, does not take place at once. Arrangements are made, other boat-loads of food are provided, and eventually there is a great feast, with much pomp and ceremony attending the wedding and the giving of the dowry. The native Samoans are capable of much dignity and are naturally fine orators, so that some of these occasions can be very impressive.

There are sure to be many times during the course of a mission when one has an experience that impresses him as a striking illustration of some gospel tenet or exhortation. One instance of such was when, in two more days, the ship bearing news from our distant homes was due to arrive, something we always anticipated with

great eagerness.

With Elder Barton's consent, and with much zest, I started out on foot, the usual way, to traverse the jungle and mountain that lay between Siupapa and Fagilii. But at the fork of the trail, I took the wrong branch, and followed it for perhaps six miles, when it ended in a cocoanut grove.

Reluctant to retrace my steps, I was sure that by going around about a mile inland, I could intercept the trail I wanted. Wholly unacquainted with the jungle, I undertook to find a way through

it, and thus save myself a walk of about twelve miles.

I had no time to lose, since the direct route to Siuma, my first objective, was nearly thirty miles. I chose first to make my way through a "Mat-Palm" forest, but so dense were the palms I could not edge through or pass over them. I tried another route but was again thwarted. On my third attempt I came to a blazed way where some native had marked a path with his big knife while going through the jungle. The blazed way led in the general direction toward the trail I had lost. I decided to follow it, which I did for perhaps an hour then lost it.

I pushed on for a ways further. The sharp volcanic rocks were cutting my shoes badly. I encountered many deep, wide cracks in the ancient lava, which were difficult to jump, both because of their width and because the tangle of vines about them threatened to trip me. The towering forest and jungle of vines grew more dense, and a sea fog settled heavily over all the region. The sunlight was blotted out, making twilight for me, and thus I lost even the aid of the sun as a direction finder. I struggled on, but soon the jungle wholly closed my way and I could go no farther.

This put me in the position of lying out all night with the myraids of mosquitoes and leeches which thrived in the dampness of the tropical jungle, or hunt until I found a dry channel which I had crossed earlier in the day. I still had faith in my sense of direction, but how could I go another rod through the dense jungle?

I decided my only hope was to climb! So making my way, monkey-like, from branch to branch, I crawled on and on above the tangled thicket, and in this effort my heavily-laden knapsack became a great hindrance. I began to wonder if I should ever find my way out.

Suddenly without warning I lost my hold and fell. I snatched at branches to ease my fall, since it was a long way down, and

landed unhurt on the ground.

To my amazement, I saw that I had fallen directly into a dry lava-course, the one I had crossed before I became lost. I followed this up to the trail I was seeking and was once more on my way, and correctly this time.

But for that fall, I would have missed that which I sought!

I was so weary and footsore that I sat down to rest and ponder on what had happened. Twice I had tried to make a way of my own, in hopes of a shortcut, and once I had followed the trail of another, which got me nowhere. How like life was this. My experience illustrated the words of Jesus, "Straight is the gate and narrow the way which leads unto life, and few there be that find it."

Three times I had tried to make this way for myself, when I should have returned to the path — the way Christ has outlined. If I should, through weakness, stray from the path, the only way back is straight to the tried and tested path through repentance. There are no shortcuts, spiritually or morally. One must persist, for the saving of his eternal soul, as I should have done for the saving of my physical self, by the known "straight and narrow path."

So it was that not only did the people of this island challenge a missionary by their different ways and manner of thinking, but

the terrain, the climate and the abundant growth all combined to create hazards which tested the metal of those who had dedicated themselves to teach the Word of God.

The island arose from the ocean by volcantic action. At intervals thereafter eruptions would send a stream of molten lava flowing from the high mountain cone down to the sea, where it cooled and thus added a strip to the mainland. Through these successive flows, the size of the mainland was much increased.

This island cluster which lay on the main ship lanes from San Francisco to Auckland, was composed of fourteen small islands, ten of which were inhabited with a population of about thirty-six thousand at the time of my first arrival there in the autumn of 1894. There had been some forty-two thousand there a short while before, but with the first introduction of measles to the islands, an epidemic followed, which reduced the number by about six thousand.

Samoa was first sighted by a Dutch Captain, Roggeveen, in 1722. Forty-six years later, Louis Antoine de Bougainville, being struck by the skill of the natives in handling their canoes, named the group the Navigator Islands, but the name was changed in time to its present one.

Since the islands are in the tropics, the climate and rainfall are conducive to plant growth, and in most places, the forest and jungle are so dense that they are impenetrable, except where trails have been cut. The main products are cocoanuts, breadfruit, talo

(taro) and bananas.

The Samoan natives are almost pure Polynesians, tall, straight, graceful, well-muscled and possessing excellent teeth. They are a cheerful people, courteous, gentle, cleanly, friendly and usually happy. Insofar as I have ever been able to learn, they were never cannibals. When discovered, they had a culture far superior to that of many Pacific Islanders. They are builders of large, splendid homes, suited, of course, to the hot climate. They also build enormous boats.

They had no written language until perhaps a few years after 1830, when the Bible was printed in their tongue by the London Missionary Society and was put in circulation and taught in the mission schools. At the time of my arrival, there was scarcely anyone over twelve years of age who could not read well, and they knew much of the Bible by memory.

Their language is much given to proverbs, some of which were taken from the Bible. The natives are intelligent, and they love a

good story and enjoy a good joke. They use the parable and figurative speech much in their conversation and speeches. As an example of the clever way they have of using figurative speech, Elder D. Foster Cluff and I called on Asi, a very high chief and war general. Elder Cluff was pouring out to him our church doctrine very freely and at considerable length. Presently the chief signalled him to stop, at the same time picking up a cocoanut shell. "Do you see this cup?" he asked.

"Yes."

"If I fill it brimming full of water and then pour some more water in it, the water will spill over and waste. Your explanations have been interesting, but my cup is full."

We understood!

The native dances were an interesting phase of island life. They were mainly motion songs executed while sitting on mats or sometimes when standing, and to the dull sound made by beating time on a rolled mat. All children were trained to dance from childhood. At any age, they were exceedingly graceful, using arms, legs and bodies in rhythm with the song.

Their government was by rule of chief. Each clan had a chief who had much authority over the members, and over the land owned by the clan. At a remote period of history, the land seemed to have been distributed, each clan having been given its portion. The land always remained then as a heritage of the family, to be neither sold nor parted with. A village might have several clans, each with its high chief, but always there was a high or head chief of the village, whose title stayed within his family or clan.

The next division was a district, with its head chief. A district might take in a number of villages. There seemed also to be a head chief for the whole island, and in turn, a king over all.

This arrangement has been partly destroyed by the governments under whose protection they have lived in recent years. Owing to trouble over the kingship, the protective governments have interfered, but the rule by chief largely continues.

Under the chief rule, if a man committed an offense, he was taken before a council of the village chiefs and the judgment was usually a fine of food, to be given to the people as a whole. I knew of a man who was found guilty of violating the law of chastity with another man's wife. He was made to give a feast

for the whole village, which cost him several pigs, much breadfruit and baskets of talo.

The chiefs were never paid for their services. In fact, there was no paid officer in the government. Boat loads of food, mats and cloth were voluntarily taken to the king by the different villages.

Apia was the chief port as well as the capital, and also boasted of the only post office. When the monthly mail came, most of the elders on Upolu made their way to Fagalii, the mission head-quarters, to get the greatly anticipated mail from home. Such occasions were times of rejoicing and good feeling. It was at these meetings with the others that we were quick to note changes, such as the length of our beards, gain or loss of weight, but I doubt if any one item of appearance attracted the men any more than the condition of our beards, which most of us grew, believing they made us look very manly!

How good it was to get together with a group of our own kind! How wonderful to hear from home! I quote one verse from a delightful poem which our Sister Stevens wrote.

"Away off on Samoa, we think it just a sin
For a single friend to slight us
When the mail comes rushing in.
We love your friendly wishes, your prayers,
But this you know —
If you think of us at all,
You might write and tell us so."

The elders who lived out on the smaller islands depended for their mail on its being relayed from hand to hand. Sometimes it took several months for it to reach them, but strangely enough, it was almost never lost.

When a house was needed by any family of the village, the custom was to have this become the responsibility of the entire village, not as a compulsion, but in a cooperative courtesy which extended into all walks of life. On launching such a project as building a house or a boat, it was usually initiated with a village feast, and such feasts were repeated at different stages of the building, which served to keep the workers favorably disposed to their gratuitous labor, and all was done with good cheer and good feelings. If the chief carpenter came from another village, he was to be extra-well fed, but other than that he received no pay.

The Samoan house was built wholly without nails, and with thatched roof. The sides were hardwood posts set in the ground several feet apart. There were certain posts in a chief's house, arranged so that when a visiting party from another village entered, each chief immediately knew where to sit according to his rank. The host was thus enabled to tell without asking, which of his visitors was highest in authority, and this arrangement was uniform in all the houses of the chiefs.

The walls of the house were made of cocoanut fronds braided and fastened together in such a manner that they could be raised, like Venetian blinds. During the day these were usually raised, but with the coming of darkness, the walls on the inland side were pulled down to keep out the damp land breeze which blew gently from the mountains during the latter part of the night.

The chief's house was circular or oblong, and very large, frequently extending a hundred feet in diameter. In the center were some large, strong, upright posts, reaching to the apex of the roof to support its weight at the center. On such posts were two pieces of timber set about five feet high, at right angles, which tapered and curved upward just a little at the end. These timbers were used to hold bed mats, which were rolled up and placed thereon every morning, and when we elders entered a home, a roll of these mats was spread down for us to sit on, then food was spread before us. After eating, we could lie down if we chose and rest, but if the chief were present, we had to wait until all ceremonies were over before stretching our aching bodies. Samoans went barefoot, but we elders usually arrived at a village with muddy shoes and would immediately remove these to keep the mats clean while we sat down cross-legged, as was the custom.

There were no chairs.

Food for the feasts was prepared and cooked in a wholesome manner by wrapping each kind of food in a certain leaf used exclusively for that particular kind. Fish, for example, was braided in a cocoanut frond, palusami in a breadfruit leaf.

After the food was prepared, it was placed in a shallow pit with a lot of small rocks which had been previously heated. Some of the rocks were laid aside by using improvised fire tongs and then replaced on top, making hot rocks above and below the food. The pit was covered with leaves fastened together for the purpose, then a blanket of green banana leaves over all so the heat was held

in. Thus the food was partly baked and partly steamed and came out appetizingly prepared.

When the oven was opened, it was distributed by men who were adept at passing out the food, with each man, woman and child getting an equitable portion. Since the food inside was indicated by the sort of package and the method of wrapping, it was not necessary to open each to ascertain the contents. After the food was distributed, the chiefs and their wives gathered in one house, the unmarried adults in another, for eating and social enjoyment. If a missionary happened to be passing through a village while the feast was going on, and if he stopped, or in case he lived there, he received a double portion because he was a "servant of the Lord," and was always shown great respect. On one such occasion, I received seventeen talo, fifteen large fish and one small pig, besides much other food. The occasion was the launching of a large rowboat, a district affair. The food was all well cooked and the following day, being Sunday, I invited all our Saints, who came to church, to take dinner with me.

Our manner of doing missionary work was for the missionaries to pair off, two by two, and go into the various districts where headquarters for the districts had been established by earlier workers, or when we succeeded in converting a chief to the restored gospel, we used his influence to establish a branch of the church and make

a place for the elders to stay.

In such branches, we always established a free public school, taught by the elders, in both the English and Samoan languages, with the Bible as our textbook, and a blackboard with some chalk for our equipment. The elders, assisted by the natives, built a combined meetinghouse, schoolhouse, and residence for the elders. These houses were made of split bamboo hammered out flat, with thatched roof, and one end of the building was always partitioned off for the living quarters. The elders depended on the native Samoans for their food, which was brought in once each day by some member of the church. The elders lived as well, and perhaps a little better, than the natives. The food was free and came irregularly, but usually late in the afternoon. Sometimes it was a feast and at other times a famine.

One time I was stationed at Fogatuli without a companion, since Elder George Leonard had been called home suddenly, and contrary to the rules, I was left alone. For several months there was a very severe drouth over that part of the island. Breadfruit was

our only diet most of the time. Even cocoanuts were taboo to the natives. I, alone in the village, was given cocoanuts to help out my diet. I became so surfeited on breadfruit that I felt I could not eat another bite, but this was an extreme case. The natives paid high respect to a missionary or minister, regardless of his faith.

There was one trip that, for hardships, I could not forget. Elder Joseph A. Rasband and I started to tour the island of Savaii, the largest of the group. It was the rainy season, and for about three weeks we walked in the rain and mud. It seemed to rain all the time. The clothes we used while walking never got dry. We carried a change in our waterproof knapsack. When we stopped for the night, we changed to dry clothing, but next morning we had to crawl into our wet clothing again. That was the worst ordeal of all, for the clothing never dried during the night.

When we came to a fresh water bathing place, we walked right into the pool with our clothing on, washed the mud out of them the best we could and went on our journey with these same soaking garments, which were a little cleaner, but certainly no wetter than when we entered the pool. My shoes became water soaked and came apart. I had to make the last part of my journey to Saleaula barefoot, but I was able to purchase shoes upon reaching there. My pants were frayed so completely at the cuffs that they were several inches shorter than their original length.

A sympathetic white man standing near as I entered the village, commented, "I think this missionary is entitled to a better pair of pants." He started a collection from the foreigners who were there and bought me a pair!

We had visited many villages and many families and taught the people the gospel as best we could. The natives were, as always, hospitable and gave us food and beds. Even though some of the conditions we had to endure proved very trying, the spirit of God pervaded our lives and we did not murmur at hardships, but rejoiced in our missionary work, taking such things as necessary to accomplish our work there.

CHAPTER IX

Hazel Becomes Ill

From the time of our arrival in Samoa until May 31st, 1895, my missionary work had been at the mission headquarters. I was then appointed to labor with James B. Barton at the southeast end of the island of Upolu, at Siupapa. This part of my mission, which lasted until July 13, 1895, is remembered by me mainly for being in a ditsrict where we elders had plenty of good Samoan food to eat and plenty of mosquitoes, as well as for my pleasant, helpful missionary companion, Elder Barton, and for Chief Tupua, who used to come to church dressed, as he thought, like a white man. He wore a long-tailed black naval officer's coat with brass buttons on the shoulders, a pair of white pants about eight inches too short for him, no shirt, and a pair of shoes much too large. Not being accustomed to wearing shoes, he stepped high and stiffly. He was a large man and created a diversion which we enjoyed.

On July 14, 1895, I was appointed to labor at Lalovi, on the west end of the island of Upolu, with Elder Joseph Rasband, who was a splendid companion, and my stay there was pleasant, largely because I liked the natives with whom we worked. Of course all my stay in Samoa up to this time was characterized by my efforts to master the language of the people and become acquainted with the scripture.

Since Adelia's passing, my baby had been left with Mrs. Bell, who had offered her aid so thoughtfully. But she was handicapped

by lack of suitable food, which could not be procured in the islands, and feeding became a problem. Mrs. Bell also had her teaching work and was not able to give the baby the constant care the state of her health made important to her. We could not even get a nursing bottle, and it was only after three months that we finally got some Mellin's Food from England. Later we obtained cow's milk, but in that tropical land with no refrigeration this soured quickly.

Back home loving arms ached to care for her, but there were so many thousands of miles of ocean between her and them, and so it was that I watched her grow thinner and thinner until she was scarcely more than skin and bones, but clinging tenaciously to life.

While I was at Lalovi a message came that Hazel needed me desperately. I walked thirty miles by four in the afternoon, and was much perturbed to find how emaciated she looked. She was three months old by then, and after studying her for a time, I told myself my one hope was for God to save her. He alone could do this. I walked three miles farther to the mission house, my soul wrought up to the point of bursting. There I sought a quiet place in the forest where I pleaded with God for the life of my child. In my agony, I told the Lord that, to show Him my earnest desire for His aid, I would not eat food or take drink for forty-eight hours. Whether He decided to put my faith to a further test or not, I do not know, but I do know that I seemed to be left to the buffeting of the adversary, for straightway I began to thirst and my tongue became dry and swollen. I was in feverish agony hour after hour. I had never needed water as badly as I needed it then.

When my fast was over at last, I was so weak I was unable to walk back to Apia. Leaving the matter in the hands of my Heavenly Father, trusting Him implicitly, I lay down and slept.

The following day I went to see my baby. As I turned into the street that led to the home of Mrs. Bell, I saw her a block away, standing in the street, her hand shading her eyes, obviously anxiously watching for me.

What news did she have?

Upon seeing me, she came rumming toward me, and when she was near enough to see her face, I knew that she bore good tidings, for she was smiling radiantly.

"Hazel is much better!" she cried.

"Thank God," I said reverently. "He has heard my prayers. He acknowledged my sacrifice."

That very day, as emaciated as she was, we took her to the photographer and had her picture taken lying on a pillow in a big sea shell. My children and my grandchildren gaze at that photograph today, the scrawny little body with the huge black eyes, and marvel that a shell could hold her, and that she ever lived.

The latter part of September of 1895, when she was four months old, I gave her into the care of David Kenison and his native wife Taumusuai. This couple had joined the church and they were eager to care for the baby at their own expense. They gave her splendid care, and for a time she grew stronger. Mrs. Kenison was aided by a half-caste girl named Annie Wilson. The same girl had helped Mrs. Bell care for the baby and had grown so attached to her that she begged to go and live with the Kenisons when they took Hazel. She was given permission to do this by her father, and her devotion to the baby never faltered. What a debt of gratitude I owed her! And what true friends were the Kenisons, not only in the care of my motherless child, but in the support and kindness they offered all of the missionaries at all times. They fed us, they aided in the establishment of the branch of the church at Tuasivi. Later they helped to build a good-sized schoolhouse.

On October 8, 1895, I was appointed to labor on the island of Savaii, and on the tenth, five of us elders started for the conference in the mission boat Faaaliga which meant Revelation. It was an old boat and unwieldy, and we elders certainly were not skilled in its handling. The first night we spent in Manono, a small island in the channel between Upolu and Savaii, and the following morning began in a calm. Under the penetrating tropical sun, our hands soon blistered. We became sunburned and immeasurably weary as we slid slowly by the small island of Apolima and inched up the coast of Savaii. We neared one of the most dangerous passages in the coral reef when a wind sprang up, a wind much too heavy for comfort. The water ran swiftly seaward, which was in our favor, but the waves and breakers were high and choppy. The wind became a gale. Sometimes the boat was standing on end so our oars would strike nothing but atmosphere. I do not know what the others were thinking, but I know that I pulled at my oar and silently prayed that God would deliver us safely through. Afterward when I told Captain Kenison about our experience, he

said, "You probably thought you were being brave, but if you knew the sea as I know it, you would never have taken such a chance."

We arrived at Saleaula to find other elders, a large group of Saints, and there was also my baby!

The conference was full of interest. The spirit of the Lord appeared to direct our sermons and the elders enjoyed the exchange of experiences. A general good feeling prevailed. Seven new members were added to the church by baptism, and the work of the Lord on Samoa took a step forward. During the conference, some people of the district who were not even members of the church, prepared a taalolo, or food offering. When all was counted, true to Samoan custom, we received 351 talo, 8 pigs, 6 chickens, 50 large fish, 2 devil fish, 1 barrel of beef and 22 bunches of bananas. All of the food was cooked with the exception of the beef, and of course the bananas.

On the Monday following the conference, the day was given over to field sports, while the women of the village gave us a food offering of talo tasi, wherein each brings one particle of food. The village Taupou, led a procession of young ladies, walked slowly and was singing. She carried a chicken. Each of the other girls had either a fish, or a talo, which is the same taro used by the Hawaiians to make poi.

After depositing their offerings, they danced. Then the young men, gaily decorated, followed, depositing their talo or a palusami.

One of the women in a humorous speech, gave the aggregate of the offerings, and as was customary on such occasions, the Tulafale, village spokesman, gave a speech. When all the formalities were over, the day was spent in singing and native dancing, wherein the limbs and body move with the rhythm of the music. Such dancing is an art with them, and develops a grace in movement of body and limbs that is indeed praiseworthy.

My assignment was to Salelavalu, Savaii, with Elder Louis B. Burnham as my companion and presiding elder. It was here that I was first sent to hold meetings alone. We were trying to establish new branches in a number of villages between Salelavalu and Tuasivi and beyond, and my appointments to preach were very trying, for I had but little experience in preaching and insufficient knowledge of the Samoan language to make clear what I wanted to say. The lack of the proper word to use sometimes twisted my meaning,

often to my embarrassment. However, I persisted. I prayed and I wept. I studied and gradually made progress.

While I labored there, we made several baptisms. I did my first baptizing there. We established a branch at Tuasivi and built a meetinghouse, which branch later became the largest on the island. David Kenison was very helpful and influential in building the Tuasivi Branch. In some of the villages, the chiefs had held councils and made rulings that there could be only one church in the village, usually the Church of England as taught by the London Missionary Society. As one native chief expressed it, "What are we to do? First the London Missionary Society came and taught us Christianity. We accepted. Then the Catholics came, telling us the church we had accepted was wrong, that they were the very church established by Jesus. After that the Weslayen Methodist Church came and told us they were the accepted church." He pointed out that now we had come, telling them that all these others were wrong and yours was the true church. "We have become confused and divided," he protested. "Some villages have two or three churches and had to build as many meetinghouses and support several preachers, when one church and one minister would be sufficient. It becomes burdensome. If we do not get saved, it is the white missionaries' fault."

It was understandable that the natives were confused, and there was logic in their rulings. Their chiefs, seeking to avoid disunion and division in their villages, and perhaps prompted by the missionaries of other churches, had forbidden us to hold meetings. Such confusion seemed inevitable, for it was something which was in all countries, and would probably continue to be "until we all come to the unity of the faith."

We explained to this chief the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ, with its organization and authority; the apostasy that was predicted would come and the necessity of a restoration with the same organization as Jesus had; that the promised angel had come and that we were there to proclaim the restored gospel with the power and authority and organization as at first. We told the people that each one must do his own thinking and act in accordance with the best light he had, but that God had not left them without a guide.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." We urged them to study carefully our teachings and seek a testimony from God. My six months of work at Salelavalu were months of struggle, filled with anxiety still about my baby's health and welfare, and at the time, I failed to understand why my wife had been taken from me. I worked long and faithfully, trying to learn the language, teaching school, visiting among the people in my efforts to teach the restored gospel.

I had a good man for a companion, one who was enthusiastic when things went well, discouraged when difficulties arose, nervous and sometimes a little irritable, but humble and repentent if he wounded my feelings.

He had the habit of retiring rather early. He knew the language, knew the gospel doctrines well, and felt no urge to study such long hours as I must do. We lived in one room and when I studied after he had gone to bed, the kerosene light bothered him and he would frequently ask me to put it out.

Just as frequently, I answered him with a poem.

"The heights by great men reached and kept Were not attained by sudden flight, But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upwards in the night."

One of the most consoling discoveries that came to me during this time was the fact that when I was living at my best, with pure and lofty thoughts, uniformly keeping thoughts and actions single to the work of the Lord, I was most happy, and this happiness grew as I became more imbued with my missionary work.

In my efforts to overcome the weaknesses of the flesh, I resolved to pray often, and never to do anything that, in my prayers, I could not ask God to aid me in so doing. I was conscious of imperfections and wanted all the help I could get from Him. I found that His help and inspiration was always ours if we were in tune with Him; that the greater the struggle to overcome adversity, the greater would be the strength of him who succeeded, so I struggled on, never losing sight of my lofty ideal. I must overcome. I must succeed.

Added to my tribulations during my six months stay at Salelavalu, was the fact that Hazel was ill again, and had been for almost eight weeks when the message came from David Kenison on Sunday, December 15th, 1895. Hazel was dangerously sick.

He had gone to Satapa'itea to see a doctor and get medicine, a distance of about thirty miles. His horse, he told me, would be tired by the time he got back to our village and I was to have a boat ready.

David arrived about dark, and we hastened by boat to Tausivi. My baby was barely alive, her eyes sore, and with a bowel complaint and high fever. Most of the night she lay weakly crying, without strength to raise her head. The Kenison family sat about in tears. From appearances, she might cease to breathe at any moment. I prayed, silently but almost constantly, and at about four in the morning, I felt that the crisis was at hand. Only God could bring her back to health.

By then, Elders Louis B. Burnham and Stephen M. Walker had arrived to do what they could to help. The three of us went into a room and each in turn prayed for God's healing power to restore health to her. We then administered to her. As I anointed her head with oil, I received a manifestation. I said to the others, "Brethren, as I anointed her head with oil, I was impressed that she will live and get well."

Brother Burnham then sealed the anointing and pronounced the blessings of life and health upon her, having first rebuked the disease and commanded it to leave her. This was done by authority of the Holy Priesthood, and in the name of Jesus Christ. She stopped crying while I was anointing her, and by the time we had finished our adminstration she was sleeping. She did not awaken for twelve hours, or until about four in the afternoon, when she ate food, then slept again until morning. When she awoke that time, she appeared to be completely well, although pale and weak. Her long sleep had been a sweet restorer of health.

Her sore eyes persisted, however, and when I checked on her February 12th of 1896, I became very concerned. I considered the possibility of the sore eyes ending in what the Samoans called mataivi, meaning bone-eye, a disease of the eye which seemed to cause ossification of the eyeball, or a hardening bone-like condition with entire loss of sight. It was common among the natives. While pondering this situation, it was as though a voice spoke to me clearly. Send your baby home.

I acted instantly. I was near the beach where Captain Kenison's schooner was at anchor. Walking over to it, I learned that he was to leave for Apia within two hours. I went with him and

discussed the matter with President Beck, and in due course of time, arrangements were made for the baby's grandfather, David D. Williams of Thatcher, Arizona, to meet her in Salt Lake City upon her arrival there.

Hazel was to leave on the S. S. Monowai, the same ship that had brought her mother and me to the islands a year and a half earlier.

On April 15th, David Kenison, his wife, Annie Wilson, Hazel and I, with some others, set out from Tuasivi in a small row boat for Fagalii, Upolu, to attend the mission conference and send my baby home. In crossing the strait, we encountered heavy head winds and a very rough sea, and most of us were seasick, including the baby. It required twenty-five hours to make the trip. At Apia, I took Hazel to visit Mrs. Bell and it was a reunion of mixed emotions, joy at seeing her again, sorrow that so soon all of us must say goodbye to the baby.

The conference was a feast of love and good feeling, and many of us were re-assigned to other districts to labor. It resulted for me in the baptising of seven persons into the church, one of whom was Annie Wilson.

Hazel sailed for home on April 23rd of 1896. I carried her aboard the steamship, and about its decks, and she appeared full of gladness until about fifteen minutes before the ship was to sail, when she began to cry as though her tiny heart would break, and with no apparent cause. I was sure that some instinct was telling her that she was leaving her father and friends, or at least that something momentous was happening in her life, as indeed it was.

The ship's whistle signaled the hour of departure. It was a trying moment for us. Friends all about were weeping. I placed my baby into the arms of Elder Barton, who was to have charge of her and pressed a fond farewell kiss on each little cheek, while I silently prayed that God would preserve my child in her seventhousand mile journey.

As for Taumusuai and Annie, who loved her so much, they wept inconsolably the rest of the day.

Three months passed before I could learn of her safe arrival. They were months of anxious waiting, but I learned finally that her trip home had been made more pleasant than I had dared to dream it would be. Her story became known on the ship almost at once, how she had been left motherless and was making the trip without parents, or not even a woman to care for her. Sym-

pathetic friends sprang up right and left. Kind-hearted women gave her a mother's care, and she was showered with gifts. She was blessed on the train between Ogden and Salt Lake City by Apostle Marriner W. Merrill, and later taken to the temple where she received another blessing.

She thrived with her grandparents, and grew to be a vital and lovely woman, the wife of Eric A. Knudsen. She bore a child of her own and lived on the Island of Kauai, Hawaii.

CHAPTER X

A Vision

From the conference at the time Hazel was sent back to Arizona, I was appointed Presiding Elder on the southwest end of the island of Savaii, with Elder George Burnham as my companion. This was on April 19th, 1896.

We went to Savaii with Kenisons, my splendid friends, and walked from Salelavalu to our branch at Fogatule. There were seven members of the church there. We had traveled sixty miles, carrying a heavy load of clothing and books. George was a fine companion. We were like brothers, living happily there in our work,

and both worked faithfully to spread the gospel.

Traveling from town to town on foot, sleeping in the homes of the natives, we had many splendid experiences. I was much struck by the faith of the family of one of our saints, Opapo. It seemed that whenever any member of his family was administered to because of sickness, he was immediately healed. Ofualu, the chief, and Emele, his wife, were our stanch backers. The girl, Tunufa'i, was faithful in doing our washing. On the east at Salailua, lived Peter Jensen, a trader, and always a good friend, who gave us many a good meal and bed. On the west were James and George Burgess, half castes, who were also loyal to us, and all of whom later joined the church. Elder Burnham returned to Fagalii after five months and I remained one more month, then went to the east end of the island for conference.

After that, Alfred D. Hendricks was my companion for eight months, then George Leonard succeeded him. Both were congenial companions, and I learned to love them. Fogatule was my station for fifteen months, part of which time I was alone. I felt that we worked faithfully and well during those fifteen months. We made some baptisms, had many who were interested, and later strong branches of the church grew up in that district. I sometimes went very hungry while laboring there. Often I was tired, wet and weary. Most of the time I slept without bed or pillow, on the gravel floor covered with braided mats under a mosquito net.

When I left Fogatule to attend the island conference, I expected to be released to return home, since I had been in the mission for about three years. These expectations resulted in an unusually solemn parting with many sobs and tears when I bade goodbye to the Saints. In fact, we were all crying, for I had learned to love them as my own family, and I had no idea that I should ever see them again.

It was while I labored there that I had an experience which was most assuredly the answer to many fervent prayers on my part.

On the night of the first anniversary of Adelia's leaving me, I lay on my bed, tossing and pondering deeply over my bereavement, then of the parting with my child and having her so far from me, and my thoughts were fraught with grief. I realized that I still harbored, though submerged by my determination to fill a successful mission, a feeling that God had dealt harshly with me, and a spirit of despondency crept over me, which had hitherto incapacitated my efforts. While I was thus occupied with my thoughts, the room was suddenly flooded with a mellow light. A man dressed in a white, loose gown stood beside me. He was of medium height and wore a short beard. His feet were bare. His countenance was very pleasant. He held a scroll in his left hand, partly unrolled, which I understood to be both a record and forecast of my life. I immediately recognized him as a heavenly messenger. His manner of speech was gentle and reassuring. He admonished me to mend my attitude toward my bereavement. He explained that I had not understood, that my complaints, distrust and unsubmissive attitude at God's dealing with me in permitting my wife to die was hindering my progress.

He told me to consider Job. He had endured greater troubles than I, and yet he triumphantly exclaimed, "I have stood the test A VISION 85

and by it I am made stronger." He then quoted from the fifth chapter of the Book of Job. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth and his hands maketh whole."

My visitor then gave me to understand that there were great blessings in store for me, conditioned upon my willingness to accept and do the will of the Lord, but that I would lose them if I continued to harbor an unsubmissive attitude, and lack of faith and trust in God's dealings with me; that I must trust God, and consciously give my whole cooperation in His work; that it was known before I left home that my wife would be taken. He exhorted me to courage, faithfulness and repentance. What he said, the gentle impressive way he said it, and above all, the spirit and influence I felt radiating from him, penetrated to the very depths of my soul and melted away all feelings of distrust and I wept tears of mingled repentance and joy.

The vision closed, and I had never before known or felt such a consoling influence. My heart leaped with a supreme joy, a divine feeling which surpassed any joy that I have language to express. I was wholly submissive now, faith and gratitude filling my soul. I felt and knew the kindness and love of God. My room appeared to be sacred, and for a long time after the vision had departed, it continued to fill the room with a spirit which was heavenly and

divine.

I have never found myself able to find words, or to phrase them, in such a way that I can tell adequately of this vision. It was an experience that gentled my troubled, refractory soul, brought peace and joy to me, and consolation to fill my entire being. It sweetened the bitter waters that had reservoired in my life, made me pliable and submissive and left me satisfied and wholly surrendered to God, to do His will to the best of my ability in all things. I could see now that I had wilfully permitted my bereavement to crush me. I had not really wanted to give up my grievance, but whatever feelings of disappointment, or complaint I had harbored in the past were now taken away. God, in His mercy, had shown an interest in me, and had taken up a special labor with me. I was changed. I was satisfied.

What I saw and felt and heard, I locked in my heart as a matter meant for me alone. It was too sacred and too wonderful to discuss with anyone. The suffering, sorrow and anguish of heart that

I had passed through later proved to be a source of riches and strength.

About a quarter of a mile inland from the village of Fogatuli, amid the dense forest and tropical jungle, stood a very beautiful banyan tree which lifted its branches far above the surrounding forest. It covered perhaps a quarter of an acre of ground or more. I found it one day while out walking. At or near the center of its network, I discovered a small recess sheltered by the anastomosis of its branches — a room-like spot where, perhaps, the foot of man had never been. What a secluded place it was! I felt it a fit shrine for a humble worshipper to hold communion with his God. I dedicated it as a place for private prayer, and it was there, away from the watching eyes of the world, that I knelt down in prayer. Each day thereafter, when convenient, I made my little pilgrimage to the spot. It became sacred to me as a place where I could talk with God.

On December 1, 1896, while enroute to my banyan tree rendezvous to commune with Him, and the spirit of prayer in my heart, as well as a burning desire to keep in tune with the divine spirit and power of the Almighty, I was feeling very humble and submissive. It was shortly before noon, when the Spirit of the Lord came upon me. I felt distinctly a quickening of my soul and a communication with my spirit, seemingly independent of my physical self. I was given to understand so instantly that I marveled at the speed, that my wife's sister Dora was dying through childbirth, similar to the way my wife, Adelia, had died, and that my wife's parents had never been reconciled to Adelia's death; that they had complained bitterly against me for having taken her with me since, otherwise, they had firmly believed, she would not have died. In their anguish they had questioned the justice of Diety, I learned then, and that they had failed to recognize that God's providence was active everywhere, in the isles of the sea as well as at home. It was then revealed to me that it was foreseen that my wife would die, that it would have been the same had she remained at home. And then came the startling information that because God loved me, He permitted me to take my wife with me, that I might enjoy her companionship for the remaining time she had to live. I cried aloud, "Oh God, if possible, please grant that Dora may live."

I then felt a sensation as of a burden being lifted from me. It began at the bottom of my feet and surged upward through every

A VISION 87

fiber of my body, slowly, passing out at the top of my head, leaving

me with a great sense of uplift and joy.

This, coupled with my vision on May 24th of that year, made all things pertaining to my wife's death clear to me. Instead of my having been mistreated and harshly dealt with, as I had thought and of which I had complained, I had been the recipient of a special favor in the calling of Adelia to accompany me on my mission. Be it remembered how Adelia had received this call while en route to Salt Lake City, having planned when we left home to go with me only as far as Salt Lake City, then return home to live with her parents until I returned.

I was now wholly reconciled to my bereavement. I had a sensation of freedom and uplift, joy and happiness. I felt in harmony with the divine rhythm of eternity, in tune with the divine, eternal inspiration of God which is always present, like the music which comes to us over the air, to be tuned in whenever it is wanted. I took my missionary work now with a new outlook on life. The barriers between me and the inflow of the Holy Spirit had been removed. My soul was full of trust and faith in God. Thence forward I did my work with courage and satisfaction, enjoying a freedom hitherto unknown to me.

I had received no word of Dora's sickness or condition, and anxiously waited for a letter. It came on the 29th of December, telling me that she had died as a result of childbirth on December 1, 1896, the very day I had received my revelation.

Many months thereafter, when I had returned home again, I called on Diana J. Allen, Adelia's aunt who had loved her greatly, and was always full of whole souled, earnest praise of her, never tiring of recounting her virtues. During our conversation, she said to me, "Brother Moody, I have never seen such grief as I witnessed when Adelia's parents received news of her death. They just would not be reconciled, and blamed you, and complained that if you had not taken her to the islands with you, she would not have died."

Later that same day I called on Adelia's father. In the course of our talk, he said, "Delia was the apple of my eye, and when she died, I thought I could never get over it. I felt that it should not have happened. But somehow, after Dora died, I became reconciled to Delia's death. I saw that God could call them home from here as well as from the islands, and I began to feel all right about it."

Both of these conversations only confirmed the truth of what had been told me in my revelation.

CHAPTER XI

My Work Progresses

There appears to be so much imperfection in human nature that it is difficult always to live in the realm of one's better self, but so long as one does, he keeps himself in tune with Deity and is continually receiving new draughts of mental, moral and spiritual inspiration and thereby builds up a reserve of strength of character for future use.

The trials, the sorrows and disappointments of the first year of my mission, and finally my awakening to a new light and a faith more stable, led me to drink in these needed inspirations which, in a way, helped much to make steadfast my life for the years to come. I became more sympathetic, more charitable toward the faults of others, and of course such virtues help greatly to make one more useful and agreeable as a member of society.

On the 18th and 19th of September of 1897, we held a splendid conference at Salelavalu, Savaii. We did some baptising and the elders and Saints were much built up and encouraged in the work of salvation.

I had come to it expecting to be released to return home. Therefore I had carried, on foot, about sixty pounds of personal belongings for sixty miles. However at the elders' meeting at the conclusion of conference, President Edward J. Wood gave me a special appointment to travel and visit wherever the spirit would prompt

me to go, preaching the gospel, building up new branches, visiting and encouraging the Saints. He told me that the mission needed

me, and that I should stay for another six months.

At this time, I had the language and the experience sufficiently to give me a freedom of speech, and I entered into my work with a new zeal. I went with President Wood and other elders to our mission headquarters, and for the next ten days, did considerable teaching and preaching. I was filled with the spirit of my missionary

work to the point of great enthusiasm.

On the second of October of that year, I started for Fagaloa, meaning Long Bay, stopping to explain the gospel at every opportunity. While walking from Falevaotai to Fagaloa, pondering over the restored gospel, heedless of a heavy downpour of rain on the rough, strange trail, and rejoicing in the happiness that fills one's heart when he is in possession of the Holy Spirit, suddenly my very soul became so filled with the Spirit of the Lord, and an uplifting joy, that it enveloped me completely. As I climbed over a large fallen tree, although my clothes were soaked with rain and I had every reason to be tired from the long miles of walking, I found myself unable to keep from shouting with sheer joy, and I asked myself, "What rejoicing then must there be in heaven, where we live always under such divine influence?"

On I traveled, visiting new branches being opened in the district at the east end of Upolu, holding meetings wherever possible, baptising, administering to the sick, blessing babies wherever they were

ready for such ordinances.

In these labors, I worked with other elders whom I found stationed at the various points, forming the nucleus of what grew into

large branches, as time went on.

Our conference began at Malaela on October 16th, which was on the east end of Upolu. All the elders of Upolu had gathered there, as well as the saints, until there were several hundred present. The entire conference was a spiritual feast, and at an elders' meeting there was such an outpouring of the spirit that our cups of inspiration were filled, and we all loved each other. I cannot use words that will express the joy that took possession of us on that occasion.

During the first day of the conference, Malia, a woman from Tifitifi, down the coast toward the west end of the island, brought her little girl to be administered to, and, as she expressed it, "to be healed." The child was perhaps four years old and had never stood on her feet. Her body slumped down until her legs and arms ap-

peared to be a tangled group of bones. She was emaciated and pitiful to behold. We elders laid our hands on her head, after anointing her with oil, and blessed her with the power to recover, promising her that she should get well and that the time would come when she could walk.

I called on this family at Tifitifi, Upolu on December 7th, 1897, and found this little girl well and strong, her crooked legs made straight as a result of the power of God through our administrations. The mother had been baptised.

It was some ten and a half years later, during my second mission, that I met a woman and her daughter from the Village of Tifitifi, and made inquiry about the daughter of Malia.

The woman smiled. "I am that person," she said, "and there sits the girl." She pointed to the girl, now about fourteen or fifteen years of age in the bloom of health.

She had begun to recover immediately after our administration.

The powerful outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord which pervaded nearly everyone who attended the conference, sent all of us homeward happy and humble. During the three days we were together there were baptisms, blessings and healings.

I had planned to return to Savaii, but President Wood asked me to remain in the district of Aleipata for a few weeks and then go with him to attend a conference at Tutuila. The work of the Lord was growing and we elders were growing with it. I, of course, did as directed, then went to Fagalii and worked a few days in the vicinity of Apia, with President Wood and Elder Cluff. We baptised three high chiefs and one woman. On the eighth of November, 1897, President Wood, D. Foster Cluff, a native, Opapo, and I left on a small schooner for Tutuila.

We held conference at Alao on November 13th and 14th, and I stayed and worked on Tutuila, part of the time on the shores of the now-famous Pago Pago Harbor. Fifteen persons were baptised and many children blessed. We all worked faithfully each day. Those were days of happiness and joy. It seemed that the more I worked at teaching the gospel, the happier I was. There was a nice spirit of love and cooperation between the elders, and the Spirit of the Lord was surely with us at all times, radiating from us to those with whom we came in contact.

On November 30, I took passage with Captain Kenison for Upolu. I placed a box beside him while he was at the rudder, and

we talked religion almost all night. During our conversation, I explained to him at length the doctrine of the ante mortal existence of spirits; that our spirits existed as children of God in a premortal state, and that when death comes, the spirit leaves the body and goes to a world of spirits to await the resurrection. Then he told me, "Mr. Moody, you have made something clear to me that has puzzled me for a long time. I was swept overboard by my ship's boom one time and drowned. I stood there apart from my body and watched my boys get me out of the water and place me face downward over a barrel and roll the water out of me. I finally came to life again, but what puzzled me was how could I be in two places at the same time? I was there, entirely away from me, while this work was going on. I was standing off, looking at myself in another place. What you have explained to me tonight makes that clear. I had wondered and wondered how it could be."

We had the privilege of baptising him later.

During my experiences, I found that arguing scriptural doctrine rarely, if ever, made a convert, but talking with a person in warmth and love, and reasoning together in such a way as to gain the confidence of the one to whom I was teaching the gospel, made him re-

ceptive, willing to listen and to try to understand.

Above all, I discovered that if a missionary were in possession of the Holy Spirit to a marked degree, he radiated a good feeling to the listener, enabling him to feel a divine influence. Such a course plants the seeds of truth in one's heart and makes converts. Arguments stir up antagonism. I sometimes adopted the Socratic method with good effect, and by a line of judicious questioning, got the listener to discover the truth by trying to balance his beliefs with the scripture.

In the early part of December, 1897, I worked with the elders in and about Apia, then started for Savaii, going down the coast of Upolu on foot, and continuing to call on the natives and anyone

who gave me the opportunity, teaching the gospel.

In passing the Faleula plantation, I observed a small frame house sitting some distance back from the road, but walked on. Presently I was prompted to turn back and go to that house. I obeyed and was welcomed by G. W. Gilmer, who was planting pineapples. I explained my business and a little of the restored gospel. He appeared to be surprised and interested. My explanations were so different from those which he had been taught, and yet seemed in perfect harmony with the scriptures. He wanted to

borrow some books in order that he might investigate the doctrine, adding that he was just thinking about religion as I approached. I gave him a letter of introduction to President Wood at Fagalii, where he could get the books he wanted.

It is interesting to note that I had entered in my Journal Number Six on page 140, "I find that when I can yield my own stubborn will to the promptings of the Holy Ghost, with implicit faith and confidence, I always do what is right, and again, a man can cultivate the spirit of receiving aid from the Almighty, by giving heed to its promptings, until he can be continuously guided by revelation. Provided, of course, that his life is so pure and unobstructed by sin that his body is a fit habitation for the Holy Spirit, for 'the Holy Spirit does not dwell in unholy tabernacles.' To keep in tune with God we are entitled to any amount of revelation that is for our own good."

When I reached Tifitifi, I was welcomed most warmly by Elder Jabez W. Dangerfield and the saints there.

On the eleventh of December, the native elder, Opapo, and I went to Salelavalu, Savaii where we had a joyful meeting with Elders William Jepson and Charles L. Warnic.

This was my first station on Savaii, and of course I enjoyed this visit greatly. While there, I wrote my father a letter in which I told him that I had worried considerably about my baby, also about him, because he was growing old, needed my help, and I feared he might pass on before I returned, but that God had revealed to me that Hazel would be all right and that I must be content, and that subsequently I was impressed so audibly by the spirit that I regarded it as a revelation that he, my father, would live until after I finished my mission, and that I would meet him again.

It developed that such was the case.

Another quotation from my journal reads, "Elders Jepson, Warnic and I kneeled down in humble prayer, and as Brother Jepson was praying for me, that I might be blessed on my trip around the island, I felt the impression that I am to meet with success in bringing souls into the fold on that trip. When the prayer was over, Brother Jepson said, 'Brother Moody, I feel that you are going to meet with success in opening up a branch.' Elder Warnic said, 'That is just the way I feel about it.'"

The work had been growing in that district, and Elder Jepson and I went to Tuasivi, and laid out the grounds for a high school. Elder Hendricks and I administered to Sefou, at Foga. She was very

sick. I promised her speedy health. She was well the next day and left at daybreak on a journey. After working for a few days in the vicinity of Tuasivi, I walked on around the island, visiting and teaching wherever I could. I had enjoyed a spiritual feast at Salelavalu with the elders, and reached Saleaula on Christmas eve, finding there my delightful old Fogatule companion, George Burnham, a man I loved deeply.

From Christmas day until January 8th of 1898, I worked with him at Saleaula and in that vicinity. We industriously visited among its people, teaching and preaching the gospel at every opportunity and often visiting and comforting the sick. Our work concentrated at Fagamalo, in the Matautu district.

At this place Andy Brunt, a half-caste, and his wife Sa'ili, as leaders of the movement, desired to accept the gospel, as taught by us, and wished for the establishment of a branch of the church there. We held many meetings and conversations with the people and finally, about sixty of the natives decided to get baptised. But there had to be some legal adjustments, as sometime prior to this date, the rulers of the district had decreed that no church other than those already established there would be permitted to organize in the district. The people of the village were about evenly divided. A missionary for the London Missionary Society was sent for and came to aid in holding the dissenters from leaving their established church. A council was held by the rulers of the Matautu district to consider the repeal of the former decree and the giving of freedom of choice to each individual as to which church he would accept.

At this council, we had a minority of votes, since it took in the whole district and we were represented from only one village. We were not only forbidden to organize a branch of the church there, but Se'uvine, the Tulafale spokesman, in whose house we held the final meeting, was fined twenty pigs for letting us hold a meeting in his home.

A few days later we called on him and he told us that almost all the people at Fagamalo wanted to join the church, but all were forbidden by the council of the district, that they would continue to wait for their free agency, but that his talo patch had been destroyed. However, he had paid ten pigs and the balance of the penalty was discharged.

On January 11th, I left Saleaula without a missionary companion, and worked westward along the north coast of Savaii, and

the following two weeks were filled with missionary work. I was quite universally received with an address of welcome as is the custom of the people. The formalities followed a rather set pattern.

A visitor entered one of the guest houses of the village. He was first welcomed and seated by the village taupou. The chief then made an address of welcome which was in essence, "I thank the Lord that your life has been preserved in making the trip over the wet and muddy trail, and that you have been able to reach our village. We are glad to welcome you here, to have you partake of our hospitality and to visit with us."

To this, I would reply, "Yes, the Lord has been kind to me, and enabled me to follow the wet and slippery trail and to reach your village in good health and spirits. I am here, as you know, as a missionary, teaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am pleased with the welcome you have just expressed, and hope that at some convenient time you will invite the chiefs and people to gether here at your residence and listen to the explanations I have to offer concerning the gospel."

After these speeches were over, the chief then threw a piece of ava, a root belonging to the ginger family, from which the national drink was made, on the mat before me and I picked it up, saying, "Thanks for the ava. It is well that the taupou makes us a drink of ava."

This she proceeded to do by hammering the root to a pulp, then placing it into an *ava* bowl and pouring water over it, then rubbing the pulp vigorously for a few minutes to extract the juice.

When the drink was ready, after having been strained through a fibrous swab, the *taupou* dipped the swab into the liquid and raised it up, letting it drain back into the bowl, which was the sign that the drink was ready. Then, if there was present a *tulafale*, or spokesman, whose duty it was to call out, he would say, "The *ava* is now ready. Will the maid please stand?"

The maid stood with an ava cup in hand which was filled by the taupou with the use of the swab, and the spokesman would then call out the name of the one for whom that cup had been filled.

Usually the highest chief present got the first cup, then in order of rank downward. Out of courtesy, when a missionary was present, he usually got the first cup, but with each, the name was called and the maid advanced, holding it high, then bowed as she delivered the drink.

Women, common people and children were never permitted to drink ava at these ceremonies.

When all formalities were at an end, the chief would say, "Well, what are your plans?"

They wanted to know whether the guest was to stay with them all night, for several days, or whether he only wanted to rest for a while then continue on his journey, then they would know how to prepare for him.

I was thus received frequently on this trip, and the chiefs and people gathered in often to hear my message. I was enthusiastic with my work, filled with the Spirit of the Lord, and with such good nature that the people seemed to want to be with me. They came, they listened, they asked questions. I held a number of public meetings and believe that I left them everywhere feeling very friendly toward the Mormon religion. I felt that if it were not for the laws, many would have accepted the gospel of the Lord Jesus as restored in these last days. I was at least paving the way, sowing the good seed, I reminded myself, and could hope that others who followed me might reap.

I was joyful to learn later that many did get baptized.

On January 25, 1898, I traveled alone on foot from Papa to Falealupo, over a high mountain ridge with rain falling steadily. The trail was rough and muddy, the bush wet. Traveling was wearisome and disagreeable, but I trudged on with a light heart and a heavy bundle. Reaching the crest of the ridge which was covered with towering forest trees, I stopped to rest, partly sheltered from the storm beneath the branches of a stately vi tree.

I do not know why, but whenever I reach the summit of a wooded mountain, I invariably feel that God is near, that I stand in a sacred spot, a place for reverence, a place for prayer, and on this occasion I felt so full of the divine spirit that I just could not resist lifting my hands in prayer. Therefore I stood with hands upraised

in a pouring rain and gave thanks and praise to God.

Then I left the spot, as though I were carried away. I knew no further effort and when I came to myself, I was entering the town of Falealupo, having gone ten miles from where I was praying without any consciousness of having done so. I do not marvel that so often the scriptures tell of "holy men of old" going to the tops of mountains to worship or to build altars. Trees have figured much in worship. Moses went to the mountain top to receive the Ten

Commandments. Christ spent His last hours praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was in a grove where Joseph Smith received his first vision.

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, And spread the roof above them — ere he framed The lofty vault, to gather and roll back The sound of anthems — in the darkling wood, Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down And offered the mightiest solemn thanks And supplications. For his simple heart Might not resist the sacred influences That form the stilly twilight of the place And from the gray old trunks, high in heaven, Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath, that sways at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd His spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible majesty. Ah! Why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least, Here, in the shadow of this aged wood, Offer one Hymn: thrice happy if it find Acceptance in His ear."

—William Cullen Bryant.

On January 26, at Falealupo, I did some interesting missionary work. Two chiefs said they desired baptism but wanted to wait until they got some others to join with them, because they feared the people. I continued my journey with unabated effort until I reached Vaigalo, within my old field of labor. Elder George W. Horne was there, and we were pleased to greet each other. This was where James Burgess lived, a half cast to whom I had taught the gospel many times. He and his family had recently joined the church and had been expecting me for some time. They had made elaborate preparations for my reception and gave me a warm welcome, butchering a pig and preparing a real feast. To butcher a pig for a guest in Samoa was a very high tribute of respect.

Elder Horne and I followed up our work, and at Falelima, we baptized the Chief Pe'a, his wife and daughter. Later, Li'u, the wife of George Burgess, and their adopted son, declared that they were

converted and would like to be baptized but would wait for George, the husband, to get baptized with them. We had a talk with him on the subject. He said that he was converted to the truthfulness of the doctrine we preached, but had reasons for waiting a while before being baptized.

On February 1st, we baptized Pauline, an elderly woman, and thus the work of the Lord continued.

I went on my journey to Fogatuli, visiting and teaching en route, meeting the Saints and people there, whom I had never expected to meet again, as well as Elder George M. Leonard, as fine a man and missionary as could be found anywhere. He was released to return home, and I remained at Fogatuli and worked up a conference spirit to get all the saints to go to Tuasivi for conference. While there, I baptized Mataese and his wife, Faana. When we were ready to go to conference, there were four large boats filled with people, mostly non-members of our church, who were to attend our conference then go on to Apia with a food offering to the king.

We left in the evening of a bright, moonlight night, so crowded that one could not change his position in the boats.

As the rays of the morning sun glistened on the ripples of the calm ocean's surface, our flotilla gathered together and formed a group. It was the usual hour of prayer as practiced in every village and by every family in Samoa. Surely now, while upon the ocean, we needed God's watchful care, and to render thanks for the safety of our journey thus far, and to beseech a continuation of God's blessings.

"As if the ocean's heart was stirr'd With inward life, a sound was heard."

A song! A hymn!

In sacred strains the music from those hundreds of throats rang out, reverberated on the open sea. The hour, the cloudless sky, the morning sun, the immensity and vastness of the ocean revealed a touch of God's eternal power and majesty. One of the natives offered an appropriate prayer.

It was an impressive and thrillingly joyous part of our journey. When we arrived at Salelavalu, we learned that the conference had been postponed for one week. Food in the district was scarce, making it difficult to take care of the Saints for that length of time, so most of them went on to Apia, where the group was to deliver

presents to King Maliatoa and incidentally show off their big new boat.

This conference was a time of rejoicing where Saints and elders met, and the Spirit of the Lord was made manifest to a large degree.

President Wood predicted that there would be a great many join the church in the not-far-distant future. Six persons were baptized.

Conference over, I went with him and others to Fagalii, Upolu, our mission headquarters.

Beginning on March 22nd, 1898, I worked for a few days in the vicinity of Apia. There were quite a number of elders laboring in that district. Elder Worsencroft reported a miraculous healing of a Mr. Andrew Wilson, who had had a broken hip for eight years and walked on crutches. He had applied for baptism, but at the appointed time for the ordinance, Elder Worsencroft went to his home and found him sick. The doctors had forbidden him to go into the water.

The elder told him that he had known of some remarkable healings having taken place at baptisms and suggested that they pray and see how they felt about it after the prayer.

They prayed, and at the close of the prayers, without hesitation, Mr. Wilson said, "I am ready now to be baptized."

In the waters of baptism, he was instantly healed of his old complaint and walked home without crutches. As he came out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he immediately testified that he had received the true baptism. The work of the Lord was going forward. Saints and elders were happy and enthusiastic.

I traveled around the south side of Upolu, over the ground of my first experiences, teaching and preaching on the way. I met a number of the elders in the various branches, and my preaching and proselyting was much along the line I have been mentioning. Several were healed under our administration. I encouraged the saints everywhere to go to our coming conference at Pesega, and I gathered the saints of Aneane together and accompanied them to conference.

It developed that this conference was especially spiritual, a quality most evident in the testimony meetings. Ten baptisms were performed, and at the close of the conference, about twenty elders met in an elders' testimony meeting. I believe this was the outstanding meeting of its kind that I have ever attended.

President Wood gave us the text for speaking. It was, "And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith, and if ye receive not the Spirit, ye shall not teach."

We each bore testimonies again and again. The spirit filled our hearts to overflowing. Then, under the divine influence, we blessed each other. The meeting lasted for five hours and such a spiritual feast is seldom experienced.

At the close of this conference, I was appointed to go to Maasina, at Fagaloa Bay, to labor with Elder Frank E. Morris. I worked there with unabated zeal until it was time for me to return to Fagalii and prepare for my homeward journey!

In the early morning of May 12, 1898, I went to visit the grave of my wife. There were other graves here too, for here lay also the body of President Ransom Stevens, and three of the children of Thomas H. and Sarah Hilton. For two hours I weeded and cleaned around all of the graves, then returning to the mission house, I was moved to express myself in verses, paraphrased from a poem, the origin of which I did not know.

TO THE WIFE OF MY YOUTH

Cold in the earth while green trees grow above thee, Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave; Have I forgot, my love, to love thee? Severed at last by time's all severing wave.

Cold in the earth, darling, I must leave thee, From those green hills I wend my way alone, Return to my native land without thee, Where we had planned and thought to build a home.

Now when all alone do my thoughts still hover Over those green hills on that southern shore, Resting their wings where heath and fern leaves cover Thy noble heart forever, evermore.

No later light has lightened up my heaven, No second morn has ever shown for me; All my life's bliss for thy dear life was given, All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams are perished And even despair is powerless to destroy; Then will I learn how existence can be cherished, Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy. Then will I check the tears of useless passions — Wean my young heart from yearning after thine, Sternly deny its burning wish to hasten Down to the tomb already more than mine.

And even then I cannot let it languish, Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain; Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish How could I seek the empty world again?

Sweet love of youth, forgive if I forget thee, While the world tide is bearing me along; Other desires and other hopes beset me Which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

At Fagalii, on May 17, 1898, in the evening, we baptized Captain David Kenison, senior. He was the last of his entire family to join the church. We were all very pleased, since he was not only a good man, but had been especially kind and helpful to the mission aries.

That same evening, we held an elders' meeting from nine in the evening until three o'clock the next morning. What a meeting of joy, thanksgiving and praise it was, although for me it was a joy tinged with sorrow, for the delight of receiving an honorable release was tinged with regret to be leaving the people and the work in which I had become so enthusiastically interested.

President Edward J. Wood, who had engineered our missionary work so well, and who was loved and admired by all the missionaries, gave us a splendid talk, in which he prophesied that one or more of the five elders then being released would return to Samoa again on a second mission.

Little did I presume at that time that I would be coming back!

HONORABLY RELEASED

ELDER WILLIAM A. MOODY:

No Elder ever left Samoa with an honorable release more merited than does Brother Muti. Forty-two months in this mission, and now you are released for a season to work in the fields of Zion. Our mission loses, when you leave, a light, a power and an influence that has been seen and felt in every branch of this entire mission, and that too, for the good and advancement of this glorious work. With words ever kind, a spirit always cheerful, and an example unexcelled. Your words have been to those in darkness like the rain upon dry ground; truth has sprung up and the name of Muti will ever recall the pleasantest of past memories in the hearts of all who know him.

Fagalii, Samoa, May 17, 1898.

Ed. J. Wood Presiding Elder.

In your knowing what duty is, lies your past grand success.

CHAPTER XII

Home!

My mission was now ended. I was leaving a people with whom I had labored for three and a half years, a people I had learned to love, and whom I had, in a measure, misjudged at the beginning, but whom, on better acquaintance, I had found to be less sinful and more virtuous than I had at first believed.

Their customs being strange to me, I had often interpreted them as sinful when they were only different. Their way of marrying, for instance, differed greatly from ours. A young man stole or eloped with a girl from another village, never from his own. He was aided and abetted by his own fellow-villagers, and she was pursued, with the hope of recapture, by her own village young men. The fact that the would be bridegroom arrived at his own village with her made her legally his wife, and they began at once to live together.

We missionaries considered them unmarried until the Christian ceremony had been said, and thought this was fornication. Yet we came to understand that it was proper and legal according to their custom, and they could not be held to blame according to their viewpoint.

I found Samoan people friendly and happy, willing to share with me their last mouthful of food, and always ready to give me the better portion. In return, I had given them the strength of my young manhood, without price or obligation on their part, and

what trials and sorrows I had passed through on my mission, were, in the end, dwarfed by the triumph of success, the rapture, the consoling inner joy which filled my soul because of my work to give uplift toward God to these people, to help them to righteous living. My work had been wrought with an earnest desire to help them and to spread the Word of God in these far isles of the sea. I had felt an intense communion with God, as one does when he is living the gospel the best he can, and also a communion with the earth, the sky and the ocean in that lush tropical region. So now, at parting, as I witnessed their tear-stained cheeks and felt the warm grip of friendly, clinging hands, I was deeply moved. I could in no way express what I felt as I watched them, saints and remaining elders, waving good-bye to me as the ship moved away, to bear me from the people with whom I had worked as a brother for three and a half years, and from the land which had during all that time been my home.

I had personally baptized forty-five converts and made many

more, I firmly believe.

En route home aboard the Monowai, new thoughts, new hopes and new desires begin to fill my mind. I should soon see my little

girl again and also my family.

The "five Mormon missionaries who came aboard at Apia" were the subject of much curiosity among the ship's passengers, and although we encountered some venom and misrepresentation of our doctrines, on the whole we were well treated. We presented a program one evening about Samoa and her people. On another night, we took part in a debate on the subject, "Was America justified in declaring war on Spain?" This was on May 30, 1898. War had been declared on April 17th.

Between Honolulu and San Francisco, a fire broke out in the hold of the ship. The cargo was mostly cotton from Australia and burning bales were brought on deck, and piled alongside the hatch, where they were hosed with water in the hope that they might not be a total loss. Thus the fire was kept under control for several

days, though we all knew it was smouldering below decks.

But one night as I was about to leave my cabin to go on deck, my eye was suddenly caught by flames leaping just outside my porthole. I rushed topside to learn what was happening and was told that one of the bales piled on deck had not been entirely put out and had burst into flame and set afire a pile of other half-burned bales. The fire threatened to get out of control.

HOME! 103

Word was passed for all passengers to assemble forward on the main deck. We thought every woman and child was up there, but as I was taking a last look about my cabin, I heard a woman screaming. I rushed to find her. Smoke was everywhere, but I was led by the sound of her voice and found her unharmed but hysterical. I calmed her and got her up on deck with the others. The group huddled there all through the long night, wrapped in coats or blankets and wondering whether we should make port the next day, as was our schedule.

The fire burned brightly, illuminating the sea about us. The ship's crew tried no longer to save the cargo, but tossed bale after bale of cotton ablaze into the sea. The eye could follow these bales for miles behind us as they glowed and bobbed in the ship's wake.

The fire made headway during the night and before we reached San Francisco the next day, the after part of the ship was enveloped in flames, but she managed to make port and delivered us safe and sound.

At Santa Monica, I stopped to visit with my brother Thomas and his wife. Here I met his wife's sister, Miss Ina Lee, a very fine young woman. She was my warm friend from then on for many, many years, until her death.

I arrived home at Thatcher, Arizona, June 18th, 1898, having been away three years, nine months and twenty-four days. What a joyful meeting I had with my dear ones!

And there was Hazel, as well as my father whom I had not expected to see again, but who was still hale and hearty in his eightieth year, Auntie, and others. My folks and friends gave me such a hearty welcome home that it was almost as if I were entering heaven.

I lost no time beginning to investigate potential business opportunities which lay before me, with ambition to establish myself in some suitable occupation which would enable me to meet my financial obligations.

I investigated land, reservoirs and water streams. I had my father and stepmother to care for, both being aged. My land had been sold while I was on a mission for much less than it was worth, but with the eight hundred dollars received therefrom, I could make a new start.

Finally, I formed a partnership with three of my cousins and purchased a mercantile business. My portion of the investment was

\$891.75. We immedately took stock, and I took an active part in its management.

In the meantime, I was appointed a member of the Democratic Central Committee for Graham County. I attended the Democratic convention, was elected secretary, and there had my first taste of politics.

My uncle, William W. Damron, died October 2nd of 1898. He was Probate Judge of Graham County at the time and was much loved and respected for his integrity and honorable dealings. Without any solicitation on my part, and wholly as a surprise to me, I was appointed to fill the vacancy for his unexpired term.

On October 4th, I assumed the responsibilities of the office. I was not only Judge of the Probate Court, but also ex officio County Superintendent of Schools. At that period in Arizona history, the probate judge did not have to be a lawyer.

The keys of the office were handed to me, and as I stepped inside, I was followed by a Mexican couple who desired to be married. I knew nothing of marriage ceremonies or how to go about it, but I called an interpreter and married them somehow or other. It occurred to me then that I knew no more about law and court procedure, or school supervision, than I did about the marriage ceremony. Here was indeed a challenge to my capacity to carry through the obligations of the office. I soon found that it was strictly up to me. The County Attorney could give me some help and advice, but he always put me off. I had to dig in and find out everything for myself, which I did at the cost of much sleep.

Mine was one of those cases where "they said it couldn't be done, but he, poor fool, didn't know it, so went ahead and did it."

The school year was just opening and I had plenty to keep me busy. I worked early and late. I was both finding out and doing. I found the school work more difficult than the probate.

My name was placed on the Democratic ticket and I was elected then to the positions I had received by appointment on the death of my uncle.

Soon after the school year opened, the editor of the local newspaper asked me when I was going to hold the county teachers' institute. I told him I had not had time to give the matter consideration but would soon appoint a program committee and fix the date. The fact was, I had not yet read the law requiring an annual institute. Here was something else I knew nothing about! I dug

HOME! 105

up an old program which gave me ideas, and on November 30th of that year, I opened the institute. I had delved into the matter of parliamentary law beforehand, so I should not be caught at a disadvantage in leading the sessions. The meetings lasted three days, and on the whole were successful. But I was relieved when they were finished. I had enlarged my vision of my responsibilities, and another year I would have a far better one, I assured myself.

One day, in the regular routine of business, I opened a letter from one of my new teachers. It was only a formal note to tell me that she had accepted a position in the Pima Schools and was submitting a copy of her daily programs, as required by law.

I looked at that note, and a most peculiar presentiment came over me, a strong impression that this girl who had written the note was going to be my wife.

"How ridiculous," I said immediately. She was no one I knew or had ever previously heard of. She probably did not even belong to the church of which I was a member, and most certainly I wanted a wife whose religious persuasion was in harmony with my own. I tried to dismiss the strange idea of her from my mind, and did so largely, yet there lurked the desire to meet this Sadie Blake.

Probably two months went by before I had that privilege, but in the meantime I had made some inquiries about her. At the close of a stake conference, December 4th of 1898, I was introduced to Miss Sarah Blake, who asked me if she could ride to Solomonville with me to take the teachers' examination, as she had no way of getting there, since no train, stage or other public conveyance could get her there at the required time.

I assured her I should be glad to have her accompany me, and at the break of day the following morning, which was Monday, my buggy stopped at the gate of George Cluff where she was visiting.

And so it was I found my Sadie Blake sitting beside me in my carriage, with a hot brick at our feet, for the nine mile drive on the cold winter morning. She appeared to have a fund of common sense, and I found myself favorably impressed with her, but I kept suppressing a smile each time I wondered what she would think if she could know what had been on my mind.

During the months thereafter, I cultivated the acquaintance of a number of girls whom I thought eligible as a possible wife for me.

I wanted one with a background similar to my own, one whose soul was congenial with mine, and one whose ambitions and outlook in life would dovetail well with mine. All of that I wanted before I would permit myself to fall in love, for I knew that love is blind to faults.

There was always something of the salesman about me, and in this case I was determined to sell myself to the best advantage. I soon began to eliminate one after another of my prospects until there was none left except Sarah.

Now if only I could woo and win her! This was my burning ambition.

One Sabbath, after a meeting at Thatcher, at which I had been the principal speaker, I found myself over at the home of Brother Benjamin Cluff. The attraction, I was reluctant to admit, was Sadie Blake. Later in the evening, the Cluffs, thinking perhaps that a few minutes to ourselves would be acceptable to Sadie and me, retired early, leaving us alone. And just as I expected, before I left, I had actually popped the question.

She had hesitated a moment, but it seemed a week to me, but finally told me she was willing to trust me and cast her lot with mine, which made me very happy.

In company with her brother Isaac, she preceded me to Salt Lake City. But before she left Arizona, she helped make Hazel's clothes and get her ready. We had decided the child was to accompany us on the trip, to give her a chance to become acquainted with her new mother. As soon as I was able to leave the duties of my office, I took Hazel and we joined Sarah in Utah.

Our marriage took place on May 17th of 1899, and I will say that my little daughter proved something of a trial to take along on a wedding trip. We took supper that night with my old friend and mission president, Edward J. Wood. The next day we took the train for Vineyard, where her parents lived, but we missed the station, so absorbed were we in our new situation, and went right on to Provo. Since her brother resided there, he kindly drove us back to Vineyard where we were given every attention by her parents and family, and I found myself delighted with Sarah's people.

We returned to Solomonville where we would live because of my duties there, having rented a small house for five dollars a month! HOME! 107

As time went on, I found that I had married much better than I knew, for Sarah became a great help to me in my school work. She also took me through a course that improved my English.

As Probate Judge I had jurisdiction over estates, marriages, adoptions, insane cases and townsite patenting. One townsite, Chase Creek, near Clifton, was the very town that had grown from the start given it when Sam, Will and I established our stables there before I left for a mission. It was patented by me as trustee in trust for the benefit of the settlers.

I held the office of Probate Judge for two terms in addition to the unexpired term. The offices of that and County School Superintendent were segregated in 1902, and I chose to be a candidate for county school superintendent instead of judge. Though the office of judge was the easier and the more remunerative, I truly felt that I was doing a good work with the schools, and that my services as superintendent would be of greater value.

P. C. Little, a lawyer of some distinction, succeeded me in the office of Probate Judge, and afterward told be that upon his examination of the records of the office, he found that my work as judge was far more painstaking and efficient than the record of any who had preceded me.

This was most gratifying to me, because I had given my utmost effort to it.

CHAPTER XIII

County School Superintendent

On November 4th, 1902, I was re-elected county school superintendent, with the distinction of having received more votes than any one candidate on the entire Democratic ticket.

Again in the 1904 election, I was re-elected, giving me a total of eight years. My early feeling of inefficiency caused me to study early and late. I gave it the best that was in me, not only then, but through all the years of my duties.

Early in the work I was convinced that it took good teachers to make good schools, and it did not matter how efficient the superintendent was, if he failed to put good teachers into the class rooms, his schools would be inefficient.

But Graham County was only beginning to emerge from its pioneer state and sufficient accredited teachers were not available in the Territory of Arizona, and the school trustees of the various districts, being for the most part without education themselves, took care of the schools in their own ways.

On investigation I found that about half of the teachers of the county were teaching with only temporary certificates which were renewed from time to time even though the holders of them were unable to pass the examination. In some cases, the trustees would hire one qualified teacher, then put in his daughter, or a needy friend, wholly without adequate training, and let her draw her

salary through the principal, by increasing his salary and letting him pay her. As one trustee expressed it, "She knows enough to teach children their ABC's."

I decided to insist on qualified teachers and sent to the normal schools for them. In this I immediately made some enemies. To those who clamored for favors for their kin, I replied, "I cannot in justice to the children of the schools, favor you at their expense."

One day a copy of The County Superintendent's Monthly reached my desk. I devoured the matter in its pages eagerly, subscribed for it, and found it very helpful. Many of the suggestions I gleaned from that little magazine were adopted in my work.

We had no course of study. I took the matter up with the state superintendent of public instruction and finally secured one which provided for the grading of the schools. With efficient teachers, a course of study, graded schools and graduation exercises, our schools took a leap forward.

I visited not only the schools, but the trustees as well. I invited them to our teachers' institutes, gave them a part on the program, and made them feel of account. I gave the schools much closer supervision than they had ever known. Soon we had school libraries established, and meetings for parents. I went before the county supervisors and pleaded for more money, so that we could have longer terms of school. I got it.

The county being new, most of the schoolhouses were small and inefficient. I made a map of the various school districts and discovered that most of them took in a large area of scattered territory which often included some mines or railroads which were heavy taxpayers. I then advocated that the different districts be bonded for sufficient money to build adequate schoolhouses, and in this way they were built and almost paid for by the heavy industries. A district with twenty miles of railroad in it would be able to build schools without imposing an intolerable burden on the settlers, who were struggling for a livelihood in a new country. In the course of time we had many good school buildings, improved grounds and splendid schools.

During those eight years while the schools were developing, and incidentally I was too, my records were frequently examined by the state auditor. He told me that I had the best-kept set of books in the state, and took a leaf from the record system I had worked out, to show to other superintendents.

I published a school magazine, procured a mineral exhibit to rotate through the schools, established a library for the use of teachers, introduced more music into the schools, and held summer normal institutes with the ablest instructors I could lure from urban educational centers. Reading circles were established for the parents and their cooperation improved through their attendance at meetings. As a result, the attendance of pupils improved.

My special vigilance was directed toward backward rural schools, that is, those in the outlying districts. Legislated into existence, they had barely kept alive, suffering from want of direction and interest. They became the subject of an address I delivered at a territorial teachers' institute in Phoenix, Arizona. The speech was published in the Tempe Normal Student, accompanied by a cut of myself. Excerpts follow.

"... The city schools do not need us. They are superintended enough with their principal, supervisors and special teachers. They are in full tide of humanity. They see and hear many things denied the isolated rural school, and are in contact with so many educational elements that they have little need for us! So let's pass them by with a pleasant nod, and go on to the by-ways, where we are of use.

"In this paper I have endeavored not to soar too high, on general principles, but have endeavored to reach down and take a ladle of soup fresh from the ordinary experiences and business of the superintendent's office — not boiled down soup, nor boiled up, whichever way you soup makers make it; not highly seasoned ready for company, but just ordinary soup, fresh from the cauldron where it is being prepared — the kind of soup I am in every day."

A discussion of the problem of lesson recitals in a one-teacher school of mixed grades followed.

"To undertake to grade her school in perfect harmony with the course of study would mean over forty recitations daily, which is double the work any teacher can carry successfully."

Combinations and alterations were suggested to cut the number of recitations.

There was this to say about the rural school buildings, "It is the superintendent's duty to see that somehow or other a good, substantial, well-kept building takes the place of the old shack." This is a duty for the superintendent, and not to be left to the trustees alone. "What this country needs is not men of excuses,

but men who will deliver the goods. We don't want excuses; we want men who will do the work, and the superintendent who continually eases his mind and satisfies his conscience for not doing this or that unpleasant duty by trumping up some more or less plausible excuse, had better beware, for the habit will grow, and . . . he will have developed within him an abnormal, good-for-nothing habit of doing nothing . . . In Graham County, since it had been my good fortune to be the incumbent of the superintendent's office, we have increased the valuation of the school property from twelve thousand to ninety-four thousand dollars, almost eight hundred percent."

It was suggested that teachers with the best possible equipment be acquired and infused with the missionary spirit, so that "she does much for humanity that is not exacted of her by law."

Another important problem was the enlisting of public interest, sympathy and enthusiasm for bettering and sustaining the rural schools, even to the point of creating rivalry between the various districts in making each school the best in the country. The value of diplomacy was pointed out in the story of the boy who led, rather than beat, his geese under a fence, by dropping kernels of corn in a line in front of them.

"A county superintendent will find it easier to lead than to drive."

School papers, or circular letters, or newspaper column giving news of the various *smallest* or *loneliest* schools were advocated as a medium for the exchange of ideas, and for making these small schools feel worthwhile. Visits of the superintendent, the trustees and the parents were pointed out as most worthwhile and necessary, despite a complaint heard from one trustee that "the children know more than I do, and it makes me feel like a fool."

An illustration followed then in some detail, of a successful school visit made by an old gentleman who knew human nature like a book, as the saying is. He took the trouble to know the children by name, to encourage each to recite something he had learned, however small, and thus he saw improvements rather than faults. He finally "took off his glasses and talked to the young folks in the plainest, most fatherly way you can imagine." He quoted the elder Roosevelt about working hard when you work and playing hard when you play, and said he was going to wait until recess and see what kind of a game of ball they could put up, and find out what

kind of use they were making of that tennis equipment he had helped to buy.

The final point of my address was, "It is your mission to carry inspiration, new thoughts, new ideas, and breath of the real world into this little community. It helps to keep its life flowing along with the full tide of the world, instead of whirling around in a little eddy off to one side, accumulating a lot of queer chips and sticks of its own. And you can reach them best by talking to them. Anything you say seems to fall on virgin soil. It is strongly grasped, repeated at home, and remembered. Your being something out of the usual, your official character gives a peculiar weight to your most careless remarks. Surely the world is full enough of things to talk about, anything that you know and like will be appreciated, and often sinks deep into those children and stays there throughout life. Tell stories. From the earliest dawn of language the story has been the most efficient of all instruments for conveying ideas. Use it, cultivate your gifts. What's that? You can't tell stories and never could? Pshaw! If you hadn't been able to tell stories, you would never have been elected!"

This speech was about the conclusion of my official life as a county officer. On December 31st, 1906, my fourth and last term ended. I was not a candidate again, as other interests claimed my attention.

I wish to state that in all my campaign speeches, as well as in my private political talk, I had never vilified my opponent in any way. I always felt that I did not need to tear him down to exhalt myself.

Many gratifying comments came to me upon my retirement from office. I quote from two of these.

"The letter you write is certainly calculated to impress a man with the fact that there is naturally a considerable amount of good in mankind, and I assure you that it is not a pleasure to see you leave this office, and take chances on a successor of a different type."

And again, from the state superintendent of public instruction, "Permit me to express my regret at your retirement from the office . . . I believe that you have been very useful during the time you have held the position; and your relations with this office, I can freely state, have always been of a very pleasant character."

February 25th, 1900, Sarah and I were blessed with our first baby, a girl whom we named Ruth, and our second daughter Adelia, arrived September 8th, 1901.

When, in 1902, the offices of Probate Judge and county school superintendent were segregated, I lost my office building to the new judge, creating the necessity to look about for a new building in which to house my office as superintendent of schools. The law did not require its school superintendent to live at the county seat, and I decided to move my family to Thatcher, Arizona, where I was bishop. The bishop's office, a very nice structure which we had recently built with church funds, housed my office then, both in civil and church capacities for a time.

CHAPTER XIV

Church Activities

For my family, I purchased a four and a half acre lot which had two good brick rooms on it. Soon afterward, Sarah took our three children and went to visit with her parents in Provo, Utah. During her absence I added to the house to make it a fine five room brick structure.

Immediately upon her return we held a housewarming party with many of our friends present. During the evening, we dedicated the house in fervent prayer, praying that God would make it a true home in the full meaning of the word. We asked Him to help us make it a place of harmony, peace and love, where our lives would be such as to merit His presence through His holy spirit and His blessings; a place where justice, honor and truth would always be exercised, and where respect and consideration of each of us for the other should always be manifest.

In the years that followed, while this house was our home, that prayer was fully answered.

On November 8th, 1903, our third daughter, Flora, was born. Including Hazel, my first, this gave us four daughters and we began to wonder whether we should ever have a son. We had to wait once more, when Mabel, our fifth, was born in 1905.

During these early years of the twentieth century, and following my return from a mission, my first position in the church was that of a home missionary, where I was active in visiting the various

wards as speaker. I became aid to the stake superintendent of Sunday Schools in September of the same year, 1898, and in December, I was set apart as stake superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, which position I held for nearly four years. I also taught a Religions Class and was teacher of the theological class in Sunday School. There was plenty for a willing worker to do, which is probably always true. I was faithful in all these callings, and put much energy into the M.I.A. work. September 18th of 1901, I was set apart as one of the seven presidents of the 89th Quorum of Seventies. I carried most of these obligations contemporaneously, and while I was judge and superintendent of schools. I was like a streetcar—always serving the public.

Before telling of my next church position, it is important to set up a little background first. In May of 1886, when father moved to Thatcher, Arizona, I was fifteen years old. The Thatcher townsite had just been laid out but was covered with a heavy growth of mesquite trees and large brush. Very little clearing had been done, and only two or three houses had been erected, though there were a few more built on farms surrounding the townsite. Rabbits, snakes, quail, lizards—all were plentiful. The nearest railroad was fifty miles away. Settlers gathered rapidly, however, and the first shelter built by each family was a brush arbor or shanty. We were pioneering an undeveloped part of the country and had very little money or worldly goods.

We immediately built a schoolhouse, in which we also held church meetings. Previously we had held meetings in a sort of bowery or brush arbor, with posts set up and covered with willows. At about the time I returned from my mission, we had outgrown the first small adobe schoolhouse and needed a larger place to use for our religious activities. By arrangement with the stake board of education, we built the north wing of the stake academy, for the privilege of holding our church meetings and other activities there. This was done by volunteer donations. When we began to use the edifice, it was found that our church activities interfered with the operation of the school. The teachers complained, and we were ousted. We then purchased an unfinished dance hall built of brick and completed the structure for church purposes at a cost of about five thousand dollars. The building was no sooner completed than it caught fire and burned to the ground, with nothing left but blackened brick walls.

We had sacrificed much in erecting the two buildings, yet we still had nowhere to meet. We then rented an old, inadequate frame dance hall for church purposes. About this time there was an epidemic of smallpox in Thatcher and vicinity which closed practically all activity in the church organizations. The people were discouraged, and the tide of the Lord's work was at an ebb.

The stake presidency called a ward conference on September 21st, 1902, and it was rumored that we were to have a new bishop. Speculation was rife as to who would be chosen.

A large and curious crowd gathered, and they were filled with expectations. President Andrew Kimball announced that, after due consideration, I had been chosen to become a bishop of Thatcher Ward, with the special mission of building a new church edifice!

Few, if any, had guessed that I was to be chosen, since I lived nine miles away in Solomonville at the time. I was to succeed Bishop I. E. D. Zundel who was moving away, and had found it necessary to resign. I was unanimously voted in and chose as first counselor, Oscar Layton, and as second, John M. Allen.

The ward was indeed a chaotic one at the time I placed my hand at the rudder to guide the ship on the ocean of eternal progress. The positions I had been trusted with prior to this time had served, I soon discovered, as valuable steppingstones to qualify me for my new responsibility. We immediately set about to build a new meetinghouse, and within the week, we had our committees appointed and the following Monday, September 29th, we began work excavating for the foundation and basement, with incomplete plans furnished by Emil Maeser.

The foundation in, we called on all male members of the ward who could be of possible service to assemble, and on December 6th, we began the work of tearing down the brick walls of the meeting house which had burned, and in that one day moved every brick, over one hundred thousand of them, from the old foundation to our new building site. They were to be used for the inside walls of our new structure. The response of the ward members was wonderful. Not only the men came, but the women also, bearing food, and at noon we had a picnic. Everyone was filled with enthusiasm and happiness.

In the foothills of Mt. Graham, we found some fine gray sandstone, which we quarried and used as outer walls. In due course of time we completed a beautiful gray sandstone edifice with a steeple having a light on it which could be seen from afar, like a star of Bethlehem guiding the wise to the church. The seating capacity of the main chapel was six hundred, without crowding, and there were also classrooms for use of the Sunday School, and a basement for amusements. But the completion of the building was not accomplished without a trying struggle. Funds were obtained by voluntary subscription and by church aid. When the building was complete with good seats, equipment, pictures and other furnishings, the total cost had been \$26,422.34, and that at a time when common labor could be had for one dollar and fifty cents a day, with skilled labor at three. Of the total sum, the church paid \$7,000.00.

The building was dedicated by Francis M. Lyman on March 3rd, 1907.

From this experience, I gained a wealth of knowledge about gathering funds. My counselors stood shoulder to shoulder with me in all our struggle to make a success of this project. Needless to say, we found it necessary to donate liberally of our time and money in this endeavor. We were in perfect harmony in all our acts and decisions during our term of office together. I love both of these men. They are men of honor, integrity and worth. And during our term of office, we did not let the building of a church blind us to the need of spiritual uplift of the membership of the ward. We kept the ward well organized and in good working order.

Since Thatcher was the headquarters for stake authorities, it seemed that every time we found or developed an outstanding officer, he or she would be taken over into the stake for an office there. At one time there were, all told, fifty-three stake officers residing in the Thatcher Ward. We adopted the plan of one position for one person, so helpful in bringing into service hitherto unknown talent. Many got the opportunity to carry some responsibility in the ward. It is a true axiom that any person who accepts a church position and will labor faithfully to make a success of it will live a more exemplary life. His thoughts will be channeled into an uplifting course, and he will be able to drink deeply of the spirit of the Lord which is granted to those who faithfully serve in any capacity of the church. Inevitably, he will be a better man.

We felt, as ward leaders, that our drawing in of so many inactive members and encouraging them brought a desirable spiritual condition in the ward. There was much good feeling and splendid cooperation among ward members. As for myself, my work was very hard, at times almost over-burdening, due to my business affairs. Yet I greatly enjoyed being a bishop and never stinted in my effort, for that I do not believe in. I count the years I held the position as some of the richest and most spiritually-rewarding of my life.

And in all this work, both ecclesiastical and political, my wife Sarah did much to help me carry my load. She gave me aid, encouragement when I was downcast, and inspiration in every possible way. She inspired me at all times. Truly the "Angel of Peace" presided in our dwelling, as had been promised her in her patriarchial blessing.

The new church structure was an outstanding building in the Gila Valley. Every time I had been away and returned home to Thatcher, the church spire was the first object I could see from afar, standing out above the treetops. Always secretly, and I trust humbly, I was filled with pride in the thought that I had aided much in its construction. It has paid me dividends of joy ever since. I count it a privilege to have been permitted to help promote the building of this fine church.

One fact struck me forcibly as a result of my experience in building this chapel. There are a minority who can always be relied upon in case of emergency. And of two men of similar age and circumstances, both working for their livings, one married and the other single, the married men are the ones to be relied upon for any effort or for a contribution of money. The married man with a family to support will give twenty-five dollars where the single man will give ten.

Families are the stabilizers of any community.

CHAPTER XV

Business Ventures

In the early part of 1903, I invested in the Graham County State Bank, and upon investigation found that it was not as stable as it had been represented to me. In fact, it was sorely in need of help! I set about to re-finance the institution and succeeded in interesting some of the most well-to-do men in the Gila Valley. We bought all the stock from various holders, added more capital, and in due course of time the bank began to pay. I was made president of it, which I considered an honor. Later it was consolidated with the Bank of Safford and subsequently I sold my stock.

It was a temptation to hold it, but I thought I foresaw a coming depression, and being offered nearly double what I paid for it, I sold, and that just in time, for it was not long until there was a slump throughout the entire country and the bank failed. While I held my stock, it had paid me well—a dividend of forty percent annually, so I considered it a profitable venture.

During the year 1906, Frank Tyler and I initiated the Mount Graham Lumber Company. Seven of us finally grouped in a corporation to put a sawmill near the top of the mountain at an altitude of 9,500 feet, and to put in a flume to float the lumber to the foot of the mountain.

This necessitated the rebuilding of an old wagon road which had been abandoned for want of capital to complete it. All of this

was a big undertaking for men of our financial status. We did not work on the flume until the spring of 1907, and by that fall, when the snow became so deep that we had to stop for the season, we had rebuilt the road, put in a new mill, and built about three miles of flume, all at a cost of about \$21,000.00. The mountain was very steep and rugged, hence the building of the flume and the road were difficult. With that venture came many a hard day's work and plenty about which I could worry.

Lorenzo Watson had charge of the construction of the mill and flume, and I learned to love him more, perhaps, than any other man I have known, although my love and respect for two of my partners, Frank Tyler and James R. Welker, was not far behind the deep affection I held for Lorenzo.

He was skillful at his trade. In sawing and fitting heavy timber one day, I secretly determined to do more work than he. I sawed with all my might and kept track of the timbers each of us finished. I soon discovered that he was sawing three to my two, and with much less effort! Again I had it proved to me, as I had known from the time I worked on the Thatcher meetinghouse, a skilled laborer is worth his hire.

Lorenzo once said to me, "Never leave a piece of work until it has your stamp of approval."

This impressed me. I remembered it and applied it many times in later life. When I was tempted to let some task slide by half done, I thought of Lorenzo Watson, and persevered until it could have my stamp of approval. I found that doing well even the trivial things of life tended to build stable and reliable character. Whatever was worth doing was, indeed, worth doing well. I applied his saying still farther. I could not give my stamp of approval to lying, theft, immorality, or any form of dishonesty. Neither could I say or do things which were calculated to wound the feelings of my wife, children or friends, or in fact anyone, and feel good about it, for such did not have the stamp of my approval.

Thus the work of self-training, like any other piece of work, must have one's stamp of approval if he was to become a better and more efficient person. I tried to keep this principle uppermost in mind from the time I first heard it. Of course I faltered at times. Who of us does not? But as William George Jordan once said, "The life without regret is the life without gain; regret is but the light of fuller wisdom from our past, illuminating our future. It means that we are

wiser today than we were yesterday. This new wisdom means new responsibility, new privileges; it is the chance for a better life."

Bishop Walker and I went over one night to the mountain cabin of my friend, Lorenzo Watson, ready for a chat. We talked on and on, much interested. Finally Mr. Watson took a poker and began pulling some roasted potatoes from the ashes of his fire, while he laughingly remarked, "I only put enough to roast for myself and partner. I've been waiting for you men to go, but if I wait any longer, the potatoes will burn and nobody will get any."

I admired his candor!

During those years after my return to Gila Valley, and while my business ventures occupied much of my time, I tried not to lag in launching upon other activities which might be for the general good of the place where I lived and where I made my living. There was, for example, the Commercial Club, a sort of infant Chamber of Commerce, which I organized on September 28th, 1905, by calling together some of the prominent men of Thatcher. Among other accomplishments credited to it was the fact that it was instrumental in getting a railroad depot at Thatcher.

It was one day as I walked toward Thatcher that Samuel Claridge came along in a one-horse buggy. He stopped and said, "Willie, won't you get up and ride?" As we moved along into town, he told me, "I have just been up to see Father Elmer. The doctors say he can only live a few days at most, and I went to prepare his mind for his journey to the other side. I told him, 'Father Elmer, you have lived a long and useful life, but now you are old, blind and helpless. I should think you would hail with delight the time to pass on to your reward. When you get to the other side, you will not be sick and helpless, and you will be able to see again and get about with agility. Not only that, but you will meet with your loved ones gone before, and all your ancestors, and with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the prophet, Joseph, and Hyrum Smith. It will be a joy and a revelation to you. I should think you would hail the chance to lay aside your worn out body and take on immortality.' But Father Elmer said, 'Yes, Brother Claridge, that may be good advice for you to give me, but I am the interested party, and I don't want to go. I want to stay and live till my Savior returns."

Samuel declared to me that it was strange how we clung to life, reiterating that he would think the old man would be glad to go, blind and sick as he was.

About twenty years later, I again walked along the same sidewalk, and at almost the identical spot, by a strange coincidence, along came Patriarch Claridge as before, in his one-horse buggy. He was then about ninety years old. He stopped. "Willie, won't you get up and ride?"

As we rode along, I was reminded of our conversation so many years before and in almost like circumstances, so I decided to try the same argument on him that he had used on Father Elmer and see

how he would react to it.

"Father Claridge," I said, "you've lived a long and useful life, and now you are feeble and get about with some difficulty. I should think you would hail with delight the time when you can lay aside your mortal body and go to the other side to see the dear ones already there."

"Yes, Willie, it would seem so, but you know I don't want to go! I want to live just as long as I can and do all the good that I

can."

The incident amused me greatly, and a number of years later I happened to repeat the story of it to my family one night at the dinner table, whereupon my daughter Flora said, "Yes, and in about twenty years, we will be saying the same thing to you. What do you feel about it?"

We laughed at her comment, then she continued, "I don't see what life's about anyway. Our parents live and get children, who grow up and get more children, and so on. It seems as though the only purpose of life is just to perpetuate the race."

Well might she ponder on this. It has perplexed the minds of many. A like thought was expressed to me by a wayfarer whom I had picked up along the road one day, giving him a ride. Our conversation drifted to religion, and he said, "I am a flannel-mouthed Catholic, but I can't see the purpose in life. It is too short to accomplish much. We die just about the time we get efficient at doing things."

With a similar thought in mind, William Knox wrote his poem, "Oh Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" which depicts the sequence of life so well that one is tempted to quote the whole

poem, but I give only a part of it.

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud, Like a swift flying meteor, a fast flying cloud, A flash of lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave. "The head of the king and sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn . . .
. . . The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

"So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed That wither away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold To repeat every tale that has ever been told.

"The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think, From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink; To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling, But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

"Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge Shall follow each other like surge upon surge."

I have found that all races of people with whom I have mingled—and there have been several—are emotionally about the same, and have the same hopes and fears. The purpose of this life cries out for an answer. The prophet, Lehi, in expounding the scriptures to his sons, declared, "Adam fell that men might be; and men are that they might have joy."

That is one answer, and a good one. But how and when and where is this joy to come? Our life on this earth is filled with struggle, disappointments, sorrows and pains, and only with great effort do we manage to exist at all. I have found, however, that one source of joy is to give joy to others. And the nearer we live to God, the more we receive of His comforting spirit.

When Flora stated that the purpose of life appeared to be to get children, perhaps she was right. One purpose of our lives here is to give mortal bodies to immortal souls, so that we may gain life everlasting in a more perfect state. When we strive for perfection, it gives purpose to this mortal existence, and that fact forces into my mind the thought that this fleeting world as it is, is not our permanent abode. Life here is but one stage, and a very brief one, of that eternal evolution toward godhood. Here we learn, by meeting both good and evil face to face, to grow more prefect, by habitually choosing the good and eschewing the evil. We shall be trusted there, if we have been trustworthy here. The Savior confirmed this by His story of the talents when He said, "Well done, thou good

and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I have frequently thought that our lives here are analogous to the evolution of the butterfly, which begins life as a groveling worm subsisting on the bitter green leaves of trees, then wrapping itself in its cocoon, passes through the pupa stage and comes out a beautiful butterfly which no longer eats the bitter things of the earth but sips the nectar of the flowers; no longer crawls about a worm but flies through the air in the enjoyment of the sunshine and a new and enlarged environment. We also, beginning as intelligences coexistent with God, pass through successive stages of evolution. We are pre-mortal spirits, then mortals; then we go down to the grave, then to the world of spirits; then we become resurrected immortals and go on to the exaltation in the celestial kingdom. The grave may be compared to the cocoon, from which we emerge to a freer, happier world, where we can move about with speed in an environment conducive to growth toward perfection. Éternal joy will not be fleeting. And then we shall know more fully the purpose of that stage of our existence which was so fleeting—this earth life.

We are forced to conclude that the purposes of earth, or mortal life, are tied into some greater sphere of action.

We must conclude that behind, around, over and above all things that we know, there is some supreme power, some master mind, which, alike in all workings of nature, is silently shaping our evolution toward our destined end — JOY!

"Never a daisy grows
But a mystery guideth its growing;
Never a river flows,
But a mystery scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared,
But a stronger than he did unfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells,
But a mightier seer hath foretold him."

-Richard Realf

There is another quotation from William George Jordan which says, "The essence of life is divine, and divinely controlled toward fulfilling the purposes of life. Life is full of struggle, sorrows and disappointments, but they are the soil out of which joy and happiness grow. Without such experience we could not appreciate the eternal joy when it comes. Sometimes when we are worn and weak

with the trouble, when it seems that justice is a dream, that honesty and loyalty and truth count for nothing, that the devil is the only paymaster, when hope grows dim and flickers, then is the time when you must tower in the great sublime faith that right must prevail, then you must throttle these imps of doubt and despair, you must master yourself to master the world around you. This is Conquest; this is what counts . . . Unhappiness is the hunger to get; happiness is the hunger to give. True happiness must ever have the tinge of sorrow outlived, the sense of pain softened by the mellowing years, the chastening of loss that in the wondrous mystery of time transmutes our suffering into love and sympathy for others. If the individual should set out for a single day to give happiness, to make life happier, brighter and sweeter, not for himself but for others, he would find a wondrous revelation of what happiness really is . . . Not because they seek to absorb it, but because they seek to radiate it."

As to the mystery of the purpose of this mortal life, whatever we fail to see of it, we must come to one conclusion, the only tenable conclusion, that it has to do with God and His purposes. Both our scientists and great thinkers on religion are tending toward the one conclusion, that there is no way to explain our universe and the laws of nature except by some intelligent force in operation, some creation or organization by a supreme power, a power beyond our knowledge.

God must be and is, the Author of all. Through His plans and our cooperation with them, through our faith and hope, we became emancipated from the afflictions of evil. "Our own felicity we make or find" by our conscious cooperation with God. God's creations were revealed unto Moses, and God said, "Wherefore look, and I will show thee the workmanship of mine hands: but not all, for my works are without end . . . For behold this is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

CHAPTER XVI

Our Home Life

Impressions of many happy and rewarding years while our children were growing up shall be ever with me for all the days of my life.

The singing of the mocking birds in the trees about our house in the springtime when they came to nest, added melody to the sunshine of our lives. These were days when we all shared and shared alike.

The setting was ideal for a family home in a country village such as Thatcher was at the time. The heat of the dry summer was modified by a row of beautiful Chinese umbrella trees along the front and east sides of the house, and by a large "weeping cottonwood" tree on the northwest side which gave shade in the late afternoon. There were plenty of other shade trees along the front sidewalk and at appropriate places on the lot, and what beauty these added, as well as furnishing the welcome shade.

An acre and a half was utilized for fruit and orchard, with well-selected pears, peaches, apples, plums and other fruits bearing in rotation, yielding in abundance all summer and until late autumn. There was a quarter of an acre of vineyard of mixed varieties, and three acres of fine alfalfa. The whole was under a good wire fence, with cottonwood trees all around the border. One very large such tree grew in the corral to give shade to the animals. We made everything convenient for the handling of the livestock, with running water in the corral and bars that let down so that cows could walk out to pasture. With such a setup, we had plenty of milk, fruit and

butter, with much left for the pig. I drove on my carriage one of the finest teams that a lover of horses could ask for.

We had a cow named Spludge, by my wife, because when we went to milk her she always greeted us with a bellowing welcome which struck us as considerably overdone. She was a kind and gentle animal, and we all liked her.

Later we had a purebed Holstein which was young, spirited and rebellious at being milked by anyone but me. She came from pasture at my whistle, waited for me at the corral gate when I was late, and mooed her greeting as she saw me. And what a lot of milk she gave! Seven or eight gallons a day. At the milking time, she would permit me to pet her head and neck, but after that no one could get near her until the next milking time came.

We had in that beautiful Arizona, the hermit thrush, or American nightingale, as well as our mocking birds. When the moon was at its full and the nights were in the springtime, these birds would sing the whole night through, or so it seemed to me, and the memory of them is a pleasant recollection.

It was during these happy, prosperous days that I was honored to be the Thatcher Ward Bishop, the county school superintendent, and for a time I had an interest in the Thatcher Mercantile and Implement Company, commonly known as the "Big Six." Then it was that we worked so diligently on the sawmill and flume, and I had a hundred and ninety acre farm. During these full years too was my presidency of the Graham County State Bank.

When one is prosperous and engrossed in the affairs that interest men, he has a feeling of self-fulfillment as he climbs the successive stages of growth and development. Lasting joys, however, do not depend on prosperity, but spring from within when one feels that he is in tune with God's universe. I had plenty to keep me busy, and always tried to do more than duty called for.

The center of attraction, however, was always within my home. All else was made subordinate to the successful home life, where a wholesome, joyous spirit prevailed. Our children were being trained by right living. Sarah, though a leader among women and a holder of responsible church obligations, was also superb in our home. She managed wisely, and as a mother used wisdom, tact and firmness, tempered with kindness and love.

In 1907, our first boy was born and we named him Rupert.

What a joyous greeting I invariably received every day when I came home from my office! Many pairs of small feet came running to meet me at the gate. Many laughing faces turned up to mine, with arms reaching to hug me. I would pick up the two youngest and carry them into the house, while the others clung to me wherever they could anchor a hold. Then at the door, Sarah would be waiting with a smile and a kiss. This laughter and love, this holiday air of the special, was almost a daily occurrence. Just the fact of all being together again was, we thought, about the nicest thing that could happen!

For the most part, business did not take me far from home generally, but it is true that church and secular duties required me to be out many evenings. Sarah was adept at story telling, many of her stories being original, and nightly before bedtime, she delighted our group, whether or not I was at home, with her tales. Some of them were continuous, lasting for several nights, and so, until time to tuck each little "birdie" in its "nest", Sarah held her "Children's Hour." I have seen them so fascinated at her feet and so keenly engrossed as the story reached its climax and the fate of the hero or heroine hung in the balance, that they would shed tears and beg, "Don't tell! Don't tell!"

It was in such an atmosphere as this that we spent about seventeen years, from 1902 to 1919. Ours was one of the outstanding homes of Thatcher, which at that time had a population of twelve hundred. As the children matured, they all became active workers and carried their parts in community life. They were capable along several lines, an important one of which was music. Some of them were excellent speakers and readers. They had piano lessons, the best we could procure, and the sound of their exercises could be heard at almost any hour of the day, summer and winter.

At the period when we had five little ones, Sarah was set apart to be president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, later she became Stake President of the same organization. Leaving the M.I.A., she became stake president of the Relief Society. In all these and other positions she was able and talented, as her success proved, but at the same time, she never neglected the rearing of our children, and anything that would promote happiness in the home.

One bright summer day, Frank Tyler and I took our families to the mountain for a day's outing. We made camp near a beautiful stream which gurgled over the rocks of the creek bed. Hazel was about seven years old at the time, and went up the creek for a walk with Ella Tyler. The girls became separated. Hazel became confused as to direction and lost her way. She traveled a long distance before she realized that she was lost. Then panic seized her, and she ran. The more she ran, the farther from camp she went.

When Ella returned without her, we men went in search of her. I caught a glimpse of her running along the mountainside about a quarter of a mile up from me, but the timber soon hid her from view. She was moving faster than I because she was following on a level, and I had a steep climb to make to it. When I reached the spot where I had seen her, I could neither see nor hear her. I followed, calling frequently, and unable to find any tracks. I began to realize that she had a good chance of losing herself completely in a wild mountain territory where search was exceedingly difficult if not impossible.

But fortunately, Hazel thought to pray! She kneeled down and offered a prayer for God's help, and while she was thus still, she heard my call and arose to her feet and retraced her steps toward me. Soon, weary and frightened, she was in my arms.

Did God answer her prayer? Certainly if she had not stopped to pray, she could not have heard my voice, for I was a long distance away. She could hear me only when she stopped her running to pray.

Again when she was about eleven years old, she became ill rather suddenly. Large lumps came out on her body, which were nearly the size of a hen's eggs. They did not have the appearance of hives and were much larger, and made her very ill.

I suggested that we fast for her, so from the night, until the evening meal of the following day, we went without food.

When my wife announced that the evening meal was ready, I said, "We have all fasted for Hazel today, and before we partake of food, I wish to administer to her."

I went to the room where she lay in excruciating pain, and anointed her with consecrated oil, placed my hands on her head, sealed the anointing, rebuked the power of the destroyer over her, and commanded the disease to leave her. I blessed her with a return to health, and this I did by the authority of the Holy Priesthood which I held, and in the name of Jesus Christ. I implored God to

have respect for my administration and grant the blessings I had pronounced upon her.

I then went in to dinner.

Within five minutes, she came walking to the table, fully dressed, and ate with us. The swellings had disappeared and she appeared to be in normal health, and continued so with no return of her sickness.

Few quarrels were ever heard about our house, and never between my wife and me. I once told the children, "If you see papa and mama quarrel, then you may quarrel, but if you do not

see us quarrel, then you should not."

A Mrs. Carver, a woman of great wealth who once roomed and boarded with us, along with her maid, said upon leaving, "Mr. Moody, if your family is a sample of Mormon families, I shall always have a good word to say for the Mormons. I have lived in your home for the greater part of a year, and I have not heard a single cross word."

Eventually we were blessed with another son, Alton, who was born July 28th of 1911, and two years later our family became eight when Reginia was born on September 21st of 1913. And as I look back, I know that I never measured properly, the position Sarah held in my life and in our home, never realizing the depth of her devotion and integrity, her intelligence and understanding of human life, nor her capacity and tact in putting things over.

As a wife and mother she was a master at self-control, an "Angel of Peace" who won the hearts of all who became well

acquainted with her.

Women and girls were given to pouring out their troubles to Sarah, sure of sympathy and a wise suggestion as to what course should be pursued. She was always a busy woman, but never too busy to listen when this was required. Having been a teacher, she was a skillful child trainer. She heard all the small tales of what interested our children. She comforted them in their troubles. When they had problems, she would help them analyze the situation so they could see the probable results of one or the other course of action. Then she would say something like, "Now you can see where each road may lead you, and it is up to you to make a choice of what you will do, for, after all, it is you who will suffer if you make the wrong decision."

Thus, when they were old enough to respond wisely, they were

self-reliant.

When Alton was old enough to be interested in football, and was manager of his high school team, he was very enthusiastic and felt he must spill the details of the game to someone. It was his mother's patient ears which heard his stories, and she who learned what the various terms meant and what the vital points of the game were. Sometimes she went with him to the games.

One of her favorite ways of handling children when they quarreled was to separate them. "If you cannot play without quarreling, you cannot be together," she would say, or if a neighbor's child was involved, she would tell him to run along home and come back when he felt better and have a nice play. Thus, in using segregation as punishment, she was ahead of her time.

During the period from 1890 to 1910, and perhaps later, professional tramps were numerous. At times they plagued our existence. We could be sure of at least one a day and sometimes three or four stopped to ask for food or money, and it was not sensible to feed them all.

I decided to test their deserving qualities. The process of clearing my farm had yielded huge and very hard stumps of mesquite, which I had hired hauled into town for fuel at home. Thereafter, when a tramp approached, I would take him to the stump pile. "I can get these stumps split for twenty-five cents an hour, but I'll pay you thirty-five cents if you want to earn a meal."

Rarely did one pause to cut stumps. Generally he swung on his heels as though insulted and beat a fast retreat.

One evening a late-comer was invited into our house. We informed him that it happened to be the hour for our family prayers. We read a few verses of scripture, sang a hymn, with my wife at the organ, and knelt for family prayer in a circle about a chair, as was our custom. He was invited to join us. During the prayer, I mentioned him in an appropriate way, along with the rest of us, and after that we sat down for dinner. He was quiet all during the meal. When he had finished, he asked, "What church do you belong to?"

I told him.

"Do all Mormons read the Bible, sing, and have prayer like that before they eat?"

"Some do. It is our way."

"I never saw anything like that before," he declared. "Thank you for the dinner." He walked away.

After he left, we speculated as to whether he would make jest of us in his story at camp that night, but our hope was that his experience in a Christian family might have been a turning point in his life.

Sarah and I were especially united in the belief that the rearing of our children was all'important. We gave the matter much thought and tried to stress the positive approach rather than the negative. Blame had little place in our handling of situations, and we preferred to assume that a child's intentions had been good when at times his conduct failed.

In order to cultivate the habit of seeing and practicing the good and beautiful in life, we adopted the habit of telling the good things we had seen during the day. This little diversion usually took place at the evening meal when we were all together. Each in turn would tell his observation of the day. It might be of a beautiful garden, a kind act, a display of courage, such as telling the truth when to do so was hard. Thus a premium was put on these things, and anyone who had, for instance, been kind and considerate during the day, was pretty sure to have been seen by someone else, and thus he had his reward promptly in our approval expressed at the dinner table.

We also stressed the observation of home night. When this was first advocated by the church, we took to it at once, and I made an effort to save the one night a week, at least, from duties which, as bishop, I had to perform so many nights.

We formed several committees of two, and there were plenty of us to do this, and worked out programs for these home nights. The committee could decide on any sort of program or game or entertainment it wished. And what a variety we had! Some were literary, others well-planned games. Sometimes we popped corn and made balls of it. Sometimes we made candy with some daubing of furniture. Again we had short dramas. Occasionally Sarah or I were invited to make short talks.

We made the most of these. I recall giving a talk one night on how to take a bath, following the process through from scrubbing of elbows and knees to washing the tub afterward and disposing of one's soiled clothing properly.

Sarah once talked on the full woodbox, and how indispensable it was, and the annoyance of having to leave in the middle of cooking a meal to run to the wood yard, and then perhaps to find no wood cut.

All these talks were given in a spirit of humor and good will, so that in spite of their lesson-to-be-learned, no one took offense if the cap fit on his head. The children became rather ingenious at planning, and sometimes gave us fine surprises. Sarah was always cooperative with them in providing simple refreshments, if only cold and fragrant winter apples from their storage boxes in the "old kitchen."

As the children developed, these home evenings had a natural out growth in well-planned parties for groups of their friends. When later we lived at Phoenix, and our home size and beauty had expanded with our means, we encouraged the girls to invite their boy-friends to the home for these parties rather than to seek entertainment elsewhere exclusively. I think our children will remember these home evenings with much joy. I know that I do.

The great festival of the year for us was Christmas. Here was something which we anticipated as far in advance as do the merchants today, but for a very different reason! We had no need to seek to infuse artificial spirit for the occassion. We delighted in it, and the children waited eagerly for the time when they could begin to make presents for each other.

Sarah would then assign each child a specific drawer for his special use in hiding his presents as he made them, one by one, and no one would ever look in another's drawer. We put each strictly on his honor and no trouble, or if there was, we never discovered it. Their mother gave advice and found materials for the making of the presents. If a child was tiny, he could at least make a pen-wiper pig, or a book of tissue paper moustache curlers. Thus, between eight children, two parents and a grandmother, there were around a hundred presents to be given away.

Sarah and I derived our own special pleasure when we made out our order to Sears, Roebuck and Company for the few toys we added to the homemade presents.

As for the tree, it always came from the hills. We chose one which was thickly-branched, cut it and hauled it home. Often it was so tall it had to be topped in order to fit even the ten-foot ceiling of our living room. We never decorated it until after they had gone to bed on Christmas Eve, then early Christmas morning, the wax candles were lighted and a roaring fire built in the fireplace.

When all was ready, I would summon the children by crowing like a rooster. That was their signal to jump from bed, but it was

a rule that they could not come in to see the tree until their feet were dressed, since that was an era of inadequate heating facilities.

They would rush in with a shout, springing into action, finding their names on the presents lodged in limbs of the tree. We had no dime stores then, and there was no surfeit of articles in shop windows to take the edge from the appreciation of simple things. Christmas was truly merry, and the greater joy of giving was never denied any child, above a mere baby. No one in those days had to provide many, many expensive presents and then "sell" the child on them besides after they were given, as is sometimes the case in homes today.

To complain or appear unappreciative of any gift was considered unforgivable in our code of ethics.

This fortunate scarcity of "too much" at Christmas brings to my mind the long hours of fascinated play our children had with empty spools. From the great amount of sewing my wife did in making their clothes, they reaped a rich harvest of spools of assorted sizes and shapes, and these they painted with many patterns and colors. They named them all, and readily identified any number of their own spool-people.

"Oh, there is Nathaniel over under that bush," one would exclaim, while another would answer, "And here are David and Ethel."

Sometimes they held school. Sometimes, too, they disciplined their spool children on trumped-up charges, and Sarah and I would smile to see them using our own method, that of separating those who quarreled and isolating them.

At other times, with shoe-box wagons laden with spool men and women and household wares, they pioneered the wild grass lands of the orchard, and forded deep rivers, which were actually shallow irrigation ditches.

There were plenty of favorites among these spool people, and the children acquired healthy dislikes for some of the "ornery" characters among them.

What a delightful part imagination plays in the lives of children when it is not stifled by too many complex and mechanically perfect toys!

There were times on occasion when I came home to find the children cross and whining, out of sorts because of colds or other troubles, and their mother almost worn out with the care of them.

There was need to change the emotional atmosphere without delay, and this was where I took over. After a jovial greeting, I would say, "Come, let's play Pelican," or perhaps the game would be Squirrel. Again we might term it Christmas. All of them were games contrived for emergencies.

Pelican began by my saying, "There was once a pelican which lived in a swamp. She built a nest for her little ones. Now we build the nest, as she did. Each of you bring a chair, and let's have a circle, with the seats inward."

They began to act and forget their troubles.

"Now the pelican built her nest of sticks, and then she laid eggs in it, and after a while she hatched out a nest full of little pelicans. Now, you children, get into the nest and be the little pelicans. I'll be the father pelican and go fishing for food for you. When you hear me coming, shut your eyes, because little pelicans can't see at first, and throw back your heads and open your mouths so father pelican can drop food into them."

I always kept some small candies convenient for just such occasions.

"Here comes the old father pelican," I would declare with all the drama I could summon.

Back went little heads and mouths flew open, while I dropped candy in each.

"Now here are two more lumps each, put them in your hands so you can learn to feed yourselves."

It invariably worked like magic. By then they were laughing, their troubles behind them.

The squirrel game was a variation of this, with a hollow log for the home instead of a nest, and nuts for food instead of fish, while the Christmas game was simple imitation of real Christmas but could only be used at wide intervals of time, for the reason that the toys given them would be their old ones in which they had lost interest, and which then had been hidden away on a high shelf or in a trunk until they were forgotten, at which time they would be brought out and refurbished with new paints or garments or whatever was needed and they were ready for the Christmas game.

We learned that small children were delighted at new acquaintance with forgotten toys.

Of such small but genuine delights was our home happiness built, and if my grown children speak truthfully, and of this I have no

doubt, these childhood games and joys have been long and feelingly remembered.

During these years so rich in blessings, however, I had to learn to live on without the kind and guiding hand of my father, who died on October 3rd of 1906. I had always prized his opinion above that of any other. He died quietly in his sleep, having attained the good age of eighty-seven.

At this period of my affairs, the current of my stream of life was at flood tide, flowing smoothly, full and strong, filled with church, family and business interests, in which both my time and energy were fully absorbed, then once again came the abrupt turning in its course.

It would seem inconsistent to any but a Latter day Saint that I should leave all this for a few years and devote my entire time wholly to the work of the Lord without monetary consideration. However that is just what I did. I had long made it a practice to put the work of the Lord foremost. To me a call by my church became a duty paramount to all others. The change in my activities was initiated by the following letter.

(COPY)

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY
OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS
P. O. Box B

Salt Lake City, Utah October 16, 1907

President Andrew Kimball Thatcher, Arizona Dear Brother: —

The name of Elder Wm. A. Moody has been suggested by the First Presidency to preside over the Samoan Mission. Brother Court, who is now President of the Mission, has been there for a long time, and they are anxious to get a good man to succeed him. Please speak to Brother Moody and find out if his financial condition will permit him to take a mission, and if so let us know the earliest date that he will be able to leave. We realize that Brother Moody is a Bishop, but feel that his services are needed in this mission. An early reply will be appreciated.

Your brother,

(signed) George Reynolds H. G. R.

CHAPTER XVII

My Second Mission

The letter from George Reynolds to Andrew Kimball had been handed to me in the presence of my partner, Bishop James R. Welker. It had been just the day before, as we were coming down the mountain from our new sawmill that I had said to him, "I'd like to stay here long enough to see that flume completed, but I'm afraid that I shall not. I feel as if I'm going to get a call to go back to Samoa before long."

"If you do," he replied, "it will be to preside over the mission."

I had never forgotten how, before I left Samoa, President Wood had prophesied that one or more of us elders then departing would return to Samoa on a second mission. His prophecy was being fulfilled.

So strong had been my presentiment that several months before, I had mentioned the fact to my counselors in our bishop's meeting. I told them that we must work hard and have every organization of the ward in good shape so that we would go out of office working, and not feel that we were croweded out for want of having done our duty.

We did leave the ward in first-class condition too, every organization was functioning well and had been for a long time. We had served as the bishopric of the Thatcher Ward for five years, one month and twenty-six days. It had been our policy to guide the ward rather than let it drift and to this end we had held weekly

meetings of the bishopric, where we planned ahead, and then we carried out our plans. We had given special attention to bringing someone out of every family into service in the ward. In many wards there were cliques, who vied with each other for honors, and jealously criticized all efforts. So, many non-active members criticized those who tried to do things. To overcome such conditions we tried to make every individual feel that he or she was of account. I personally visited the different families in the ward as often as I could, especially those whom I felt needed a little uplift and recognition. When new members were admitted to the ward, one of the bishopric made it a point to visit them and welcome them into the ward and the community, and we encouraged the visiting teachers to do likewise. What I lacked in ability as a bishop, I tried to make up by being faithful to my office and calling.

I was released as bishop on November 17th of 1907 and left for my second mission February 3rd, 1908.

En route to Salt Lake City, I had the pleasure of visiting my three own brothers and my sister. Thomas Alfonzo was in Los Angeles. George, the eldest of us, in Fay, Nevada. Milton was in Oasis, Utah and my sister Regenia Hawley in Provo.

Prior to leaving Salt Lake City, I spent about two hours with President Joseph F. Smith and his counselors, discussing the affairs of the mission, policies and kindred matters. When I questioned President Smith as to some problems I knew I should have to meet in Samoa, he said, "Brother Moody, you have been selected because God knew He could trust you, and you are entitled to any amount of inspiration to guide you, if you will live for it. But remember that you are sent out to save souls, not to drive them away. Be merciful to the sinner, but do not condone the sin. In such cases call together the available elders, discuss the matter, reach your decision, and you are pretty sure to be right."

I left Salt Lake City on February 22nd, 1908, in company with Elder Robert M. Forest, who was going to Samoa on a mission, and Ida Thorne, a Samoan girl who had been to America to be educated, and whom I later set apart to be a missionary.

As for my departure from all my dear ones in Thatcher, I feel that no words of mine can tell that story as well as excerpts taken from the writings of my wife, Sarah Blake Moody.

"The day after tomorrow my husband leaves for Samoa, and it touches many a tender cord as the parting draws near. There have

been so many kind deeds and expressions of love toward him that I tell him (jestingly) that it is good to go on a mission once in a while . . . On the 8th of January the Relief Society gave him a rousing surprise party in the Amusement Hall. . . . Many have expressed their desire of entertaining us before Brother Moody leaves, and as a result we have been out to dinner parties, supper parties, social evenings, etc. Among those who have entertained us at their homes are: President and Mrs. Kimball, Brother and Sister Oscar Layton, Brother and Sister John Allen, Brother and Sister Phillips, Brother and Sister David Lee, and Brother and Sister W. W. Pace.

"Many have given kind expressions of love and appreciation for him, and some have given him little presents.

"All the Moody relations gave him a picnic surprise Friday evening. . . .

"February 2. It is Sunday evening, and he leaves in the morning. What an ovation he has had this afternoon! The ward gave him a farewell meeting which filled the house. Many expressions of love and good will were made. The following are a few of them.

"President Kimball said he was one of the choice spirits of heaven. Brother John Allen said, 'He has been successful in all that he attempted, and is one of the great and noble generals of the world.' Sister Layton said that he had been a source of great comfort and strength to her in her time of deepest trial. Sister Barney said, 'He had a good father and a good mother, and he has always been a good boy. He couldn't be mean if he wanted to, for that goodness is inborn.' Several said that he had administered to them and healed them. Sister Nash said, 'When he got a good idea, he put it into use in his own life.' Brother Peterson said, 'He is one of the most spiritual-minded men I have ever met. It is very difficult to succeed so good and useful a man, but easy to succeed one who never did much.' Brother Tenny said that he was a man to whom he could pour out his whole soul and recited a few of his sentiments in verse. Many other beautiful eulogies were given, too numerous to mention, and many an eye filled with tears as they told of their love for him. So many rose to their feet at once that many who desired to speak did not get an opportunity.

"All these things impressed me strongly with the fact that humanity is full of kindness and love, if you will but draw it out.

"Now I will add my little word. During the nine years of our married life, he has never spoken a cross nor an unkind word to me but has ever been gentle, tender, loving and considerate. His noble self-control has helped me to be better and stronger. His tenderness with the children has been a strong source of help and support to me, and though the mighty Pacific shall roll between us, my heart, my love, my life will ever be there with him, and my constant prayer will be wafted to heaven for his safe return."

We journeyed to Samoa via Vancouver, Hawaii and Fiji, and after an interesting trip of fifty-six days, we reached the mission headquarters at Pesega, Upolu, Samoa on April 12th.

The thirteen elders who were laboring on Upolu and Savaii, including President Thomas S. Court, were at the mission head-quarters, and gave me a splendid welcome. The next day, we held an elders' meeting. President Court gave over the affairs of the mission to my charge, and I was sustained by the elders present. At this meeting, two elders were released to go home with President Court, and the others were assigned to new fields of labor.

I assumed my new duties with a feeling of humility and a disposition to rely on God for help. I prayed earnestly that He would give me strength and wisdom to carry on successfully the work of teaching the gospel to the people with whom I had been called to labor. I felt that it was His work, and I was but His servant.

Both elders and members received me well. The first requisite was for me to get acquainted with the general conditions at the mission, so that I could determine how best to go about my work with the available material. To this end, President Court and I made a trip of about twenty-five miles to Sauniatu, a village about three miles inland on the island of Upolu. This village was of special importance, for it was a sort of Zion, an appointed gathering place for the saints. It had been started in about January of 1905, on a tract of land purchased by the church and consisting of eight hundred fifty-five acres of wholly undeveloped land covered with a dense growth of tropical timber and bush. At this time there had been a small part cleared for the building of houses and also patches at suitable places for the growing of food. The natives were living in good Samoan-style houses and had a splendid church building, thatched of roof and otherwise suitable to the tropical climate.

The village nestled picturesquely amidst towering forests. Beside it flowed a beautiful river which cascaded down a slope to the ocean, slowing here and there to form deep, fine swimming holes. The people seemed, on first sight, to be very happy in their venture of gathering to Zion. President Court and I were given most gracious courtesies in the way of parties that served both as a farewell to him and a welcome to me.

I learned the reason for the gathering at Sauniatu. It seems that the manner of doing missionary work in Samoa had called for a great many elders, more than could be supplied, because every new branch that was started must have two elders to teach the school and radiate from the branch to the surrounding territory in preaching the gospel. To reduce the number of missionaries needed, it had been deemed advisable to gather the Saints at two central points: Sauniatu on Upolu, and Mapusaga on Tutuila. As fast as the natives were converted, they were urged to go to these towns to live. With the centralization of the church membership it was hoped, also, that cocoanut plantations could be extensively planted and worked, and the remuneration therefrom would make the mission self-supporting. Furthermore, with no outside influence within the village, and a good school taught by our elders, the mission authorities hoped to build an ideal community.

These were most worthwhile objectives, but the outcome, due to circumstances which will be presently detailed, had been less successful than expected.

After the departure of President Court from the mission, I continued my survey of the existing conditions. I already was cognizant of one stupendous problem. How to clear a thousand acres of dense jungle land so that it might be planted to cocoanuts. Also, the mission home in Sauniatu needed extensive repairs, much of its timber having rotted.

Most important of all, the church membership needed building up. The effort of the elders seemed to have reached a temporary plateau or to have leveled off, so that only the children of members were being baptized, with scarcely any other new members having come into the church in three years.

We made a beginning, however, by repairing the mission home, and starting a new and much-needed addition to it.

As may be expected, one of my first acts was to visit the grave of my first wife, Adelia, which was located in a church-owned cemetery. There I found that the headboards had rotted on hers as well as the elders' and the three Hilton children's buried there, and grass covered the graves.

But the flowering plants I had set out while on my first mission were large now, some of them were blooming, which was a great satisfaction to me.

I could not but reflect that in this hallowed spot, where rested the dear dead whose lives had been laid on the altar of God's labor in Samoa, I had often wept and prayed a dozen years before. I was deeply moved at the memory. I immediately applied to the church for funds to build a substantial fence around the spot, to resist encroachment of the ever-teeming jungle, and to put up permanent headstones that would resist the damp rot of the tropics.

In the course of time this was accomplished, and a good concrete fence was built, and modest headstones of cement faced with marble slabs marked each grave.

In May of 1908, accompanied by the mission secretary, Burk McArthur, I took passage on the SS Maori for Tutuila, another of the Samoan group of islands. At Pago Pago I found a very good elders' home built of lumber, and an active branch of the church. I was struck with the youth of the elders laboring there, most of whom were unmarried.

After attending to some business pertaining to the church lease on the land where Mapusaga was located, we called upon the retiring military governor of American Samoa, as well as upon the new governor, Captain Parker, USN. The following day a group of us, composed of elders and Saints, went to Mapusaga, which means resting place, where we were to hold conference.

I may say, parenthetically, that as we followed the trail through the dense timber, we found numerous small plots of ground surrounded by ancient stone walls now abandoned and entirely overgrown with tropical forest and underbrush. These were common all over Samoa, and suggested that here flourished villages long before the present generation. From all indications, Samoa then had a much larger population than when I was there. Forests stood where once a people lived, and now their hopes and ambitions, loves and hates and fears lay buried in their graves, and only the stone walls buried in jungle, evidence of their ever having been. Thus the stream of life moves on, and one is saddened just a little at the spectacle of it.

At Mapusaga, as in Sauniatu, I found many old friends from my former sojourn on the islands. Here there were three hundred sixty acres of land held under a forty-year lease, and what has been said of the founding and purpose of Sauniatu largely fitted this settlement. It was a second Zion to which the Saints were to gather. The village stood in the depths of a forest on a slope at the foot of a mountain, about three miles inland from the coast, and to be reached by a winding trail. About thirty acres of land had been cleared, and the tract was hedged on all sides by a solid bank of forest trees so tall that one had to look up to look out. Some cocoanut,



Preparing copra for export, to be used in the production of cocoanut oil.



breadfruit, banana and cocoa trees, and many food plants had been set here and were yielding.

Among the thatched dwellings stood a rather commodious school building, built in Samoan style. Part of it was used by the elders for living quarters. At our conference we decided to build a larger schoolhouse of concrete. About eighty pupils attended the school at the time. The elders of the town divided their time between teaching and preaching, and a bell strung between two posts rang at intervals to mark the change from the one occupation to the other.

One was impressed by the contentment and peace that marked the lives of the Samoan natives. They lived close to nature. The merry laughter of the children, the chant and the dull beat of drumsticks upon a rolled mat, that accompanied their dances, bespoke joy and gladness throughout all the village.

While the women attended to domestic duties, the men frequently went fishing in the ocean, for fish was an important item of their food. At the time we arrived, all were busy with preparations for the coming conference, which all the Tutuila church members were expected to attend. The sunshine, the beautiful foliage, the happy hearts and faces led me to feel that God was pleased with the work of His servants in this place.

Our conference started May 23rd and lasted for three days. The speaking was timely and a very fine spirit prevailed. We held several elders' meetings in which we threshed out the matter of the mission on Tutuila. I passed on to the elders the counsels given me by the First Presidency, and such other instructions as seemed necessary, chief of which was the idea that we were putting too much of our effort into temporal work rather than spiritual, and that very much more work should be done at teaching the gospel, notwithstanding the fact that we must complete the meetinghouse at Alou, and build a new elders' house and school at Mapusaga. We also decided to plant cocoanuts on all the cleared ground and to continue our clearing for more planting. Three elders were released, having been in the mission for forty-eight months.

On the 29th of May, Elders Burk McArthur, Charles Peterson and I left Tutuila for Upolu. And on June 1st, Elder McArthur and I walked about twenty-five miles in a heavy downpour of rain to Sauniatu where we held several good meetings. In line with our decision to build up the spiritual side of the mission, we immediately

called into service a number of worthy Samoan men, ordained them elders, and sent them on missions to re-establish neglected branches

everywhere possible.

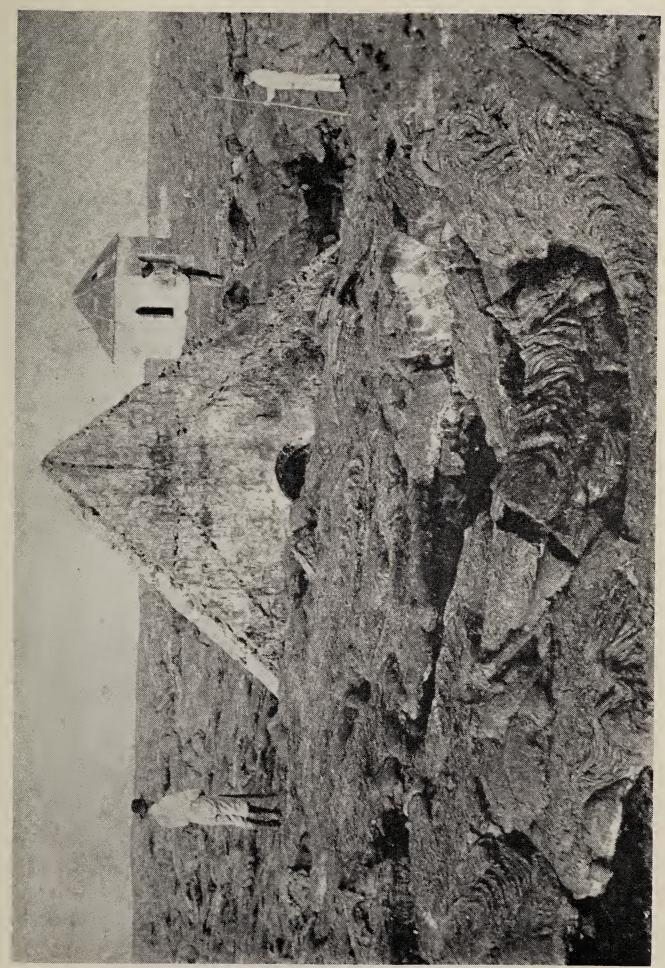
We let the building of the elders' house wait until we could improve the spiritual condition on the island. When this project was underway, the native missionaries had gone forth to many villages and I felt that progress was being made, with a new era of missionary work and spiritual uplift would bud forth to blossom and bear fruit.

On June 3rd, I returned to Pesega and looked after the office work, reported to the General Authorities what we had done and what we proposed to do, and asked their approval of our plans. Then on June 7th, I was back in Sauniatu, held a branch conference and started the natives to building a road down to the beach, a road which had been surveyed and partly built by President Court.

Elder McArthur and I then went to Savaii and at Tusivi, where I had helped establish a thriving branch on my former mission, and where we had conducted a school and laid the foundation for a large schoolhouse and meetinghouse, which was later built, we now found only three elders, and very discouraged they were. We stayed two days with them, most of the time holding elders' meetings and discussing informally the work on Savaii. Then on Saturday afternoon we visited among the people, inviting them to come to church on Sunday, and on Sunday morning we had an attendance at meeting of only three, besides our elders, being one woman and two children.

I felt very downhearted, remembering the many fine branches we once had had on Savaii. Now not a single branch was alive, and most of the members had fallen away. However, by the time we elders had been together for two days and had held some real uplifting elders' meetings that savored of the old-time spirit and had adopted a new policy for doing missionary work, we were all quite encouraged. We assigned the elders their work and I took Elder Woodland and started on foot around the north side of the island, preaching and teaching at every possible place. En route we came to the home of David Kenison who had been the main help in building up the branch and erecting the meetinghouse at Tuasivi, and we held two good meetings in his home.

During my absence, in 1905 to be exact, a volcano first made its appearance in the island of Savii, and it developed that this ranked among the largest of the world.



Spire of a Catholic church in Savaii, Samoa, which was buried by lava from a volcano 12 miles away.



Rumbling sounds and a succession of earthquakes were followed by deafening explosions much like the thunder of heavy artillery, as liquified rock, flames and sulphurous smoke shot hundreds of feet into the air. Volcanic ash and fragments of rock fell several miles to windward, destroying all vegetation, and where once a mighty forest had stood, dense with jungle undergrowth, there was nothing but huge, denuded trunks of trees, some of them two hundred feet high, which, whitened by the ravages of weather, stood like so many lonely ghosts keeping vigil over the lake of fire and brimstone, or over the molten stream of lava which wormed its burning way down the mountainside over the coastal villages it first buried. The lava mass, as it passed into the sea, mixing fire and water, caused a great boiling and explosion that sent a veritable cloud of steam rising high.

The sight of this Volcano of Savii was something I should have regretted to miss. At the time we saw it, the lava flow was about twelve miles long by four wide, on the average, and varied

in depth from ten to, perhaps, a hundred feet.

We spent an entire day walking over the cooling edges of the flow, passing over vents where the heat was so intense as to scorch our hands and faces. Indeed, we passed over the main stream of lava, which was crusted over but liquid beneath. The lava flow divided into three streams before reaching the sea. The surface of the cooling lava was very uneven, a tortuous mass which seemed to writhe into every conceivable shape, and had huge cracks and caverns, some of the latter a hundred feet long by fifty or sixty deep, where explosions had taken place in the lava bed. Occasionally we saw a concrete church spire rising to mark the spot where a village had perished, and its inhabitants had thus been dispossessed of their homes.

We ventured up the western side of the cone, filled with misgivings, picking our footing with extreme caution, and at the top we gazed into the inferno of fiery molten rock boiling in the crater below us. According to our best estimate the size of the crater at that time was fifteen hundred feet in length by nine hundred feet in width. The molten lava was leaving through an underground cavity to begin its flow to the sea. The volcano at that time was doing slight damage, but was unpredictable, having but a month earlier broken from its channel to bury another village, Saleaula.

The lava flow at the point on entering the ocean was about seven miles wide, in its three branchs, and had as it cooled, built an igneous

rock delta some distance out into the sea.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Gospel Tree

By the time this point in my second mission to Samoa had been reached, I had acquired much information, and had what I felt was a good insight into the causes which had so killed off our branches of the church.

There was, for instance, the fact that in 1899, Samoa had been divided between Germany and the United States. Germany received Upolu, Manono, Apolima and Savaii. The United States received Tutuila with its landlocked harbor, Pago Pago and Manuu, plus four other small islands.

Governor Solf had been advised by Germany that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints was not recognized in Germany, and also that English was forbidden to be taught in the schools. We could continue to teach in the schools provided we taught the German language. Also, whenever our church was objected to by any village or district, we could not preach. That had been a staggering blow to our work. Our method of getting the gospel before the people had been to convert a chief, and through him to establish a school, and by means of the school, to get the confidence and good will of the people.

I was informed that missionaries of other churches, especially the native missionaries, or "teachers" as they called themselves, were not slow to take advantage of this situation, and persuaded the chiefs to pass laws forbidding us to establish the Mormon Church. In some cases they even fined Samoan chiefs for permitting us to hold a meeting in their homes.

A further condition that affected the work of the church in a detrimental way was the determination of the elders to make the members gather to the two central places, as planned earlier. It was in this matter, I presume, that the elders did not fully understand the native customs, especially that of land inheritance. It seems that in some remote time, the lands of Samoa had been divided among the different clans or tribes, and according to their unwritten law, the land thus received was to remain with each clan forever, never to be sold or exchanged, so there was no business in real estate. Certain chief titles went with each tract of land, the head chief being governor of the land as well as of the clan.

When a chief, therefore, joined our church and moved from his village and his land, he lost the use of the land and also his political power as a chief, both in his village and in his district, a district being equivalent to our county.

Their reluctance to move, then, was understandable. When urged to do so by the missionaries, some chiefs flatly refused. In the branches where the members did refuse to move to "Zion," elders were nevertheless taken away and the branch was left without an organization, a flock without a shepherd. In many instances our members thus deprived of their elders were ridiculed and taunted by those who were members of other churches. Small wonder that the work should perish in these circumstances.

These were the situations that had gone on for years, with varying attempts to mend them. In face of these serious obstacles, there was reason enough to be discouraged, but we faced the existing circumstances with the thought that there is a way. We will find it with the Lord's help and plenty of hard work.

The Sunday following my return to headquarters was fast day. During the fast meeting one of the natives spoke on the gathering to Sauniatu, using the scriptures pertaining to the gathering of the Jews to apply to that of the Samoan Saints. He reiterated the idea which had long been preached that Sauniatu was to be a Zion to them.

When I spoke, following the native's testimony, I immediately felt the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. It came upon me with such power that had It spoken with an audible voice, it could not have been plainer to my consciousness. Therefore I spoke as God put

words into my mouth, and this was the message: "From that time on the Lord did not require anyone to gather to Sauniatu or to Mapusaga, unless he or she desired to go. All were freed of any responsibility to gather to those two places."

My words struck like an earthquake.

The following Sunday I was at Sauniatu. My message had preceded me, and all the Saints there were in expectation as to what I was going to tell them in the matter. I repeated my message as before, adding, "If there are any of you who wish to return to your home villages, do so, and we will give you an organization there. You can help establish the work in your villages again. We are not calling any of you to return to your land, but if any of you chiefs desire to go, it will be helpful in re-establishing the branches in your village or district. Your influence will be of value and you can also help to take care of the elders' physical needs for food and similar comforts. This does not mean that we are going to abandon the work in Sauniatu or Mapusaga. We shall continue to have our school here, and give the boys and girls an education. And any of you who want to stay may do so, and we shall all work together."

The spirit of prophecy came over me, and I prophesied that the time would come when the villagers from around about in Samoa would come and beg to live in our village; that there would be a shortage of food on this island, and people from other places would come to Sauniatu for food, for we would have plenty.

Before I left Samoa, that prophecy was fulfilled. Boat loads of people did come begging for food, and offering to join the church if we would let them come and live with us. It was food they sought, not the gospel.

After giving this message, I waited to see what the reaction would be. One after another came and told me how pleased each was with the new plan. As I had suspected, many of the older folk had felt that they were under restraint and were being forced to gather there against their wills, but had come in order to be obedient to authority. Good feeling was everywhere, and strange to say, once the restraint was removed, many found that they were not eager to return to their homes after all.

Thus the Lord showed me the way, and we immediately set about establishing branches wherever we could. A new impetus was given our missionary work by this change of policy. We were handicapped for sufficient elders who were capable of speaking the land

guage to direct the work in the re-established branches. But the call of native missionaries, as before mentioned, who were set apart to fill missions and stationed in strategic places, took care of the gap.

Thus the Gospel Tree soon began to be pruned, the dead wood cut away and the sap of the Holy Spirit began to flow upwards from the trunk to the branches and new twigs and leaves soon appeared.

So we worked hard, digging and loosening the soil around the

roots from which the spiritual growth was to come.

With the revival of the spiritual side of our work, we could give attention then to urgent temporal needs. We still had several buildings to erect, and two huge plantations to clear of dense tropical forest after which we would plant it to cocoanuts, and in this the manual labor was greater than the spiritual labor.

Before leaving Sauniatu we held a spirited elders' meeting, and there we saw more enthusiasm and hope for the prospects of the work ahead than we had seen at any time since I became president. Upon leaving the village, I made a trip to the western end of Upolu Island, accompanied by Tavita, a Samoan. My purpose was to look up many of my old friends, and one-time members of the church who had joined other denominations because they thought the Mormon Church had abandoned them. I went also to Manono Island, and in all found thirty-five such members whose faith I sought to rekindle with the very best effort of which I was capable.

A short time later, the trip was repeated as a follow-up. We preached, taught, distributed tracts and Books of Mormon. I felt that we had succeeded in drawing our former church members a

little closer to returning to the church.

At one place where we were invited to eat, tea was served. I declined to drink, but Tavita drank his, and I took occasion to chide him by saying, "Tavita, it is not good that you drink tea. It is a stimulant, and is forbidden by the Lord in His Word of Wisdom. So also is coffee, and for the same reason."

Tavita replied without hesitation, "If that is true, I am going to quit drinking them this day. I did not know they were forbidden."

His emphatic answer impressed me. What an example he could be to his more enlightened brothers all over the church. If we would all say, "I will do so," as soon as we learned of a command from God, and would do so, what a blessed condition it would bring about!

There was another incident which interested me. I sold a Book of Mormon to a high chief by the name of Lau, whose wife declared emphatically, "He is the worst man on Samoa. I don't care which church he joins if he can get one that will humble him. He has been a heathen all his life. When others go to church, he goes somewhere else. And he never prays."

I knew that every family in Samoa had family prayer every morning and night, so I said, "How about it, Lau, don't you ever pray — mornings and evenings, for instance?"

His wife answered in his stead, and it was her statement which so impressed me. "Yes, he prays with his lips, but his thoughts and heart are a long way from God while he is doing it."

Her genuine heart knew real religion from surface religion! Lau corroborated her comment as to his being lacking in religion, but said he was going to mend his ways. I talked with him for about two hours, teaching him the restored gospel and exhorting him to give heed. We worked with him faithfully, and he later was baptized and became very active in helping us to establish a branch in his district. When I left there he gave me his orator's cane and mosquito brush, both of which are used in making speeches, for Lau was the *tulafale*, or chief orator.

In comparing the gospel work in Samoa to a tree, I pointed out that a small seed brought forth the first sprout, which grew and grew gradually until it spread its branches over a wide territory, blossoming and yielding goodly fruit. Then, as though wanting life-giving water, many of its branches withered and died, but there was still life and vigor in the main roots and trunk. It had become our duty to nurse it back, not only to its former strength, but to a greater, stronger growth, so that its branches would stretch farther than ever before and flourish verdantly.

To that end we all labored, despite many obstacles that lay in our path. I went about my work with all the energy at my command, meeting with elders and saints in conferences, stimulating mission aries to greater effort, instructing, inspiring them to carry on God's work with a joyous heart, and voicing appreciation when due. We agreed on a goal. We would try to double the number of baptisms of the preceding year, and the next year to double this one.

I sent a request to the General Authorities for more missionaries who knew the language, which meant a second mission for some who had already been to Samoa. We were sent a number of such

men, and also a goodly number of new missionaries, to take the place of those who were released from time to time. The new missionaries worked on the plantation while they learned the language, leaving the old ones who did know it well to travel and preach the gospel.

In an elders' meeting at Mapusaga the elders were instructed in the matter of prayer and in their deportment with the opposite sex. They were exhorted against contending one with another, and against arguments with the natives. Their work was to preach the gospel with a pleasant and brotherly spirit and to keep too busy preaching and teaching the gospel to fall into sin. They were to banish impure thoughts and replace them with good ones.

At this meeting we decided to build a new elders' house as soon as possible at Mapusaga, and to move the new-useless building at Tuasivi, Savaii, to Mapusaga, Tutuila.

On October 3rd and 4th, 1908, we held our semi-annual conference at Mapusaga, where there was a wonderful outpouring of the spirit, and everyone seemed encouraged. I took occasion here further to advise the elders to try to understand the natives and their ways and customs, and see the good in them; to cultivate faith in gifts and blessings of the gospel; to give special attention to those who had recently been baptized, that they be encouraged in the work; and to work, work, work themselves to offset the great effort the adversary always made when opposing the birth of a great truth.

"We have a great truth and revelation to give to the natives. Remember that, for there will be days when you are discouraged, when it looks as though our efforts are useless. We may have some failures, but truth always wins in the end, and already there is evidence that our Gospel Tree is putting forth new leaves and twigs which will bear fruit in due time."

I then read a letter from President Joseph F. Smith and his counselors wherein they granted my request for aid in developing the two plantations. They were to send us five hundred dollars a month for this purpose, as they heartily approved our new mission policy. They placed upon us the obligation to win back into the church, those whose feelings had been wounded in consequence of their failure to join in the gathering move. To have their expression of full and hearty approval of all our new policies gave me much joy.

The letter read in part:

"Your idea we hold to be entirely correct and founded in wisdom, not to have all the Saints gather at the designated places, even if they were willing to break up their homes to have done so. And here we may add, by way of suggestion, that from now on church members in the different branches who have well-established homes and who are in fairly good circumstances, should be dissuaded from breaking up their homes, rather than encouraged or advised to do so, and that your additions to the colony should be those whose circumstances are likely to be improved by joining the movement."

This substantiated the truth of the inspiration I had in the matter when I released the Saints from the obligation to gather

at Sauniatu and Mapusaga.

A large crowd gathered on October 24th for the conference at Sauniatu. They came from all branches in Upolu, as well as from Manono and Savaii. The Saints at Sauniatu had made much preparation to care for the visitors, and the conference was a grand success. There were thirteen meetings, all told, and the following Monday we held field sports, then in the evening a splendid program in the native style. During the conference, three or four had applied for baptism, so we invited everyone to go down to a beautiful, sparkling stream where the ordinance was to be performed.

Rain began to fall, however, and I stood with an umbrella over my head as I talked to them on baptism. We then baptized three. Then came another and another until we had baptized thirteen. The next day we held another service and baptized six more. All the Saints and elders felt very much encouraged and happy over this.

We elders decided to begin at once to build an elders' home, a nice one, of lumber, and the church granted our request for funds.

Remembering too that "other sheep I have which are not of this fold," I took passage on the SS Atua on November 24th, bound

for Tonga.

The Tongan Mission was originally opened up July 14th of 1891, and abandoned April of 1897. It was again opened as a part of the Samoan Mission. President Thomas S. Court had sent H. J. McKay, and William O. Facer there in June of 1907, and later Marcus E. Wooley joined them. Such was the history of the mission which I was about to visit.

These islands were very low, with no rivers or creeks, and with only a few springs with brackish water. The people depended on

catching rain water for their fresh water supply. There was a population of about twenty thousand on the Tongan group, people of the Polynesian race, and governed by a king.

The elders found one chief who had been baptized into our church. They had baptized six more persons, done a lot of visiting with the natives, made many friends for us, and they were respected by all, both foreigners and natives.

This very good start had been made by those sent out under President Court, and during this visit we baptized nine more. Strange as it may seem, there had not been, up to this time, one female baptized.

I had a very pleasant stay there for three weeks. The elders were teaching a school and doing a very splendid work. Prospects for the growth of the church were very good. The Tongan people were splendid singers and loved music. Some could read it well. In December 15th, I was given a feast by the Saints and the prospective converts and then departed for Samoa, passing, en route, the international date line.

I arrived back to find that during my absence, Elder George E. Morris had died of what was then called inflammation of the brain. He had been in the mission only five months, and was an outstanding elder. I was deeply grieved and saddened at his passing.

On the 28th of December, we started the foundation for the elders' house at Sauniatu. I closed the year's labor on the east end of Upolu, looking up some of the neglected Saints at Matautu. On January 2nd, we baptized three persons at Pesega, and two days later married a native couple and baptized them into the church.

In January I called upon the Imperial Governor of Samoa, Dr. Solf, who lived in the house built by Robert Louis Stevenson. When I had introduced myself, he said laconically, "Our government doesn't like you people."

"I am aware of the fact, and much regret that such is the case," I replied. "Such conditions generally arise from misunder-standings."

As we talked, he told me that he was instructed by his government to give us no encouragement, and that we were positively forbidden to teach the English language to any of the natives. He accused us of robbing the natives of food for our own keep, but I gathered that his greatest objection was that money was, as he thought, taken out of the country by the missionaries. I asked

permission to make a comparison between our church, which he did not like, and the other churches, which he did like. I pointed out that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was helping the natives financially as well as spiritually; that \$300 each month came into German Samoa for development purposes, and \$200 additional was spent monthly for other expenses; that we had built three miles of road over very rough ground, overcoming a heavy grade; that we had the most prosperous and happy village in Samoa; that our missionaries not only gave of their time and talents without remuneration, for the benefit of the native people, but paid their expenses with money brought into the islands from America; that we received only a part of our food, which was given to us in the course of our labors as we visited the natives; and finally, that we took no money out of the islands, even our fares home being sent to us by the church.

"You, Governor," I said to him in conclusion, "must surely know that the missionaries of other churches are paid a good salary and collect much money which is sent out of the islands annually."

He then admitted, that, personally, he had no prejudice against our church and was glad to have had my explanation. I think his heart softened a little toward our work.

As I looked back over our records for the year of 1908, I noted that we had baptized seventy souls, which was a good gain, averaging more than one a week since my arrival, but I felt that this was only a beginning.

CHAPTER XIX

A New Year Starts

Early in the year of 1909, I made a trip on horseback to the west end of Upolu, especially to Lalovi, where I again labored to renew interest of former members. I thought the leaven left there on our former trip was doing its work. The natives, however, had been chagrined and rather lost face in the eyes of other natives because of their abandonment by the Mormon Church when "gathering" was stressed. To turn back now to the church would be very hard, even if they wished to.

During this trip, I also borrowed a boat of David Kenison, who was still of great help to the church, and taking a native boy with me, I went to the Island of Savaii, where we visited the entire island, the largest of the Samoan group, seeking out old friends of the church and encouraging them. We taught and worked up some enthusiasm, encouraging them to send their boys and girls to our schools for free education, whether members or not. I feel that we allayed some prejudice on this trip, as we were well received and were feasted most everywhere we went. We got many promises to attend the April Conference at Sauniatu, Upolu, and this had been one of the purposes of our trip, since we knew that all those in attendance could not fail to partake in some measure of the spirit that prevailed there.

The trip consumed twenty-six days, and during that time I renewed many old and warm acquaintances. I visited with George Burgess at Falelima, with James Burgess at Neafu, with Afualau, the

high chief of Fogatuli, and what a joy it was to meet this old friend!

I talked with many more old friends and made new ones. Before returning to Upolu, I bargained with Brother David Kenison to tear down the large Tuasivi meetinghouse of concrete and salvage all that could be shipped. It was to go by the steamer *Dawn* to Tutuila, and thence to Mapusaga, where a new building was to be made of it.

On Sunday evening we held a farewell meeting in the building, at which time we had two applications for baptism, but these were deferred for certain reasons.

I returned to Upolu by open native boat, and after my arrival we set about building the elders' house at Sauniatu in earnest, contracting with Alfred Kenison to take charge of the work.

Much credit is due Elders Lisonbee and Woodland for the faithful and diligent way in which they worked on the building. All the native Saints, too, contributed their share of work. The Relief Society helped greatly in its own way. We spent a month on this project, and at the end of that time were much gratified with the results, a five-room home with a hallway, store room, closets.

It was in readiness for the April conference for which we were making such great plans.

Soon after this, while taking a group of native boys and girls to Tutuila to our school, I had forty-five dollars stolen from me while I slept. I could ill afford the loss of the money, but neither could they, as the money was theirs for fares and expenses. I made it up by borrowing, and said nothing of it to them.

I had now been in the mission for a few days more than a year. Most of the elders who spoke the language well had been released, and we had but few who could speak it fluently.

Just prior to my coming, there had been a period of about two years when only one missionary was sent to Samoa, hence we began to feel the effect of it when we were without the dozen or more elders who might have been learning the language before the senior elders left for home. Another outgrowth of the gathering policy when fewer elders were needed in the islands!

On the 24th, 25th and 26th of April, we held conference at Mapusaga, and there were so many good things said and done that I felt as if everybody who attended went away with his cup of inspiration filled. There were more enthusiasm, love and encour-

agement among the elders than I had seen since I came. Their reports showed an increase of effort over the previous year in every direction, and results were in proportion to our effort.

Our Mapusaga school, in common with those of other denominations, was invited to take part at the program to dedicate the soldiers' barracks at Pago Pago on April 27th.

Our school appeared in white uniforms, and our exhibition before the large congregation on the public plaza of the barracks eclipsed all the others, a fact very generally acknowledged. The school was singled out and invited to sing for the officers and their wives aboard the man-of-war the following morning, and that same evening, by invitation, we sang for a select group of officials and foreigners on the land. This distinction created some jealousy on the part of other schools. To add to our laurels, our school defeated the Pago Pago Government School in a game of cricket. We heard favorable comment on all sides. The performance of our school in those few days of celebration so heightened our reputation among the natives, as well as in the minds of the United States Government officials, that there was a move on foot to ask our church to take over the government school entirely.

Captain Gice was the leading spirit of the move, and carried it so far that I wrote the First Presidency asking whether accredited teachers could be furnished, to be paid by the United States Government.

The movement died away, however, with the sudden death of Captain Gice.

Much praise was due Elders Hogan and Tangren, for their work in this prize winning school. The affair gave our work an impetus far beyond anything we had expected, and from that time on, at least to the time I departed for home, we were shown every courtesy possible by the United States officials. They let us ride on their ships when necessary, and helped us in every other way they reasonably could. Soon many of the sailors on the ships were inquiring about our teachings.

We Mormons were less popular, however, with the German government on Savaii. It confiscated the land belonging to one Lauati, a very high chief and orator, on which property we had built a fine large schoolhouse under a leasehold. We were given a limited time to remove any property we had on the ground, and I finally settled with the German government to reimburse us

for our leasehold to the extent of five hundred sixty marks. At the same time Governor Solf agreed to publish an article in the Savale, the government's official paper, informing the public that the German Samoan government had no intention of doing our mission injury when they confiscated the land, and that there was no hostility on their part toward the work we were doing. He further stated that he had not, and did not intend to do our work injury. He also gave us permission to teach English to the children of George and James Burgess in their own homes. I also had the privilege of telling Governor Solf a little in regard to our faith and doctrine. Thus we had made some progress at least toward removing the earlier hostility of the Germans toward the Mormon Church.

Under the capable management of David Kenison, meanwhile, the building at Tuasivi was being torn down, all except the concrete walls. The lumber, windows, doors were carried down to the beach by natives and there was about 24,000 feet of it. It had to be floated along the coast in the sea for some seven miles, to a point where we could load it on to the steamer *Dawn*. It was then taken to the Pago Pago harbor and unloaded. Here we elders and the natives formed it into five large rafts tied together with ropes, the job being done while it floated about in the bay. The Samoans are skillful swimmers and divers, and they dived under the rafts with the ropes to accomplish the tying.

The United States Navy loaned us steam launches, manned, and towed us down the coast about six miles farther, where they had to leave us drifting, because it was unsafe for launches to enter the passage in the reef. The raft I was riding on began to come to pieces, but the natives dived under it and soon had it

tied again.

We had a mighty interesting day of it! Sometimes it was laughable and at others too serious for fun, and again there was danger of losing all our lumber. Our rafts were at the mercy of the waves until natives came out in small boats, and with them towed us through the break of the reef and to a landing place.

By nightfall, we had our lumber landed and piled.

The hardest part of our task was accomplished, but it was still necessary for all the lumber, sand, cement and nails to be carried a distance of three miles inland on the shoulders of the natives, over a crooked, winding trail and through the dense forest. This was a stupendous task. We had an almost endless chain of

disappointments, first and last, in the moving of this building material, mainly the trouble of ships failing to take it when promised, but finally the job was done.

The work on Tutuila was now growing, a splendid spirit of love and good feeling seeming to pervade the lives both of the elders and the members. Our school, with David L. Hogan as principal, was making splendid progress and in membership increased rapidly. Those were busy days for all of us. I was constantly on the go, meeting with the elders, visiting among the Saints and settling their family problems at their requests, looking after the business affairs of the mission, and at every opportunity, accompanying one or other of the elders to teach and preach the gospel. They were instructed so to live that wherever they went, they would radiate a good, wholesome influence, until people would like to be in their presence.

I returned to headquarters at Pesega, I might say reluctantly, for it had been my desire to remain at Mapusaga and help build the schoolhouse. Before leaving, however, I measured the land we had cleared at Mapusaga and found it to be 238 acres!

In Tonga once more, I found six elders working in a very fine spirit and with diligence. July 9th we held a splendid elders' meeting, at which, among other things, we decided the matter of holding of a conference there which would be the first ever to be held at Tonga by our church.

The people of Haalaufuli honored us elders with a feast, and just before we sat down to eat, we all went down the cliff to the sea, and in a suitable place inside the coral reef, the tide being out, we held a baptismal service, baptizing twelve persons. The elders had first opened a school in April, and up to this time, July 16th, 1909, had made thirty-two converts, including most of the chiefs of the village. I remained with them over Sunday, when I spoke to them in the Samoan language, my words being interpreted to them by a native named Enoke.

We held our celebration on July 24th, as planned, with the members, the school children and many friends in attendance. About midday they ceased their sports and we held a baptismal service, baptizing ten more souls, one who was of the royal family. The same evening the school gave a concert. The Governor of the Vavau group of islands had given us permission to use a large hall free of charge, both for our conference and for the concert.

General good feeling followed these events and prospects for a sound branch or branches of the church were good.

Leaving Vavau, I went to Haa'pai, another island of the Tongan group, about sixty miles away. I spent eleven days there and found the people far more interested in getting a school than in the religion, so I concluded that the time was not yet ripe for a branch to be opened there.

While at Haa'pai, I unwittingly placed myself in a most laughable position which caused the natives great merriment. I went to a church and was recognized as a missionary and ushered to a seat on the rostrum. When the minister stood up to pray, the entire congregation kneeled down, so I kneeled also, with my back to the pulpit. During the prayer someone would occasionally call out "Amen!" and so as soon as the prayer was finished, the minister, with scarcely a breath between prayer and sermon, plunged right into his talk. Not knowing the language of the Tongans very well, I had failed to note the prayer's ending and the sermon's beginning.

On and on, I remained kneeling, wondering to myself whether the prayer would ever end. Finally I opened my eyes and glanced furtively about and to my astonishment, saw that everyone else was in his seat listening to the preacher.

The church had a cement floor and as the natives were barefoot, they had made no sound as they arose from their knees to resume their seats. I alone had remained at prayer all that time.

The minister was a native, and for all his great sincerity, I could not withhold a smile at his manner of dress. He was a tall man and walked with great dignity, his Bible tucked under his arm, but he wore a high silk hat, a long Price Albert tailed-coat, no trousers, no shirt, no shoes, and only a white loin cloth beneath the dress coat.

Upon my return trip to Haalaufuli, the natives gave us another feast, which was held in the mouth of a cave near the sea because of rain. We also held a baptismal service, at which I did my best at preaching to the natives in their Tongan language. Four persons were baptized. The Tongan Mormon elders have gained a splendid reputation, both with foreigners and the natives because of their godly lives and their devotion to their religion. A leading trader of Neiafu sent for me, and wanted to know what there was about our religion that impelled young men to leave their



Baptismal service in Vavau Tonga, 1908



homes and come so far to teach a free school, and preach their gospel at their own expense. He said he had watched them, and our elders were the only men of all who had come among them who lived pure moral lives, and he had never heard a thing against them.

"It is our faith," I answered him, "and God-given testimony that we have the truth." I told him something of our religion and

the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and the plan of salvation.

This matter of chastity with the opposite sex as it pertained to conditions in Samoa was something of a problem in that Samoan marital ties lay lightly on their consciences and were easily abandoned.

A father could, at his own will, request his son to return his wife to her family, which constituted a divorce. Fathers had much

authority, even over their married children.

Or a girl could go home to her people for a visit, and if she decided, or her people decided, that she was not to return to the home of her husband in the other village, then she was divorced.

Since, therefore, the termination of marriages was so often of uncertain date, either party might have taken up with another mate in the meantime. It followed that there was often found among these people what we should consider unchastity. As religious leaders we were often asked to aid in persuading a wife or a husband to return to her or his mate. We also made an effort to improve the consciences of the natives according to Christian standards of faithfulness in marriage, and succeeded only to an extent, since we had an age-old custom to combat.

Local customs of hospitality were not conducive to strict chastity, as readers of Samoan literature will understand. Samoan mothers, however, soon learned and instructed their daughters that Mormon elders were to be left alone. Our missionaries have always had strict instructions concerning women. Over the years they have shown splendid dedication to their labors, and have kept themselves morally pure, and this has been the reason for our fine reputations

there, as expressed by the trader who was not of our faith.

On August 25th, I left Vavau for Samoa and went at once to Sauniatu where we held our monthly elders' meeting. Since these meetings varied slightly it is not necessary to go into detail concerning each one, but enough to say that always they were sources of great inspiration, and we left them filled with new vigor and enthusiasm.

Not long after this, during an unusually long dry spell when the fresh-water tanks were dry, and even many of the streams ceased to run, a native named Vai came to the mission house and asked whether we would like to make a trip with her family to Lake Lanato'o, high on the mountain.

We accepted gladly and a party of ten made the climb of ten miles over steep and rugged mountain trails. From the summit, before one descends to the crater lake, he can look backward and see the dark blue sea far below, appearing to rise high at the distant horizon instead of the slope away following the curvature of the earth, as one might suppose; he can follow with his eyes the snowy foam of surf as it tumbles everlastingly over the reef, a lacy frill on the hem of the mountain's green cloak that stretches to it; and he can see the high knoll behind Apia which is Vaiea, the last resting place of Robert Louis Stevenson. Then turning his eyes forward, he descends by a trail cut through trees and shrubs of infinite variety and rare beauty to the mirror-like lake, about a hundred and fifty feet below. It is cradled in an almost-perfectly round bowl of a crater, and contains many gold-colored fish that leap and play in the sparkling sunshine.

Of course we missionaries had to see whether or not we could swim across the lake, a distance of some quarter of a mile, and some of us succeeded.

Constantly I continued to make the trips which allowed me to seek out old members who had left the church, or I preached to new groups. We made it a practice to bring in as many children as possible to our schools, whenever we made these trips to outlying districts. Children on Savaii, which was German Samoa, were brought to our Mapusaga School where they could be taught English instead of German, but always with complete consent of their parents.

On one trip, we took magic lanterns and slides, covering the subjects of The Twelve Apostles, Baptism by Immersion, The Story of the Prodigal Son, and such pictorial travelogues as scenes about Jerusalem and scenes of our own church.

By means of these pictures we were enabled to gain a hearing in villages where otherwise we should have been refused.

One of the main objects of this particular trip was to encourage attendance at our October Conference at Sauniatu. En route we met the four Savaii elders with a group of Saints from that island

who already were making their way toward Sauniatu for conference. They were several days ahead of time, but this was because they wished to make certain of arriving in time. I directed Conference President Leo L. Gardner to take the Saints on to Sauniatu, Elder John Bennett to stay at Pesega, and Elders James T. Blake and Don McBride to accompany us and gather up all the Saints and ex-Saints they could from Manono and Lalovi.

Elder Blake was the brother of my wife, Sarah, and I had been most happy to have him in Samoa with me. He was a splendid

man, as were all of Sarah's brothers.

The conference lasted four days. The Sauniatu Saints had made preparation for feeding the entire crowd, which was no small undertaking. But Samoans are always generous and gracious hosts, as this matter of sharing with others has its basis not only in a

Christian brotherly love, but in age-old island custom.

This conference, I felt, was one of the most successful and spiritual of any we had ever held. With great joy I had beheld the arrival of some former Saints from Lalovi. These people with whom I had labored for a long time on my first mission, had always held a warm place in my heart, and I was eager to have them back in the folds of the church. After conference, I sent Elders Opapo and Sapinga to Lalovi to promote the re-establishment of a branch there. They returned with the report that the people had decided to come back into the church. How we rejoiced at the news, feeling that indeed the gospel tree was being revived and brought back to new growth despite the many obstacles that had long confronted us.

At our conference on Tutuila Island soon afterward, we were gratified to find our new schoolhouse finished, together with five new residences built to house increase in the school, which had doubled in attendance during the past six months. A new elders' house had yet to be built there. Within five months of the day we landed our lumber on the beach at Nuuuli, the schoolhouse

had been built, paid for and dedicated.

The one incident that cast a shadow over this particular conference was the death of Elder Viali, one of the first Saints on Samoa, and a man much loved. His death had been occasioned by the eating of poison fish. His last words were, "I thank God that I died in the faith."

He had clung to his faith when the branch at Alao completely withered and died.

At an elders' meeting held November 10th, 1909, John Q. Adams was set apart to preside over the Tutuila Conference, and David L. Hogan was set apart as secretary of the conference. The work on Tutuila was very promising at this time. We found favorable comments on every side.

"The tree is known by its fruits."

Our gospel tree was yielding good fruit.

We elders took up a subscription among us to pay for books to be presented to the library on the gunboat Annapolis. We gave them the Book of Mormon, Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, The Articles of Faith by Talmage, all leather bound, with "Annapolis Library" stamped in gold on the covers. Later the sailors complained that they could not get a chance at reading the books until the officers finished reading them. The sailors caught the spirit of our enthusiasm and made opportunity to talk with us.

And all during these months which turned into years on Samoa, there was the never-ending need of letters from home. I had found them greatly comforting, and something to which I looked forward avidly on my first mission, but now with Sarah and the children separated from me, the need for word of them was increased many fold.

Sarah was alone with the six children which then comprised our family, and with scant means of support, since my sawmill investment which was only partially completed, had used up our available cash.

She taught classes at the L.D.S. Academy in Thatcher and was matron there, as well.

In a letter to me in the autumn of 1909, she wrote to me, "I have much trouble getting the children cared for while I am away from home teaching each day. Perhaps I should give it up, but I hardly know what we would do for a living, as altogether the condition is a perplexing one. But I'm making it a matter of prayer, and trust that the Lord will shape our future in the best way for all concerned, and that He will open up our way . . . Dr. William Platt would not take a cent for doctoring the children, and said that he was glad to help us out in any way he could . . . Susie Claridge sent us a bundle containing stockings for the children, a waist for Hazel and one for me, and hair ribbon for the girls . . . Hazel's good hard work and enthusiasm have been very gratifying to me. Ruth has been more trustworthy and faithful than ever



The family which I left in the care of my wife, Sarah, during my second mission to Samoa. Left to right: Hazel, Ruth, Delia, Flora, Mabel, and Rupert seated on the floor.



before, this summer, and is developing many commendable traits of character. Delia, with all the other little girls, is trying to be a brave little missionary at home, for I tell them that they are all filling missions, though not just like papa's. Flora is so nice and faithful with the little ones when I am gone, and is filling her little mission well. Little Mabel and Rupert are devoted to each other. I have never seen so much genuine affection between children before . . . You spoke of having faults. I think you have a hundred virtues to every fault, and I love you very much for your great and noble manhood, and I will indeed be happy when I am permitted to have your companionship again. I am trying with all my heart to make a home that you can find happiness and contentment in, home that you will be proud of, and I was indeed happy yesterday when a lady remarked to me that she had heard our home spoken of as almost ideal. Of course it does not deserve that, but I do want to make it a place of peace, love and consideration, a place where hearts can rest as well as bodies . . ."

Under date of October 15, 1909, Bishop Frank Tyler of Thatcher wrote to me.

"The mill (our sawmill) has hardly been able to pay expenses, instead of paying a dividend. You said you thought your wife must be a pretty good rustler, and you may be sure that I think so, too I think she is just as fine a woman as any man could wish to have. Every time I have gone to see her, she is always cheerful and happy and says she has plenty. You did not know that you had such a good wife until she was put to a test. I think there are very few better women in the world."

Under date of November 10th, Sarah wrote, saying, "The Lord has, indeed, been very kind to us. Several times since you left we have about run ashore for means, but each time our way has been opened up, and my faith is strong that in the future the Lord will continue to watch over us."

In regard to her work in the academy while substituting for Josephine Kimball, she wrote, "I have what I value more than the honor there is in the name, and that is the respect of all the students in the academy, and the love of those who are directly under me... The people have been very kind to us. Brother Martin Mortensen gave us a load of hay . . . Brother Lee gave us two nice chunks of beef. Brother Freestone came again today and gave us a nice lot of cabbage . . . Sister Blaine was talking to me for a little while

last week and said she had never had a bishop that she loved like she did Bishop Moody, then she added, 'We will never get another that will equal him.' And many others speak the same way."

A letter from my daughter Hazel, which is in this collection of mine, was written to me when she was fourteen.

The mother it had never been her privilege to know rested in this little island cemetery where I again toiled. Whether Hazel dreamed what she wrote me, or whether it came from some other source, I have no way of knowing.

"One night soon after you left on your mission, I was feeling very lonely as I lay on my bed thinking of you and my mother, and I cried softly to myself. All at once, it seemed as if my mother stood by my side. She bent over me, and the moon shone full upon her. It seemed so real and natural, for there she stood as plain as day. She wore a loose robe of white, and her long wavy hair fell to her waist. Her face wore such a heavenly expression that I looked on her with wonder and love and not at all with fear. In her hand she held a veil, so fine and soft that I could hardly feel it as she gently laid it over my eyes. Then all was dark, and I could not see her. But it was enough to know that there was only a veil between us, and that she was always near to aid and comfort me. You may think this is nothing, but it has been such a comfort and help to me, and I know that I am not alone . . ."



Sarah Blake Moody Hers was the most difficult mission.

"At Sauniatu we have felled the timber on about five hundred acres, with about two hundred fifty acres which are too high and steep to be handled with profit, besides being rather too high for cocoanut trees to bear well. We have planted about three thousand young cocoanut trees, and have eight thousand trees in our nursery which we hope to plant by next April. At Mapusaga we have about two hundred acres planted to cocoanut trees, and one hundred sixty more acres to be cleared and planted.

"It will be well to remember that the land is not ready for planting as soon as the timber has been felled, but the whole field presents a spectacle not unlike an enormous woodpile, which indeed it is. The felled timber covers the ground to a depth of from four to six feet. It is too wet and green to burn and because of the great amount of rain, it never gets dry enough to permit it to be burned. This makes quite a problem. In the course of a few months after it has first been felled, a new growth of young timber and vines pushes up through the fallen timber and completely buries it with such a tangle that it would take a person a whole day to make his way across the field. Industrious nature in its work of decomposition now comes to our aid, and in from twelve to twenty months we can, without difficulty, cut rows across the plantation, crossing at right angles. The young cocoanut trees are planted along these rows, ignoring the fallen timber between the rows. The whole plantation must, thereafter, have the young growth cut back at intervals of from three to five months, with special care to clean out around the young trees for a few feet, and also to cut and level down the rotted timber as fast as it is sufficiently decomposed.

The cocoanut trees are very hardy, and soon take precedence over all other trees or vegetation, except that in some cases vines run up the trunk and choke the vitality of a tree. After seven years of growth a young cocoanut tree will have grown above the reach of cattle, and then the latter can be turned into the plantation to eat out the grass which has strangled less hardy plants, so that the ripened cocoanuts can be found when they drop from the trees. We thus get the profit from the cattle as well as from the copra.

STATISTICAL

Total baptized member January 1, 1909.	1177
Total children under eight years January 1	245
Total souls January 1, 1909	1422
Total baptized members January 1, 1910.	1325
Total children under eight years January 1, 1910	285
Total souls in mission January 1, 1910	1610
Increase by baptisms during year 1909.	153
Increase by children blessed year 1909.	35
Total increase for year 1909.	188
The above shows a new convert for every 2.4 days "	

We elders turned our hand to the job of translating hymns into the Samoan language, for the purpose of getting out a hymn book set to music. I translated several, and other elders translated some also. I revised them and had them passed on by a committee of elders and natives, copied them, sent them to Salt Lake City for publication, but somehow they were lost so we never had the use of them.

The faith of the natives was strong in most cases. They were often healed from illnesses because of this. I recount one instance when Elder Don C. McBride and I administered to Li'u, the wife of George Burgess. She was very ill with fever, headache, and what the natives called *mumu*. She was immediately healed and applied for baptism, which we delayed because her husband was not at home at the time, and also to see whether her faith would persist after the first thrill of being healed was over.

On February 19th and 20th of 1910 we held a conference at Falelima, the first on Savaii for several years. The conference was not well attended because of the fact that all of the people who could go were preparing to attend the celebration in Apia of the tenth anniversary of the hoisting of the German flag on German Samoa. We had a good conference, however, and a splendid spirit prevailed. Elder Bird, who could speak German, was appointed to teach it in the school there.

Returning to Pesega, I found Elder Robert M. Forest very ill. He had been afflicted with elephantiasis for a long time. I decided to release him to return home, lest the disease get a strong hold on him. He was a faithful elder and a hard worker.

At about this time, I borrowed \$400 for the pressing needs of the mission. I asked F. A. Anton, a businessman, for it, and he handed it to me without a question, and would take no interest on it. To know that such business houses had confidence in our elders was most reassuring.

On March 21st we lent some of our church books to the public library at Apia.

We also made a trip with a group of school children around the Island of Savaii, to publicize the work of our schools. We had a splendid program prepared and the natives were natural actors and singers. Everywhere we were well received. We took with us a few of our best native speakers, whose duty, besides speaking, was to organize and manage our trip so that we would not violate any of the native customs, and so incur their bad will. We were gone a month. Many interesting incidents occurred during that time, which space does not permit me to tell here, but we made a splendid impression on the people of Savaii.

There was, however, a little unpleasant trouble with the German governor. A chief at Lalomalava received a letter from him forbidding him to establish the Mormon Church there, as complaints against it had been made by certain other chiefs.

Upon receipt of this letter, we elders fasted and prayed for divine aid in obtaining more favorable consideration from the German government toward our missionary work. The following day, Elder Alfred Jensen and I called on the governor, who received us unpleasantly at first, but later became more pleasant and listened to us.

I explained that his letter, though perhaps not intending to do so, had aimed a deadly blow at our work. If every time other churches, fearing our competition, incited someone to complain to him about us, and then were given a letter demanding that we cease all work, it meant practically an end to our work in German Samoa. I then asked him what the rights of church organizations were under German Samoan government, and he explained that we were wholly at his mercy, and that he could, at will, stop our work or permit it to continue.

He further explained that we were not recognized as a church in Germany, were not liked by the German government, and that here in Samoa we were ridiculed and not liked, and that if any trouble came up between our church and others, he would be compelled to decide against us, and in favor of the Catholic or Protestant Churches, which were recognized by the German government. However, he personally held nothing against us and was disposed to let us continue as long as there was no disturbance.

As we continued our conversation with him, it was obvious that he grew less antagonistic, and concluded by telling us that we should have all the rights and privileges the recognized churches had, so long as we continued peacefully, but that if it came to a matter of law, he could do nothing for us.

He then dictated a letter to the chiefs in Lalomalava, in the Iva District, telling them not to interfere with our work, and to let us continue to hold our meetings as before in any house we wished, and that his letter before was only intended to forbid

our building of a meetinghouse contrary to the wishes of the chiefs. He also promised to make a speech in that village in our behalf, not for the purpose of urging them to join our church, but just to give us religious liberty.

We departed from that meeting with a feeling that our prayers had been answered.

In order to help the Tongan branches out in the way of Relief Societies, I called Malia, a native, and her daughter Lillie, to take a mission to Tonga. Malia was well acquainted with Relief Society work, and Lillie was the girl who had been so miraculously healed years before, when from a tangled mass of bones, she was made to walk.

Accompanied by these two women, I went to Tonga, and we organized the first Relief Society ever to exist there. It was at Faalaufuli, and the date was May 29th, 1910. At the conference of this date, we had a very fine spirit, and baptized three. I spent much time with the elders, most of whom were too new in this conference to have the language, giving them counsel and instruction.

On my return to Samoa, we held a business meeting covering the needs of our plantations, nurseries and our planting project, as well as the matter of land for a wharf at Apia, and the work to be done on the road to Sauniatu.

I knew that I was to return home soon. I began arranging my affairs of the mission so that they could be turned over to my successor. The records of the mission, and the mission branches, required about a month to check, but I found them in a commendable condition.

Before I departed, there was one sacred spot I must visit — our little cemetery. With two other elders, I went to the place and we cleaned off the weeds and grass, leaving everything as perfect as possible. The ornamental trees and shrubs were kept green by the tropical rainfall, and some of the plants were always in bloom. Thus, with the simple pilgrimage, I had done perhaps the last kind act I should ever be permitted to do with my own hands for the beloved wife of my youth, and the other dear ones whose mortal remains made the spot sacred.

After this, I took a company of school children to Tutuila to place in the school there, and visited the school at Mapusaga, giving them a farewell talk, with the object of encouraging them to future efforts. Then on July 20th, at my final elders' meeting

of the Tutuila conference, I gave counsel as I felt the Lord directed, cautioning them not to allow jealousies to arise in their hearts, never to speak evil of anyone, to live above reproach, to know and feel the necessity of letting everyone hear the gospel, to put their hearts into their work and act with method, having a definite purpose in mind each time they went out teaching. They were counseled to be prompt, systematic, and to persist at one thing until it had their stamp of approval, laboring diligently if they would succeed, and also to get out of debt and stay out of debt, and help others to do likewise.

"Take stock of yourselves, and note what manner of thoughts you think. If every thought you think for a week were printed in a book, what sort of reading would it make? Would you be ashamed for those most dear to you to read the book?"

Conference President John Quincy Adams made a fine talk. "A pull is as easy as a push. It takes no more energy to give a person a lift than it does to give him a push downward."

Quoting only brief excerpts, he said further, "There are two sides to every question. Some people only see the back of a photograph, and never turn it around to see the picture on the other side . . . Some people go through life with a chip on their shoulders."

All the elders spoke well. In closing I told them that they were all equally dear to me, and that I loved them all. It was true, and I had aimed to act toward them wholly without prejudice and to the advantage of every elder as best I saw it.

On July 21st, the Mapusaga elders and members gave David L. Hogan and me a farewell party. Elder Hogan was to be transferred to the Upolu conference. One hundred and ninety-four persons were served at the feast. There was a cricket game in the afternoon and a program in the evening.

After returning to Pago Pago, Elder Adams and I took up the matter of taxes with the United States Government. A tax of nine dollars and forty-six cents had been placed on the head of every male ten years old and older. It was about to ruin our school, for our boys could not pay anything very easily. Men earned only thirty-five to seventy-five cents a day for their labor. We were advised to put the matter in writing for their consideration and to suggest any alternate plan we thought feasible.

July 27th, 1910, Elder Hogan and I left Tutuila on the gunboat Annapolis, for Apia, Upolu. My last view of the Pago Pago

harbor was very impressive. There were several hundred people gathered on the government wharf, the Navy band played "Home

Sweet Home," and the natives sang a Samoan farewell song.

Amid waving of handkerchiefs and good-byes, we steamed away. On our arrival at mission headquarters we met all the elders from Savaii, whom I had requested to meet with the elders of Upolu for a joint elders' meeting and farewell party, which was scheduled to be held at Sauniatu. At this elders' meeting, I read a letter from the first Presidency, which I shall quote in part.

Salt Lake City, Utah May 6th, 1910

Dear Brother:

"We are in receipt of yours of March 6th reminding us that it will be necessary for you to return home by September of the present year to enable you to comply with the law in making final proof in your desert land entry of two hundred acres; and that no time be lost in reaching an understanding in regard to this matter, we improve this opportunity of releasing you, your release to take effect at whatever date you yourself may deem proper to enable you to return in ample time to secure the title to the land entered by you.

"As we have not yet selected your successor, and may not be able to do so in time to accommodate the necessities of your case, we have concluded to authorize you to turn over the books and papers and business of the mission to whomsoever of your associate brethren you may deem most capable of administering its temporal and spiritual affairs, in the understanding that he is to act as president until your successor shall be appointed and come to his relief."

(There followed instructions as to what points were to be considered in choosing the temporary president.)

"And we may add for your own gratification that in thus releasing you, we have pleasure in assuring you that your labors as a missionary and presiding officer have met with our hearty approval and entire satisfaction, and we sincerely hope and pray that you, with your family, may be highly blessed of the Lord in all your labors, undertakings, and duties, both of a personal, as well as of a public nature after returning to your home and friends in Zion. And to this end we ask the blessings of the Lord upon you and yours, and remain, with kind love,

(Signed) Joseph F. Smith
Anthon H. Lund
John Henry Smith
First Presidency"

I selected Elder Don C. McBride to be president of the mission, James T. Blake, Sarah's brother, to be president of the Savaii con-

ference, David L. Hogan to be secretary of the mission, E. P. Christensen for a special mission to open up the work in the Safuni district, and Emer Tangren to be president of the Upolu conference.

Elder Alfred Jensen was released to return home with me about August 25th.

These elders were sustained in their various positions by the group assembled. I then formally turned over the mission to President McBride. I deemed it wisdom to do this some weeks ahead of time so that he could get some experience while I was still there to help him.

I continued, however, to do missionary work until I left for home. Elder Edwin Moody and I went to Lalovi, where dwelt the group of Saints I had long hoped to get back into the church. They had left some years before, because of certain circumstances, and had been ex-communicated. Upon this visit, I was filled with joy to have many express humble desires to get back into the church, and the day before I left Samoa, thirteen of them were baptized by Elders McBride and Moody.

A farewell party for Elder Jensen and me in Sauniatu was held in the meetinghouse where a table sixty feet long was loaded with every delicacy they could obtain. At night one of the best programs I ever attended was given, at which I was asked to sing a song, all in the spirit of a joke, since they knew I could not carry a tune. They thought I would refuse to do it, but I sang, with the help of two other elders who finally recognized what tune I was attempting to carry.

The Relief Society brought presents and the school children brought presents, and all was joy until the final time for parting, when tears streamed down our cheeks.

Such wonderful letters came to me at this time of departure.

Frieda wrote, "My heart is melted with grief when I think I shall never see Muti any more but in heaven."

Elesala said, "Your life to me has been and is now clean as a white sheet of paper."

John Q. Adams, "May God bless you as He has done in the past and my opinion of you may be repeated in the words of one of the elders who so expressed it the other day — 'He was and is my ideal.' (O Muti lea.) As I have it recorded in my journal — 'Brother Moody like a brilliant meteor has flashed across my firma-

ment, but unlike the real meteor, his trail has left an indelible mark which will or should have its effect in lighting my footsteps in the darkness that will inevitably come to me at times."

At the time of my landing in Samoa to take charge of the mission there were six branches in the entire mission, three on Upolu and three on Tutuila, none on Savaii. Two elders had been sent to Tonga to learn the language there, preparatory to preaching the gospel. Obstacles were many, and progress was naturally slow, because we had to arrest the downward trend and change the momentum to the opposite direction, to put new life into the gospel tree that was withering away and start the sap flowing upward in it again. With constant labor and God's help, we did this.

Labors were again started on Savaii Island, and four new branches were established there. On Tonga we had, at the time of my leaving, ten elders and two Samoan sisters laboring in three well-established branches. Upolu had four new branches and Tutuila one new one. The Island of Manono had one new branch, making in all, thirteen new branches with thirteen new schools added to the original six.

As to baptisms, in 1908, seventy souls. In 1909, one hundred fifty three souls, and up to August 25th of 1910, one hundred fifty one souls, making a total of three hundred and seventy four for the two years and four months of my stay, or an average of one for each 2.2 days. Further summary had been given above in the report to the General Authorities, especially as pertained to the temporal matters of the mission, such as the plantation and the buildings.

My work on this mission was now finished. Whatever had been accomplished, much or little, was due to the splendid teamwork of the elders, who worked with a spirit of cheerfulness and good will, and manifested zeal coupled with a warm feeling of brotherly love, whether in preaching, teaching, working on the plantations, or in making their endless journeys on foot over rough, rain soaked forest trails, or sleeping on mats thrown on native floors. I certainly felt honored to be privileged to labor with a band of brethren who showed so much stamina and good quality.

After I had been home some two and a half years, I received a letter from John A. Nelson, then president of the Samoan Mission, from which I take an extract.

"I think of you and the good counsel you used to give us when we were together in Samoa. You indeed were a man after my own heart, and how often have I wished I could be more like you: whenever your name is mentioned in Samoa it is for good, and the Saints always refer to you as the Alii loto maulalo (The Chief with a humble heart), and also as being authority on all doctrinal questions pertaining to the gospel."

Among other old and valued letters, I have one from my esteemed friend, John Q. Adams, writing from Mapusaga, Samoa, and dated December 3rd, 1910.

"Would to heaven that every family in the land possessed a guiding hand at the helm with the love, high sense of honor and responsibility, and executive genius and ability of Wm. A. Moody. I had a small, humble little verse inscribed once upon a time to jot down in your autograph book, but I hardly think I did so. In case not, here it is.

"A question trite: 'What is duty?'

An answer right: 'The creed of Muti (Moody)

And lest our feet in error stray,

He first points out, then leads the way."

There is another letter written by this same good friend, under date of January 29th, 1914.

"Well, I suppose you are as ever the busy, useful, influential man as I met you and learned to love you on Samoa. Often in conversing, if the occasion calls for it, I am not backward in saying that I have known an ideal man, my dear old mission president—ideal in his business, ideal as a husband and father, and in the search for and dissemination of knowledge of the sort that elevates and saves. May our relationship ever continue as close and pleasant as in the past, is the wish of your Samoan atalii (son).

O Kuinise (his Samoan name)"

CHAPTER XXI

Home!

As I neared my home and looked again upon old familiar scenes, my heart beat faster and I was filled with great anticipation. Nearness, like distance, can be felt. The change from tropical weather and island life, to north temperate zone weather and America gave me the sensation of entering a new world. Yet there were the old landmarks, especially the church I had helped to build, its spire rising above the trees. Here was my home, my earthly heaven. The long separation from my loved ones was at an end, and my yearnings for wife and children about to be realized.

As the train stopped, I looked out the window and there they were, the little group standing where I had left them in tears so long ago. When I stepped off the train, I was smothered in hugs and kisses as the children fell upon me in their happy excitement, after which, with sacred emotion, I fondly clasped my wife in my arms.

Much had changed, but nothing as much as the size of my children. How big they had grown!

But not for long did I feel a stranger and that night as we kneeled in prayer, I fervently thanked God for my safe return to them. Truly had Sarah carried the heavier load, and I would now lighten her burden for her.

After doing missionary work for about thirty-three months I had now to look forward toward building up the financial end of

my affairs. Our sawmill and flume, as a business, had been more expensive to get running than we had calculated, and the flume was not yet finished. The mill was sixteen thousand dollars in debt. The price of lumber had dropped from thirty-five dollars to fifteen dollars a thousand feet "mill run." The government had made us pay four dollars a thousand feet "stumpage." Labor union agitation interfered with our work and militated against us, and also, as we believed, deliberately cut down our output by sabotage. If the mill stopped for a few days for repairs, which it did far too often, we had to feed and pay our mill hands just the same, or they would leave us, and skilled lumber men were hard to get. Our stockholders were discouraged.

I was made manager of the mill at this time, but I was not a sawmill man, and knew very little of the technique of manufacturing lumber, so I leased the production end of the business to O. S. Wooley, a sawmill man from Texas, while I looked after the shipping and sales department.

But he produced at a loss, and we then closed down the mill. We put the property into the hands of a real estate man to sell for us, at a net price to us of eighty-five thousand dollars. An Oregon firm became interested in the property, but the sale fell through because the realtor had, according to his own confession, loaded the deal too heavily by adding to our price, a profit of forty-thousand dollars for himself.

J. R. Welker and I then took an option on the property with the hope of selling it at a profit, and in time closed a deal with a five-hundred dollar deposit, exercised our option, and then were left in the lurch as the buyers failed us. We now had a thirty-five thousand dollar debt, plus two thousand, two hundred fifty dollars interest on our notes, which were drawing ten and twelve percent interest, the prevailing rate in our part of the country.

Conditions were pressing. We stood in the balance. Either we could clear ourselves or we must fail. Our reputation for honesty and square dealings saved us. After months of strenuous effort, with many disappointments, we succeeded in interesting capital to carry on. In making the deal, however, we held out all the land and water (six hundred acres of land) and retained twelve thousand dollars in stock. The land and water proved to be our financial salvation in the end. But the whole venture was an expensive one in worry, energy and time.

HOME! 179

While Bishop Welker and I were sweating under the sawmill load, trouble began to come over our water rights. Others owning land adjoining us had used our water during the time we had not had our land ready for it, by our leave entirely, but now they claimed it as theirs by invoking a law which stated that the water belonged to the land which first used it. They gave us any amount of trouble, cut down our flume, stole our water again and again. We finally took the matter to court to quiet title and got judgment as we dictated it.

When we won the suit, the losers did everything possible to retard our progress. Two of them laid wait in the bushes to shoot us, but just before we reached their ambush, I suggested to Bishop Welker that we turn and go by way of Pima, which we did, and probably saved our lives thereby. How bitter such fueds can become!

Their next step was to burn down four stacks of barley which we had harvested. We had them arrested for incendiarism, but the jury acquitted them, saying that we had proved the presence of their horses at our stacks, but not that they were the riders. We later learned that sympathy of the jury for one of the men, because he had a family, had caused the verdict of not guilty. We then brought civil suit, got judgment for \$1,500.00 and got the money. All things together, we had a strenuous year!

It is interesting to note that about thirty years after this happened, I met one of the men who had given us a lot of trouble, not, however, one of the grain-burners, and I went up to him and put an arm about him and said, "We had a lot of trouble over that Ash Creek water, and a lot of ill feelings grew out of it, but I don't hold anything against you. Now let's shake hands on it, and you come home to dinner with me." And he did.

There was one incident in connection with that flume which gave me some real excitement. It was during the month of May of 1912 that I took Orson Tyler and Elzy Skaggs with me up the mountain to repair the flume for the spring opening of the mill. We took two burros as pack animals, started at the top and worked downward, moving camp from time to time. One evening we made camp in a cabin on Oak Flat, and had to work up the hill for one day. At nightfall, we were about two miles above camp. When the mill was in operation, it was common for men to ride the flume at the lower end where it was not steep, by sitting on a board. The

water acted as a brake to keep them from going too fast. So now, being tired, we decided to ride the flume down to camp. It was roughly ten inches wide on the flat bottom, and fourteen inches on each sloping side. If a board were laid across the flume, there would be a distance from it to the bottom of about eight or nine inches.

The water had been turned out of the flume in the fall, but with the melting of the mountain snows, a little found its way into the flume, probably half an inch in depth. This had been running for a long time and had made the flume very slippery. The weather was cold, and we did not want to get wet, so we turned the trickle of water here out of the flume and waited about five minutes for it to drain away. I ventured first, sitting on a small six inch board, and of just sufficient length for me to stretch my feet on it.

Orson gave me a slight push, and I was underway!

With a speed that amazed me, I darted down that flume almost as fast as though I were falling, and about two hundred yards along, at a spot our work crew had missed because of detouring a steep, rough canyon thick with timber, I saw a fallen tree across the flume.

I was going so fast the trees on either hand appeared to be a solid wall. If I struck that fallen tree athwart the flume, I should be

cut in two.

In a split second I would reach it and there was no time to weigh matters. Instinct rather than reason caused me to throw my self backward to a lying posture, and before I had time to realize it, I had shot beneath the tree, with only a fraction of an inch to spare between me and death.

Still I was not out of danger. On sped that board, swift as a bullet, it seemed. I managed to rise to sitting posture again, to see where I was, then my board caught up with the water in the flume, which I had far out raced. The end of my board hit it with such speed that it shot out like a projectile, a stream of it striking me in the forehead, blinding me and drenching me with icy water. And it continued to pour into my face as I flew on in that wild ride. The thought struck me that, being unable now to see, I was at the mercy of anything I should encounter ahead. Should my board strike something in the flume to divert it and make it jump the flume, it would surely be the end of me. In a moment of panic, I threw my hands down to grab at the sides of the flume, but my momentum instantly twisted my wrists backward and almost broke them.

All this had happened, I should judge, within one minute, then I reached Oak Flat, where the grade eased off to about fifteen or



The flume, used to float lumber down to the valley from Mt. Graham.



HOME! 181

twenty degrees. My speed gradually slowed, and I soon was able to stop.

With relief so great it could not be expressed in words, I climbed from the flume, and although soaking wet and very cold, I was near camp and could soon be dry and warm.

The important fact to me was that I was still alive!

On my return home, after having stopped to help forest rangers put out a forest fire en route, I found the following letters, from which I quote in part. Copy had been sent me by President Andrew Kimball.

Thatcher, Arizona, May 30, 1912

Governor George W. P. Hunt Phoenix, Arizona My dear Governor:

I am writing in answer to your communication of the 28th by special delivery, regarding Judge William A. Moody of this place . . . Judge William A. Moody filled an unexpired term as Judge, Probate and Co. Supt. of schools, was re-elected four terms more by the Democratic vote, always carrying the highest majority. He could have been elected again, but modestly retired.

Mr. Moody was called some three years ago to preside over the Samoan Mission in his Church, where he had not only the full care of the general missionary work on those islands, but managed all the material affairs, had charge of a cocoanut plantation and accounted for every cent that passed through his hands, greatly to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

As secretary and treasurer of the Mt. Graham Lumber Co., Mr. Moody served last year to the entire satisfaction of his associates, as he is a member of the company and is at it again this year.

Mr. Moody while bishop of Thatcher had the responsibility of constructing our meetinghouse, a church costing \$26,000.00, and accounted for every cent and handled the whole thing himself.

Mr. Moody stands well with his party, is a true-blue Democrat, can be depended upon in any position where he is placed.

Mr. Moody is honest, capable, reliable, faithful, conscientious, would rather lose his head than his honor, has a wide experience, knows considerable about law, is well acquainted with land matters and has good judgment of values and location.

. . . Whether he will, or can afford, to leave all the enterprises he has at hand for this position, I can't say. I feel good at the recognition, and will say, Governor, that Graham County should be looked after with a little more consideration, or there will likely be a turning point in the future. . . .

(signed) Andrew Kimball

I called on Governor Hunt to thank him for the honor and trust he imposed in me and he replied in part:

"I have in the neighborhood of one thousand applications for a place on the Land Commission. I regard it as the highest and most important office in the gift of the State. In handling state affairs, I deal with them on the same basis as in matters of my private business, and to give a good government, I must put good men at the head of the departments."

He also said that he had made inquiry about me and decided I was the man for the place. He continued.

"Do you remember that Sunday when I was campaigning in Thatcher, and you invited me into church, and arranged for me to speak to the congregation after church had dismissed? At that time I took note of you, and made a memorandum in my little book that if I ever got the chance I was going to give that man a boost."

The appointment was confirmed by the legislature, and I took oath of office June 6th, 1912. Our land commission of three members consisted of Wulford Winsor, Chairman, William A. Moody and Cyrus Burns.

Arizona had just been granted her statehood on February 14th, 1912. At that time, the state was granted 2,350,000 acres of land to be selected from the unreserved, non-mineral public domain for the benefit of the State institutions, and also sections 2, 16, 32 and 36 of each township for the benefit of the common schools. The total land grants were approximately ten million acres, a great heritage.

The selecting and administration of these lands was of paramount importance to the finances of the state. The work proved to be many-sided, calling for judgment, capacity and sagacity, discrimination and tact, which constituted a big order for any man.

All the school lands had to be examined and reports made of their status, topography, water facilities, best use and potential values. The work took us into practically every township of the state. Then the public domain had to be searched to make selections of grant lands, which were to be leased, sold or whatever seemed the best policy for each section. These matters evolved as time went on.

We secured the history of how such lands had been administered in other states and studied the results of each administration and policy. Other states had received only two sections in each township, while New Mexico and Arizona received four.

HOME! 183

The thirteen original colonies did not receive any comparable grants, and Texas was annexed.

We determined to build up a perpetual fund for each department where these lands applied, by holding the lands and administering them through lease-holds. School lands that had already been brought under cultivation by settlers and had been operated under leases, were to be sold by certain provisions of the law, in order to give title to the lessee if he wanted it, such sales to be made at public auction at not less than the appraised values and not less than twenty-five dollars an acre in any event. The constitution of the state provided that not to exceed two sections could be leased or sold to one individual or organization. This wise provision was aimed at preventing large interests such as cattle companies from securing the school sections in large tracts which would aid them in controlling the public ranges and watering places, thus excluding the small ranchers.

What I have said is perhaps sufficient to give an idea of the magnitude of the responsibility resting upon the Land Commission. It was not long until we saw greed, avarice, fraud and chicanery

begin to rear their ugly heads.

By July of 1914, we had examined most of the lands in the entire state and approximately eight hundred thousand acres had been selected in satisfaction of the Congressional grants. Three million acres had been withdrawn from public entry where selections would be made as fast as surveys could be completed. We had prepared for the selection of two million acres or more in lieu of regular school lands; sections which had been disposed of prior to statehood; several million acres were being administered and some fifteen hundred leases carried; a large portion of the school lands had been administered, classified and their improvements appraised. The university timber lands had been made to yield handsomely under a modern system of practical forestry and conservation. Hundreds of controversies and embarrassing situations had been adjusted and the solutions of others were being sought. We had begun to fathom the unlimited possibilities which lay in the honest and practical administration of the state's land wealth, and the commission's findings, when fully announced, could hardly fail to interest the more ardent advocates of the reduction of taxes.

In the meantime the commission had organized and was conducting a land department which we believed had no superior in the United States.

In the course of our administration we discovered that a huge fraud affecting the public lands of Arizona was being perpetrated. In the regular course of duties these facts came into our possession, and their meaning was so clear that it could not be mistaken. Our commission denounced the attempted fraud, which was well under way, and interposed vigorous objection to its final consummation. We could do nothing else. Inaction would have been little short of criminal, since it would have meant the theft of millions of dollars by its originator and chief beneficiary — the Santa Fe Railway Company, and also the tying up in the hands of the few, of hundreds of miles of the choicest lands in the state. It was a clear, bare-faced steal, and could not be defended without admitting contempt for law and a belief in robbery.

When the building of the Santa Fe Railway was begun the government had granted the company every odd-numbered section of land for forty miles on each side of the railroad, all across Arizona; how much in other states I do not know. The company succeeded in getting a law passed in Congress which seemed innocent enough and ostensibly for the relief of the individual settler, which provided that in certain cases, conditions of which were not met in the transaction in question, privately-owned lands within an Indian Reservation might be exchanged for lands of equal area and value anywhere in the public domain. The land which the company sought to exchange was not even in an Indian reservation and lay in what is commonly known as the "Bad Lands" or "Painted Desert" almost entirely.

When our protest reached Washington, the Secretary of the Interior wrote Governor Hunt, requesting an investigation and report to him. It fell to my lot to make the investigation. I took with me, P. D. Southworth, a graduate of the State Agricultural College of Wisconsin. We outfitted at Winslow with a team, wagon, teamster and two saddle horses, and spent about a month examining these base lands. Scarcity of water and grass for feed forced us to return to certain points for camp. We found mile upon mile of loose, fluffy clay soil which formed a paste much as flour does when wet. Our horses would sink in it up to their ankles. We rode to the limit of their endurance, and three night, I failed to make camp and had to sleep out. The whole investigation was fraught with hardship and exposure.

This part of the little-known painted desert was a wild, barren, desolate waste. For miles it stretched without a sign of vegetation, HOME! 185

having been formed, I think, by flows of volcanic mud, and where the sterile clay of many hues was covered with undulating, winddriven sand dunes, it sustained only the most meager growth of alkali-resistent plants. On fifteen-hundred-thousand acres, of which the three-hundred-twenty-thousand acre tract in question was a part, there was not enough available water to sustain a herd of cattle. Such lands were being exchanged for the best lands available on the public domain, and were not, as I have stated, even in the Indian Reservation!

I made up my report as best I could, showing the character of the land in detail, classified into grazing and non-grazing, since a small portion of it was not in the "Bad Lands." My report was taken to Washington by Mulford Winsor, our commission chairman, and our protest was sustained, despite the fact that the railway company had ten lawyers and we had none. I have gone into this in some detail, because of what grew out of it.

Thus the land which the company sought to exchange for good land was such that even the railroad influenced law would not authorize an exchange, although through their influence, engineers making maps for the United States had colored districts outside the Indian Reservations so that they appeared to be a part of the reservation. The hopeless worthlessness of these lands may be understood from the fact that over most of the area no living thing, not even a rabbit, lizard or snake could be found to subsist. It would not be unnatural to suppose that even if the certain illegality of any exchange at all did not prevent it, the "equal value" clause would. Three-hundred-twenty-seven-thousand acres of such land had been, or was in the process of being exchanged up to this time.

The acts of the commission in this matter brought down heavily upon our heads the strong arm of predatory wealth, which set out deliberately to dispose of us in any way possible. To that end they hired every newspaper in the state of general daily circulation to keep up a tirade of slander and misrepresentation, and at the same time to refuse to open their columns to us that we might answer. They probed our private affairs, scrutinized our public acts, examined our public expenditures. It evolved that the "Tax Payers Association of Arizona" with its magazine, was a creature of their creation, and while representing itself as an organ of the people with their interests at heart, in reality it plied its purposes (under cover) to further the interests of the wealthy, and sought to control politics

to that end. Every morning when we picked up a newspaper we could feel long, nasty fingers reaching to pull us down.

When the election took place in November, 1914, their influence had sent a number of men to the legislature whose sole purpose seemed to be to eliminate the State Land Commission by legislation. To further their nefarious ends, they resorted to every conspiracy their ingenuity could invent.

In the meantime, the Land Commission had drafted a land bill, every section of which had been based on a necessity for administering the lands, as ascertained by our experience. We invited state legislators into our office and discussed the proposed bill with them.

One senator said, "That is the best land bill I have ever seen, and I would like the honor of introducing it."

Others quickly expressed themselves as wishing to do the same. Not wanting to play favorites, we had them choose from their number the one who would present it. The bill went through the first reading in the Senate with unanimous approval. But when it came up for second reading, it was immediately tabled, and a substitute bill was introduced which would permit our public lands to be shamelessly exploited.

I learned through a friend of mine that one of the senators had assembled groups of lobbyists and some legislators representing four different interests and he then proceeded to inquire, "You school land lessees, why are you here? For one purpose only, and that is to get title to your leased lands as cheeply as possible. You cattle men are here to get laws which will help you control large areas of land. You railroad lobbyists are here to eliminate the present land commission. And I am here to get a good mine tax law enacted. If we join forces, we can all get just the kind of laws we want. I'll help you get your land laws enacted if you will help me get my mine tax law."

The speaker was working for the mining companies, and since my friend who related this to me was present at the meeting, there was no doubt but that this happened.

The railway companies, (The Southern Pacific Railway Company had become indirectly interested through purchase) and the mining companies had in the neighborhood of one hundred paid lobbyists. So many, in fact, that they were dubbed the "Third House." The legislature, controlled by these functions, refused to pass the state appropriation bill until, or unless their land bill was

HOME! 187

passed, with its provision for the elimination of the State Land Commission in favor of a single commissioner, and with the Governor's appointive power abolished in favor of a committee of five.

The matter was fought through two special sessions of the legislature. They finally got the bills to a point where everything had been agreed upon except the section eliminating the land commission. Their faction had a majority in the Senate; we had a majority in the House, plus the Governor. Since the commission was the only obstacle to the closing of the legislature, we yielded. Large corporations usually wear out individuals in matters thus contested.

The way of the reformer is hard.

We had been operating under the constitutional laws which were inadequate for the administration of the lands. In the light of what followed, however, I am convinced now that an honorable officer with the interest of the public at heart will give a better administration of public affairs even under poor laws than a dishonorable, weak man will give even under adequate laws. It was astonishing to me to learn to what lengths men will go to circumvent the law, with the co-operation of venal officers. As another example of this, the cattlemen used dummies to lease sections of school land, then bought their leasehold, and thus acquired control of a vast territory, wholly contrary to the spirit of the state constitutional law.

July 1st of 1914, my term of office having expired, I returned home. Mr. P. D. Southworth, my companion on the extended trip

to the "Bad Lands", had kept a journal, and from it I quote:

"Mr. Moody is certainly a born general for planning out field work, and a finer grained, cleaner man I have never known . . . What I admire most is his management, making every move count, and having camp meet us out on the desert in such a way that it can't be missed."

Under a later date he wrote, "We got to Leupp early and found Mr. Moody. He had come for the night, but changed horses with me again to cross the river and finish the strip on the east side of it, between Leupp and Winslow. He was very weary, and I fear for his health. A more conscientious, painstaking and thorough man never walked the earth. The state will never appreciate what these men have done, nor to what extent they have at heart the public welfare. It is a revelation to me. It is nearly dark and Moody is not yet in. I will take good care of him. He is a strong man, but I fear he has overdone himself."

Some months later, when he was in Deming, New Mexico, he wrote in part:

Dear Mr. Moody: "I wish I could see you and talk over a great many things that puzzle me sometimes. If your work ever takes you near the New Mexico line, will you please let me know, and I will drive over and meet you. I feel that whatever success I am making on the job, I owe largely to your encouragement last spring. I was about at the end of my rope when I got that job with you, and the spirit of optimism which you planted in my life brought forth quite a plant; I hope that plant will bear good fruit. I took the examination for agriculturists for the reclamation project, and stood third on the list of eligibles."

It was during these trying years of many interests that my last two children were born as mentioned earlier, now making our family number eight, with six girls and two boys.

A letter from Sarah, written to me under date of April 30, 1915, was so lovely in its sentiment, that I quote it in part here also.

"The beautiful sentiments in that lovely birthday letter are very much appreciated. I am pleased to know that you remembered my birthday, and was more pleased that you took the time to write me a nice, long letter; and most pleased of all that after having lived with me and borne my faults for sixteen years, you can still declare your love and appreciation for me.

"Your love is one of the greatest blessings that ever came into my life, and on its endurance hinges my greatest earthly joys. My heart is so full of pride in, and affection for, you that I have no words to express them."

> George W. P. Hunt Governor June 24th, 1914

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

State House Phoenix, Arizona

My dear Friend Moody:

Your kind note came, and as usual you have such good advice. Mr. Kimball was also in, and talked very frankly, and I saw again your friendship, all of which makes me think and realize that you are a treasure.

I cannot but feel proud that I had something to do with bringing to the front a man, who, in a manner, and better than myself, is one after my own heart.

While your many good qualities were known in your own county, and I observed them from time to time during your months

HOME! 189

of work for the state, it is only now that I realize that you have not a peer in this state of ours for all those qualities that are pre-eminent for high ideals and lofty patriotism. I trust the time will come when our people will call you for higher honors.

With assurance of my love and esteem,

Yours sincerely,

(signed) Geo. W. P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona

CHAPTER XXII

Varied Careers

During the summer of 1913, Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt made a hunting trip to the Buckskin Mountains, north of the Colorado River. At the conclusion of it, in August, he desired to see the Hopi Snake Dance, and so timed his return to coincide with the opening of that event.

As a guest of Governor Hunt, I was among the party which met Roosevelt there, attended the Snake Dance with him, and brought him back to Flagstaff. Host to the party was George Babbit, one of the Babbit brothers of Flagstaff who had accumulated wealth through their interests in cattle, sheep, lumbering and merchandising.

We set out from Flagstaff and followed the highway as far as Winslow, where we left it and made our way across barren red clay flats and irregular volcanic mud mesas to Leupp. There we crossed the Little Colorado River and continued across barren desert country bordering the famous Painted Desert. The road at that time was little traveled, and progress was difficult.

We reached Walpi, where the Snake Dance was to be held, at sundown, and there were joined by President Roosevelt and two of his sons.

This famous president, having been in the mountains for some time, was eager to have news from the national and international scenes, and fired one question after another in rapid succession at the newspaper correspondent who accompanied our party. Roose velt impressed me as a man of dynamic energy, great enthusiasm and force; a man egotistical to a fault, yet withal a good and able person who commanded respect and magnetically drew other men to him.

After spending a night in the comfort provided by our kind host, we were up early and away to the ceremonies. The Snake Dance is an important Hopi festival, and its purpose is to appease the gods and petition them for rain, that there might be an abundant harvest.

In a small plaza, warriors in festival regalia, began to dance in a circle to the dull beat of a drum, and accompanied by their own chants. Presently a box was opened, and snakes of many kinds, mainly the deadly rattler, crawled out and across the stone pavement. As the warriors danced, they each snatched up a snake as they came around to them by dexterously grabbing it a short distance back of the head. The dance continued with mounting fervor, and the participants continued to snatch up snakes until each had several live ones in his hand and some held theirs by the teeth. It seems that the snakes are caught on the run, and being therefore unable to coil for a strike, cannot bite their captors. One snake in particular, the sidewinder, smaller than the ordinary diamondback rattler, was difficult to catch because of its peculiar habit of facing and striking its foe while its body moved in a sidewise direction.

After the dance, the warriors moved to the edge of a cliff and stood in a row, each disinfecting himself by filling his palm with the liquid from a small vessel, one for each participant, and rubbing this over his body and limbs. Each then lifted the vessel and drank a few swallows, after which he pushed a finger down his throat

to induce retching, and vomited over the cliff.

The secret part of the ritual followed this in a large underground room, to which the chiefs descended by means of a ladder placed through an opening in the top. At the time of our visit, this Snake Dance had been seen by but few white men. We did not know about the secret rites, and President Roosevelt, speculating as to whether something was going on down there, innocently stepped to the opening in the ceiling and peered down.

Instantly a boy of about twelve climbed up the ladder, stuck out his head and said vehemently, in English, "Go way! Go way!"

Roosevelt was somewhat abashed. As he turned away, he

remarked, "I'm not used to taking orders from a child. I had no idea the affair was private."

The village was located high on a terrace or mesa, and the chief communal building had many rooms, or chambers, some above the ground, some beneath. Many families lived in it. Before we left, our party had its picture taken in front of this communal building.

President Roosevelt and his sons had taken with them on the hunting trip, a packer and a cook, with saddle horses and a number of burros for pack animals. Addressing the packer, he asked, "Where did you get that animal?"

The packer replied, "I couldn't find one of ours. There are a lot of burros running loose around here; they belong to the Indians, I suppose; I caught one of them to replace ours. They aren't worth much, if anything."

Mr. Roosevelt then said, "A man who will steal for me, will steal from me. You are no longer in my employ."

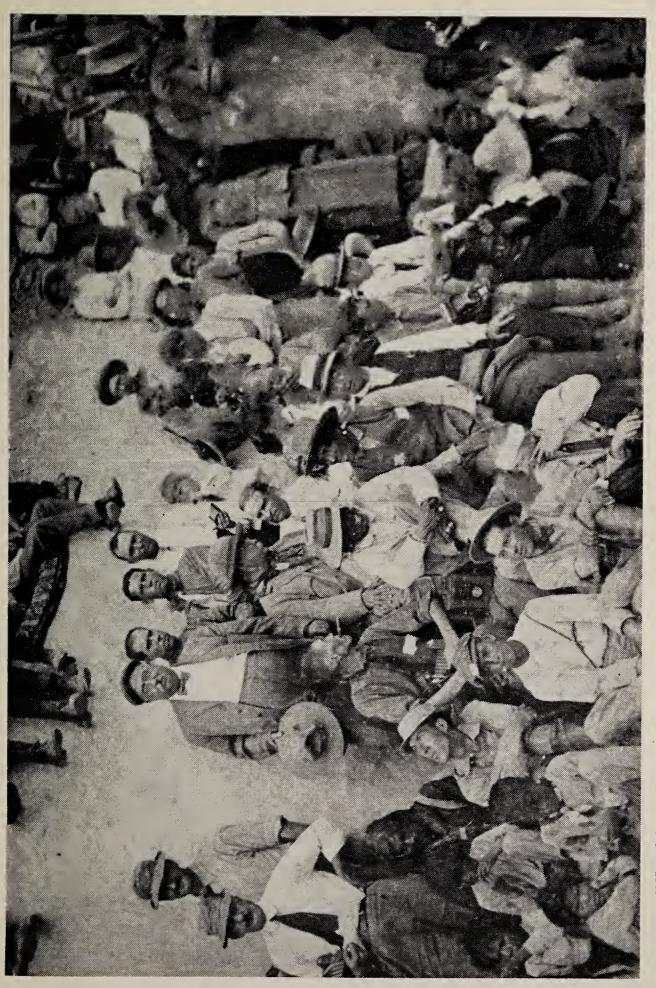
His insistency upon honesty and truth telling was outstanding. One could not be in his company without being impressed by his strong personality. Here was, indeed, a man of power.

After I retired as one of the State Land Commission, I became one of the State Land Appraisers, along with Charles Peterson and Sam Y. Barkley, whose duty it was to appraise the state school lands and their improvements. These lands were to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, with the stipulation, however, that they must bring at least twenty-five dollars an acre if under irrigation. In the event that the purchaser was a different individual from the lessee, he was to pay the lessee for improvements at our appraisal price. Such appraisals involved in many cases, the homes of settlers as well as the land, also ditches, fences, trees, barns and other buildings.

Water right priorities entered in as well. The many angles and conditions affecting these settled lands called for a nice balancing of justice between the interests of the lessee and those of the school

children for whom the grants had been given.

We appraisers had a tacit understanding that Charles Peterson was to represent the interests of the lessees, S. Y. Barkley was to be neutral, as an appointee of the State Land Commissioner, and I, as an appointee of the governor, was to represent the interests of the state. This for the purpose of arriving at fair appraisals. We discussed all matters freely, and without heat, even when we had



Watching the Hopi Indian snake dance. The large gentleman, left center, wearing a cap and holding a hat in his right hand is Gov. George W. P. Hunt. His left hand rests against the right arm of Theodore Roosevelt. The author stands third to the right from Gov. Hunt.



strong differences of opinion, and arrived finally at unanimous conclusions. These men were just and impartial at all times, and we worked together in a most friendly manner.

Much of the land we had to appraise was already highly developed, and some of it brought as high as one hundred dollars an acre. The value of water rights was the hardest matter to decide. Some of the lands had very early priorities, and other land more recently brought under cultivation had less relative right, which was important because water was so very scarce that its use was eagerly contested at all times. The situation was complicated by the building of the Roosevelt Dam, with its reservoir for impounding waters for irrigation purposes. Water from this source was distributed by putting all rights on an equal basis until the time there should be insufficent water for all, then priorities governed.

We soon discovered that the lessees were organizing to wield influence toward acquiring their leased lands permanently for as nearly nothing as possible. Many group and individuals, some high in political or financial influence, came to attempt to influence our appraisals, but to no avail. It amazed me to see the extent to which some men would go to influence us for the benefit of their friends. But no single person ever came to impress me with the fact that it was my high responsibility to guard the interests of the state for the potential benefit of our schools. None ever came to pat me on the back and say, "Moody, you're doing a hard job faithfully and well, and we appreciate your saving the real value of these lands for our school children."

Long hours and great effort went into our wrestlings with the public to carry out the intent of the law in this matter. Often we grew discouraged at the greedy desire of every man to benefit beyond his just right. I feel certain that our work as state land appraisers saved for the schools of the state, tens of thousands of dollars over and above what would have been realized had the work been done by men who lent an ear to the outside influence and had not the moral stamina to stand their ground. But of the effort it took to do it, the public will never know, and perhaps never care. Our consciousness of duty well done had to be our reward.

When the time came that I had finished with this work, I took the wholesale agency for Gila County for a soft drink bearing the trade name of *Barma*.

Here it was that I had my first real experience as a small businessman combatting organized, intrenched business. Globe and Miami were the chief towns of my territory. Needing cold storage I tried to get space in the Globe ice plant, but was refused it because my product constituted competition. They were selling a similar product. I then sub-leased space in a cold storage plant at Miami, later to be refused delivery of the place because its ice came from the plant at Globe, my competitor. I finally found a large mercantile building being erected with cold storage facilities; its owners agreed to do business with me on the grounds that I purchased an interest in the plant for \$1,500.00. I agreed to do this, but the next day the deal fell through as had the others. The same large ice company, with its competitive soft drinks, had put pressure on the company with which I dealt to keep me out of the field.

I realized the concerted effort that was being made to eliminate me, but that only made me the more determined to see it through. Cold storage, only hindered my keg product for Barma on tap, for the bottled product I could manage without ice. I posted advertisements all over town, on every available fence, barn, telegraph pole and signpost. I canvassed the sixty houses which sold soft drinks, calling on them daily, and each day added a few new customers. By the end of the first month I had a lot of customers, and had sold out my first carload of Barma. To retailers who said, "Barma is unknown, and will never be called for," I offered a free supply to be used as a test. I knew my product equalled the best. Then I went down to a dairy owned by my brother in law and gave every man on the place enough money to buy himself a bottle of Barma, with the agreement that they would buy at the place I specified, and accept no substitute drink.

The next day on my rounds, every single dealer where I had left bottles gave me an order. I then had every soft drink dealer in both Miami and Globe on my list. I ordered another carload of Barma. About this time, my chief competitor acknowledged that my product was there to stay and offered me such a good deal if I would sell

him the agency for Barma that I accepted it.

In 1918, under an appointment by Governor Hunt, I was made superintendent of the Arizona Industrial School, which was in reality the state reformatory. I had charge of both the boy's and the girl's schools, which were separated by only the distance of a few hundred feet and two high fences. The school was located in the abandoned buildings of the old government army fort, at Fort Grant, at the foot of Mt. Graham. The nearest settlement was Willcox,

twenty-five miles away, which was a railway and trade center for the many ranches which dotted the broad, grassy Sulphur Springs Valley lying to the south. The buildings had been partially renovated prior to their occupancy by the school about a year before my coming.

I assumed charge January 1st of 1918, and in this undertaking, as always, I had a splendid colleague in my wife, who took charge of the girls' school. Her training and experience as a teacher and M.I.A. president had given her dignity and skill as an organizer, so she managed her work well, and soon won the confidence, love and respect of the girls.

As soon as I had made a survey of the schools, I set about making such improvements as I deemed necessary to make the schools what their name implied. I added a tailor shop where the boys could learn the tailoring trade, and at the same time make clothes for the school inmates. The same was done with shoe making, ship, laundry, a plumbing department and others. I found the school using kerosene lamps, and thought it high time an electric plant was installed. Calling to my aid the services of a brilliant young university graduate, I left all plans and specification for plant and wiring up to him. Alma Sessions justified our confidence. We were highly pleased with the plant installation and cost.

I also caused to be built two large silos, to provide feed for the dairy herd, and a canal which brought mountain water to the land for the development of a truck garden and farm. We also moved hundreds of tons of rock from the school grounds, and I obtained from the state landscape gardener, plans for beautifying the grounds, which were immediately put under way. A part of these plans was the sprinkling system for the yards. The work in these developments was done almost entirely by the boys of the school, under supervision.

About this time the social service department of the City of New York invited the superintendents of all state reformatories in the United States to a convention which was held in conjunction with the School of Philanthropy. This I attended and we visited a reformatory, prison, and an orphanage every morning, making notes for discussion in the afternoon sessions. We always began the day, however, with an early morning lecture by Dr. Kirchway, and his lectures were splendid.

In conversation with him one day while there, I happened to mention something about a superior race. His answer impressed me deeply.

"Is there a superior race? Isn't it more a matter of education and environmental influence?"

In the light of later developments, including the rise of Hitler who posed the proposition that his race was superior, this moot question of racial superiority has been given a thorough airing, and through it all, I have been constantly reminded of the good Dr. Kirchway's wisdom in this regard.

We visited the night session of the Juvenile Court, and I was invited by Judge Levy, who presided, to sit beside him, the better to observe all that went on. I learned there of the "Big Brother" movement. We also visited a nursery school for the children of working mothers, manned entirely by trained volunteer workers, as well as a home for girls who came to the big city seeking employment. We also visited a reformatory for women, where we found them doing farm work such as men commonly do, and for the most part liking it. I left New York loaded with ideas. What I had seen had been a revelation to me and I was deeply impressed with the scope of the philanthropic work being done in that city.

When I had first taken over the management of the school, I had set down as a fundamental principle my determination to win not only the respect and confidence of the boys and girls, but also their affection. I reasoned that there could be no permanent rehabilitation of these lives without their being trusted and given a sense of responsibility and a freedom of choice as to whether they would do right or wrong. I knew that unless they could be impelled to do right from within; to prefer right when there was opportunity to do wrong, their stay at the school would be only an interlude in a continued life of delinquency.

Goodness cannot be forced, except temporarily, by circumscribing the life of the individual so that he is under lock and key, and by fiat commanded to do what is right. He must be put on probation, given repeated chances to experience the success of a right moral decision. Thus little by little his moral strength grows and he learns to be law-abiding. He learns to be trustworthy by being trusted. I made an earnest effort to touch the lives of my wards with love and understanding, and to implant lofty aspirations and high ideals in them. Above all, I tried to be fair and just, and give them their

full rights in any circumstance. I made their every rightful choice a source of joy and judicious praise; also a source of privilege.

Willful violations of the rules and regulations of the school and all infringements on the rights of others had, naturally, to be met with corrective punishment; but I closed my eyes to small errors and avoided being too exacting. I did away with corporal punishment, and put into operation a system of gradation of rewards and punishments which called for grading our community into three divisions, to which I gave the names of "Sun," "Moon," and "Stars." The "Sun" group was trusted and privileged. The "Moon" group was the regular intermediate conduct group, and the "Stars" were the lost-privilege group. All newcomers automatically entered the "Moon" group but were given incentives to climb into the "Sun" division. Sometimes, I regret to say, they fell back into the "Stars."

In my talks to the school, I held out the thought that the school was not a place of punishment, but a place to live and be happy and learn to get along together. That I was living there the same as they were, and we were all one big family together, and I wished to make them happy and show them a better and more satisfying life than they had ever known. I assured them that I was willing to give them all the freedom I could, but they must prove to me that I could trust them; that I did not want any of them to stay there unless they wished to stay; if any of them wished to go home, or had a place that they would prefer to live, to come and talk it over with me and I would show them the way to earn their chance to leave. I told them that we had too many boys and girls there, any way, and would like to send some of them home, as our facilities were over-taxed. This gave me an opportunity to show them what was necessary for them to do to leave the place. I promised to help them as much as possible to make a good record, so that I could recommend them for parole.

The governor told me that in one year's work, there had been accomplished more than in all the years prior to that time put together.

I made a check on why each child had become a ward of the institution, what factor had most contributed to his delinquency. I found that seventy three percent of them had come from broken homes, where parents had been separated either by death or divorce. Fathers did not seem able to give the child proper care, and mothers

who were forced to make a living for themselves and their children could not give them the proper care.

My one year's work at the school came to an end because of a change of governors, the new incumbent being of a different political party. My plans for the school, I was compelled to abandon before they were all worked out, as for instance, the idea to add necessary buildings in a way that as fast as one new building could be added, it would be a unit of a symmetrical whole, and another one would get under way.

While our work at the schools came to an end, formally, our work with the inmates continued as long as we lived in Phoenix. Often boys and girls who had been at the school with us would look us up as soon as they were parolled. They felt a perfect confidence that they were coming to friends, and several who lapsed into trouble again came to us and confessed, asking what they should do, with ful confidence that we would help them somehow. We did take an interest in them, let them eat at our table and gave them guiding advice.

But before we left the school, the world influenza epidemic of 1918 hit there and left us not enough well ones to care for the sick. We lost five inmates. Thus this year of the closing of World War I was to us a busy, hard, demanding one. But it was also a successful year, all things considered, and an interesting one. I hope we put in motion, forces for good that will live on long after we have ceased our mortal lives. Very much credit for our success was due my wife, who won the hearts of our wards, yet dealt where firmness was due. What a splendid asset is a capable, cooperative and understanding wife!

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
State House
Phoenix, Arizona

3 January, 1919

My dear Mr. Moody:

I am in receipt of your letter of December 30th, and appreciate more than I can adequately express the very kind sentiments you voice.

And now that your official connections are about to cease, I want to assure you that I appreciate the work you have done at the school in face of great difficulties. You know that my ideals for the state institutions have always been hitched to a star, and in all justice I wish to assure you that you met those ideals at the Industrial School to a far greater extent than any of your predecessors.

Your letter of the thirtieth quite reassures me, but also causes me to regret that you are about to give up the superintendency. But that is politics, and we can only hope that the institutions will not swing back to the medievalism of the territorial days.

Assuring you of my appreciation of your good wishes, which are heartily reciprocated to you and yours, I am

Very sincerly yours,

(Signed) Geo. W. P. Hunt Governor of Arizona

Hon. Wm. A. Moody Superintendent, State Industrial School Ft. Grant, Arizona

THE PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK 135 EAST 15th St. NEW YORK

July 29th, 1918

Governor Hunt Phoenix, Arizona My dear Sir:

I wish to express to you my sincere appreciation of the presence of Mr. W. A. Moody at the Institute on Correctional Problems, which was held at the School of Philanthropy, New York City, from July 8-26.

Mr. Moody brought to the Institute not only a modest, unassuming and kindly character, but also a warm and persistent interest in acquiring the very best that he could learn about eastern institutions. His devotion to the service of the State of Arizona was very marked, and I had much pleasure in assisting him in obtaining the various kinds of information that he desired.

I want to congratulate you on having so single-hearted and loyal a man in the service of your state.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) O. F. Lewis General Secretary

OFL-a

CHAPTER XXIII

Grief Tinges Our Joy

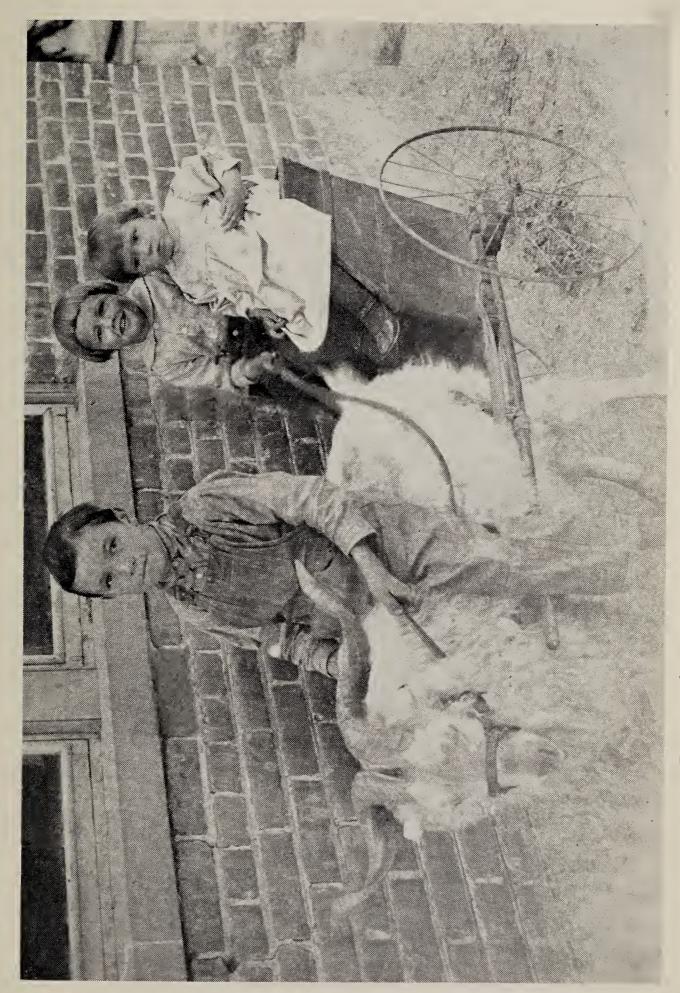
By the time Rupert was born, we had five daughters, and while each in turn was dearly loved and wholeheartedly welcomed, we did ask each time, "Surely our next will be a boy?" Mother had plenty of help indoors. I needed a son to help with the chores.

Although I am sure I showed no disappointment at the birth of my fine girls, still I did yearn for a son, and was overwhelmed

when little Rupert arrived.

He was barely a year old when I left for my second mission. He was a plump, round, active baby, and took his first steps alone the very morning I left to go to Samoa. When I returned home, two and half years later, in October of 1910, I found him grown into a sturdy lad of nearly four years. He was less pliable than the girls, and more assertive. He often displeased and provoked me. I suppose I expected his conduct to resemble that of my daughters, with which I was so familiar. But no matter how exacting I was, or what occasions I took to scold him, he always greeted me without rancour upon my return from work, running to leap on me joyously and place his cheek against mine as he snuggled with the confidence one would bestow upon a god.

He was a fine singer, in contrast to me, and sang many a Sunday School song according to his childish comprehension of the words. His "Put your shoulder to the wheel, push a law," gave us many a smile for instance, but we greatly enjoyed his efforts. As he grew



Rupert riding the goat, with Alton and Regenia in the cart.



older, he worked with much gusto, for the sheer joy of working. He loved to chop wood, and so I purchased for him a good, lightweight axe; and like the father of Washington, I often found the marks of it upon the trunks of trees. Unwisely, I scolded him for this, thus missing a fine opportunity to give him a nature lesson by telling him how trees grow, and what the results would be of breaking the flow of sap by severing the bark. In the light of his early death, I often grieved at my harshness, and wondered if I had been too severe on him, even though I had never whipped him. But self-accusation is worse than useless, and as the years passed, I became able to accept the fact that I did only what I thought best, therefore must cease to chide myself.

In his zest for chopping, Rupert even tackled the exceedingly hard mesquite stumps which had been dug in the clearing of my farm land brought to town for wood, and when he found his small axe unable to dent them, he abandoned it for the sledge hammer and wedge I had provided for the splitting of them. He persisted at this out of the sheer love of accomplishment, and often ran to greet my homecoming with an urgent request that I come and see what a big pile of wood he had cut. Often a quarter to a half cord of fine stove wood would be the proud results of his labor, and this when he was at the age of but nine or ten.

He loved to go away out to the farm and work with the horses, and this, alas, was his final undoing. When Sarah and I moved to the State Industrial School, taking the younger babies with us, Rupert remained in Thatcher with the elder children to attend school. And during my absence, one more sad chapter in my life was enacted.

Just before this, the children came to Fort Grant to spend the weekend. As we were not expecting them, they found the gate locked. The school was surrounded by a barbed-wire fence twelve feet high, and topped with a flange extending inward at an angle, all with the idea of discouraging the inmates from escaping, since it was very difficult to scale. Despite the difficulties presented by the fence, Rupert refused to be daunted, and persisted in his efforts until he scaled the fence. To the amazement of his mother and me, he came running to tell us to open the gate and let in the girls. He looked every inch a little man that day, dressed in his best kneepants and clean shirt. He bounded up in his affectionate way for hugs and kisses.

What a happy Sunday followed! There was no slightest fore boding of tragedy so soon to follow. A distress that long scarred my heart was caused by the fact that my son pleaded and begged to be allowed to remain with us and not return to Thatcher with the girls. "Papa, don't send me back. I want to stay with you," he sobbed, winding his arms about my neck. I was hard put to refuse him, but common sense dictated that I not indulge his whim. I pointed out that only two weeks of school remained in the term, and after he had completed his lessons and got his credit, he could come and spend the entire summer with us.

"We'll be waiting for you," I said.

But as though he had some presentiment of fate to come, he would not go, and I finally had to force him gently to loosen his arms from around me, and I sent him away weeping.

He never returned.

The following Saturday he walked from Thatcher to the farm, a distance of six miles, and during the day, while leading a horse with a rope, he was somehow jerked and thrown on his head. The rope, broken and knotted, was still clutched in his hand when they found him. We rushed to his side, but he was dead upon our arrival.

The sorrow of our final parting of his life lingers vividly with me, though so many years have come and gone.

Rupert Moody, born January 12th, 1907; died April 20th, 1918.

The years of 1920 and 1921 were boom years in real estate in Arizona. Dr. William E. Platt was not only a physician with a large practice, but also a businessman of ability. The two of us formed a partnership to engage in the real estate business, did well, and decided to enlarge our field of operation by moving from Graham County, Arizona, to Phoenix, Maricopa County, in the Salt River Valley. I sold my home in Thatcher, my sawmill interest, my purebred Hereford cattle, ranch, banking interest, and later my interest in an abstract company at Safford. We moved to Phoenix and purchased an eleven-thousand-dollar home, a beautiful place with four bedrooms upon one of the nicest palm-limed streets in the city. We felt that at that period of our lives, when our children were grown and at the mating age, we should give them a good background.

In Phoenix, a real estate boom was on, although we got in rather late to enjoy its benefits. Land was selling for higher and higher

prices. We made money rapidly, and everything appeared to be moving along toward affluence for us. Long staple cotton grew well in this valley, and sold for as high as \$1.25 per pound. People plowed up their alfalfa fields, sold their dairy herds, and dug up their orchards so that they could plant cotton. The best land sold for as high as a thousand dollars an acre. One man I knew promised to pay fifty two thousand dollars for a farm, and paid it all out in one year's cotton crop. At one hundred thousand dollars and up, farms were moving rapidly. People talked big money. They usually paid ten percent down and resold the property; but in case they did not re-sell, they figured anyway that the cost would pay itself out in two years with the crops.

People became crazed over land values, and speculation was rife. The general opinion was that land speculation would last for one or two more years. Even so, I did not believe that it could last that long, and feared the boom might break at any time.

One morning I said to Sarah, "Mamma, I think we had better cash in at least ten thousand dollars and put it away as a nest egg, so that we will have it to fall back on if anything happens."

But already I was too late. I called on the bank with which I had done business for years and the cashier told me, "Mr. Moody, we can't let you have that much money."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," he replied, "but the big banks in the east have passed along the word to let out no more money, and to collect in as fast as possible."

In one day the bottom fell out of business. Thousands of people who thought they were well-to-do were without funds. Business had been done largely on credit, and ledger profits evaporated. Land values dropped to less than half, and with the big majority the property in question would not sell for the price of the mortgage. I deeded one hundred and sixty acres of land for a cancelled mortgage.

There were forty acre fields piled with bales of cotton which would not sell. One man who owed me eight hundred dollars commission said to me, "Mr. Moody, last month I was worth one hundred sixty thousand dollars. Today I am broke. I am on my way to California now, but you have been so damned fair with me that I cannot leave you without trying to pay you something. I have

only this automobile, which has had the top burned off it. If you want it, you can have it."

I was almost stranded financially, and all business appeared to be paralyzed. I hung onto the real estate business for a while, operating at a loss, and finally found a new occupation by going to Chicago and becoming a graduate mortician, at Worsham's School, an institution of repute which taught anatomy, hygiene, embalming and the like. In April, 1924, we sold our home at Phoenix at a loss of over four thousand dollars and moved to San Diego, California, where I went into the undertaking business with a very fine elderly gentleman by the name of Randall. But before following the progress of this business, I wish to go back for a moment to complete the story of my association with Governor George W. P. Hunt.

He had been elected Arizona's first governor after statehood was achieved. At the time, and during the constitutional convention, the Democratic Party in that state had become divided into two factions, calling themselves the Conservatives and the Progressives. The latter division, with Hunt as leader, dominated politics. Although the Conservatives tried again and again to put in their man as governor, Hunt always succeeded in being re-elected. He was a strong and able leader. Despairing of defeating him in an election, his opponents contrived to have him appointed ambassador to Siam, ostensibly to confer an honor on him. The appointment came from President Wilson. But Hunt knew, and his Arizona political enemies knew, that his going had been to remove him from the local political scene. The Conservative faction of the Democratic Party in Arizona thereupon put up their candidate for the position of governor, but lost the election to a Republican, Tom Campbell.

The opponents of George W. P. Hunt judged him wrongly if they thought they had engineered his political oblivion. All during his stay in Siam, he kept in touch with his friends in Arizona, had a regular mailing list and carried on extensive correspondence, as well as sent gifts of rare and beautiful Oriental art objects to some of his friends. As a result of this he was able, when he returned to the United States, to run for governor again, and be elected!

He was what might well be called a "diamond in the rough," with excellent business sense and astute political judgment. His success in politics was phenomenal.

After his return from Siam, when he was again governor, he offered me once more the position of superintendent of the State

Industrial School. But after careful consideration, my wife and I decided that I had better not accept the appointment. Our grown daughters could find no suitable young men in Fort Grant from which to choose a life's companion. And to have them always away from home would not be desirable, for they would lose parental influence at this most important period of their lives.

I therefore declined the offer, but while later making preparations to move to San Diego, I called on Governor Hunt to bid him good-bye and to get a letter of recommendation which might aid me in establishing myself in a new state. When I entered his office, the Governor looked up and said, "Well, William, I suppose you have come to get that appointment." Before I could reply, he continued, "You can have it."

"To what appointment do you refer?" I asked.

"Receiver for the Bank of Snowflake. I must have five hundred applications for the position, but if you want it, I will give it to you."

"I thank you, Governor for your kind consideration," I told him, "but I did not know the bank had gone broke. I have been in California and lined up a business there. I came to ask you to write me a letter of recommendation. Such a letter would be helpful."

He gave me some splendid advice then.

"William, I'd think twice before I made that move. You have lived in Arizona most of your life. You have built up a reputation that is worth more to you than all your possessions. You are loved and admired by a great many people, and a good reputation is the greatest asset a man can have in life. All of which you will leave behind when you move. California is a larger state than Arizona. You will find it more difficult to rise again in a new state. In fact, you may never be able to reach the height there that you now have here. I'd think twice before throwing away the asset of long-built reputation."

In the light of the years that have come and gone since then, I realize the truth of his advice. It does take many years in one locality or in one organization to build up a recognized reputation of honor, integrity and worth. I probably threw away much political opportunity, since Governor Hunt was elected seven times in all. However, I did not leave character behind, and the greatest thing to me was building my reputation with the Lord. To me, one's most valuable assets are the treasures he lays up for himself in heaven. In

making the move, we gave opportunity to our daughters, all of whom married well and became fine citizens of which I am proud.

I was in the undertaking business about three years. We did fairly well, Mr. Randall and I, in spite of keen competition, but with his failing health and death, I found it impossible to acquire the proper kind of a partner, and after some trouble, decided to dispose of the business. I took an extension course in real estate law and practice with the University of Southern California, and after passing a civil service examination received an appointment as a Deputy Real Estate Commissioner for California. My chief duty was the handling of fraudulent transactions in real estate, and I think I did some very efficient work in that department. But in 1929, with the coming of the Great Depression, the fees from brokers' and salesmen's licenses fell off so sharply that business at the department, which was carried on by means of these fees, was slowed tremendously. A number of us deputies were laid off. Priorities determined who would remain. Being in the Civil Service, we were to be re-instated, since our status gave us that right despite the change of governors and political party which took place. However, political maneuvering kept us from being re-instated.

CHAPTER XXIV

Deep Sorrow

From May 17th, 1899 to April 25th, 1930, my beloved Sarah shared my joys and sorrows, my successes and failures. With trust and confidence she gave me a free hand in all my affairs, plus a splendid co-operation, leaving business transactions to my management, but willing always to discuss matters when I asked her advice. Her judgment was sound and her suggestions helpful. When things went well with us, she rejoiced. When losses came, she never complained or criticized, but turned her capable hand to anything from teaching school to taking in boarders, to tide us over the tight period. In the home she managed well, and was devoted to me and the children.

Sarah was a woman of unusual ability, and held several high positions in the church. As Andrew C. Peterson once said of her, "I have watched the course of Sister Moody, and I feel that I can challenge any ward anywhere to show her equal in the work she has done and the record she has made in the Mutual Improvement Association."

Something magnetic in her personality drew people about her, and she had the love, respect and esteem of many. She was indeed a wise and wholesome counsellor to her sex, and was made the confidante of many young girls, some of whom confessed that they could not talk freely with their own mothers.

There was never a quarrel between us, nor a sharp word intended to wound the feelings of the other. Our thirty one years of genuine companionship I see in retrospect as a beneficence the like of which is given few men. I am humble in the acknowledgement of this favor from heaven. And if I seem to over praise Sarah, it is because I, of all human beings, best knew her worth. She was truly one in a million.

Our years together rearing our family seemed crowned by the one year we spent together after moving to Berkeley when I was Deputy Real Estate Commissioner. We had chosen that city for our home partly to give educational advantages to our two remaining unmarried children, partly because of its beauty, and partly because of the fine friends we had there. Sarah loved to ride through the hills, especially in the spring when the California poppies ran riot in the open spaces between the evergreens. She loved nature and growing things, and had her own rose garden of choice plants.

Our income during this period was adequate to meet our needs and add a little to our savings. Sarah always met me at the door with expressions of joy upon my return from work, and my home was to me a haven of rest. She looked well to my comfort with the solicitude of untiring love. She was splendid and made life alluring; brave and courageous in meeting the issues of life, and with all, loving, gentle and kind.

We knew that Sarah had heart complications, and physicians had told us that her life was uncertain. Notwithstanding periodical warnings, the fatal day, in our minds, was always far distant. She gave a small party for our daughter Regenia on April 19th, 1930, and I returned early from work to drive the girls to the bathing resort. That evening when the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of nine, I said with a yawn, "Sarah, if I don't go to bed, I shall fall asleep in my chair."

Raising her eyes from the magazine she was reading, she answered that she felt a little weary too, and would also retire. An hour later she was seized with violent pains, heart failure and consequent blood congestion. For six days she endured excruciating pains. Only once during that time, for a few hours, was there any hope for her recovery.

The children, except Hazel and Flora who were in Hawaii, and Mabel who arrived after she had passed on, came to her bedside. In her last brief spell of consciousness, she gave parting counsel to

her family, which was the most sublime and noble sentiment I have ever heard expressed. One by once she told them good bye, then exhorted them not to indulge in too much sentiment, nor to grieve over much, but to carry on; she said that each had her own life to live and must make the most of the opportunities. Then with very little remaining strength, she called for her two grand babies, Arden Jean and Dorothy; had us hold them in the light where she could see them well, smiled sweetly and murmured a tenderness to each and then said, "Now I am weary. I must rest."

She sank into the unconsciousness from which she never rallied, except for a few minutes to speak to her son, Alton, when he arrived.

The hour of eight in the evening, April 25th, 1930, she passed from mortal life. For her the "fever of life was over, and her work was done. O, Lord, in Thy mercy grant her a safe lodging and a holy rest," and peace and joy at last with Thee, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

And thus the sun of my life's happiness went down, leaving it but the twilight of its former glory. Her last courageous message to me, two days before her death, will stay eternally with me. "Will, I have thought it over; if any one of the family must go, it is better that it be me. If you were to go, our livelihood would be cut off, and the children would have to quit school. Better I go than any of you. I would gladly have lived on, but God has decided the matter for me. Don't let this spoil your life, but continue to press right on."

And I, in the weeks that followed, groped my way through the night of despondency toward the light of other interests which might heal my wounds. Her parting words were ever a beacon of light to guide my way.

I prayed that the merciful Father who had continued my life would grant that I should so live my remaining days that I might finally rejoin Sarah in the regions of glory. For I felt sure that she had received the glad message, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

She was buried April 28th, 1930, one day before the fifty-fourth anniversary of her birth, in the Sunset Cemetery, Berkeley, on the western slope of a hill, a beautiful location overlooking the bay and the Golden Gate.

After her death, I was able to keep my household going for a number of months because of the presence of my daughter Delia, whose husband was in Washington, D.C., attending school. But when she joined him, I gave up the house.

My daughter Regenia, then unmarried, had left the university and gone into training to become a nurse, which meant that she boarded at the nurses' home. My son Alton was attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Thus I was left alone.

I then went to board with Fanny Wessman, a widow. It seemed that a kind providence repeatedly drew us together. An affinity with her developed into love and we were married April 30th, 1932.

I was then sixty two years of age, Fanny almost fifty nine.

She was born in Sweden. Her mother, Amanda Hall Wessman, had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints. Her father, John B. Wessman, later joined also. Fanny was the first of her family to come to Salt Lake City, but she was later made happy by the coming of her mother, and then of her father.

She married Joseph A. Parker and became the mother of five children. When she and Joseph were divorced, she struggled to rear her children to manhood and womanhood. Heavy was her burden, but she bore it courageously, and her children cherished and honored

her.

She was a congenial person, a splendid housekeeper and cook. I felt that it was wise for me to marry again, for without a wife, I could have no home, and home had always been the center of my life. Take away home, and life is done! Fanny kept our house spotless, and always took extra good care of me, and saw that I got the best available in all circumstances. Together we did much church work. She became president of the Berkeley Ward Relief Society, which position she handled with credit. I was counsellor to Henry Thompson in the presidency of the High Priests' Quorum of Oakland Stake, and when the stake was divided I became stake representative of the Genealogical Society for the Oakland Stake. In this capacity, I, and my board, did creditable work, I feel, and we had live organizations in each ward.

Fanny had been a persistent church worker for the greater part of her life, and many a boy and girl was started on the upward path through her labors in the Primary Association. She was also an ordinance worker in the temple. She made friends readily, and spent much of her time visiting and cheering the sick, the unfortunate and the needy.

I must give her great credit for willingness to do her share always, while she had her health. Unfortunately, this failed her a few years after we married, and only her native physical sturdiness

sustained her life through the heart attacks.



Fanny Wessman Moody



Our fortunes financially, during the nineteen thirties, were an admixture of good and bad. The Great Depression was on, the history of which is public knowledge. With the closing of banks and with widespread unemployment and poverty, few found work, and they were the younger men. Persistent reverses in my finances brought me close to the edge of bankruptcy. At the age of sixty-five, I was without funds or a business, and too old to find employment. My only hope was to put myself to work, and I became a traveling salesman for the Utah Woolen Mills. Aided by their reliable line of merchandise, I was able to build a business for myself, despite the fact that money was scarce and much business paralyzed.

Twelve years were for me filled with struggle, even though I had made a modest comeback financially. I had extraordinary drains upon my finances, one of which was the medical care of my invalid wife. Eventually I could no longer go on the road selling woolens, because she could not be left without my care. I then acquired a small apartment house which, after much redecorating and repair,

we filled with tenants, and this brought us a livelihood.

On April 30th, 1949, death once more entered my home and took from me my wife Fanny, after her years of lingering illness. Although the event had been long expected, it was not easy for me to part with her, and after her passing, I often yearned for her presence and sometimes almost heard her voice with its familiar call, "Daddy, I need you!"

And so it is that there was one more loved one "over there" to

await my coming.

After the funeral, my daughter Mabel remained with me for a few days and helped me plan my future. Offers from my children to live with them came from all directions, but I felt that to go to live with any of them for a lengthy stay was impossible for me, for that would mean giving up and retiring to no particular purpose in life. Although I was nearly seventy-nine years of age, I still had ambitions not so much to make money as to lay up treasures in Heaven, and to leave a splendid genealogical record as a legacy for the Moody families, as well as to do some missionary work and some temple work.

Mabel and I had been discussing the wisdom of my plans, and during a lull in our conversation, when she had left the room, I picked up the History of Joseph Smith by His Mother, and read, "He shortly betook himself to prayer and supplication to Almighty God for a manifestation of his standing before Him, and while thus

engaged he received the following revelation." After which, of course, this was told.

Upon reading this, I was suddenly seized with a strong emotional desire that I also might receive a manifestation of my standing and of what I should do to serve the Lord best, and almost involuntarily I found myself praying earnestly for it.

Instantly the answer came to me. "William, continue on after the manner in which you have been planning, which is to bring souls to me, and to bring about restitution and salvation in your Father's house. Neglect not your genealogical research, and work diligently in the temple for the salvation of the dead. If you will do this and continue faithful to the end, you shall receive an exaltation in my presence, and shall stand at the head of your family as you have desired."

I told Mabel of my manifestation, and she said, "Well, that settles it."

Deeply impressed by what had happened, I felt humbly obedient. I was filled with a spirit of elation, and went at once to telephone my bishop that if he wished to recommend me for a mission, I would make myself available.

It was not long before I received my call from President George Albert Smith to go to the Central Atlantic States mission.

And so, once again, I became a missionary to preach the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. The following letter will attest to the results of that mission.

"Dear Bishop Provost:

We have recently released Elder William A. Moody, of your ward, who has filled a short term mission. Elder Moody, although nearly eighty years of age, did a fine work in this mission. He consistently led our mission in the sales of Books of Mormon, and through his labors a number of fine homes were opened to us, which I am sure will result in a goodly number of baptisms.

"I thank you for sending him to us, and appreciate the fine work

he did in this mission.

"Sincerely your brother,

J. R. Price, Mission President."

My release came on April 11th, 1950, and I returned home to Salt Lake City. I had no intention to cease pursuing my efforts to bring about restitution and salvation to some of my father's house, as I had been directed.



Amy G. Toye Moody



Having formerly taken courses in genealogical research at the University of California and also from the Genealogical Society of Utah, one of my major interests and activities came to be, and remains, the searching for genealogy. I have searched or had searched most of the great genealogical libraries of the United States, besides making specific efforts in more obscure places where reliable data might be found. This labor culminated in the calling of a meeting to organize the Moody family. Our first project was additional research to add to the large records I had already accumulated.

From our co-operative efforts we now have printed, bound, and paid for, a genealogical, biographical and historical book, entitled Moody Family Record. The book consists of three hundred twenty-seven double-column pages with family photographs. This book ful-

fills one of my life's ambitions.

After my return from my last mission, I was again faced with the problem of where to live. Should I get board and room somewhere? Should I live in my own home in the apartment house I owned, doing my own cooking and household chores? Either prospect seemed to hold forth a bleak future for me. Perhaps I should try to find another companion and marry again. Surely my age of eighty years was against my finding a suitable wife, but my nature and inclinations cried out for a wife and home life.

With this sly reason in my heart, it was easy to back it up with many sound reasons why I should remarry. A companion must be intelligent, kind, loving and of cleanly habits. Among my acquaint ances was Amy Gertrude Toye. She not only met these requirements, but her likes and dislikes fit into my life exceptionally well. She was interested in the things I felt the Lord had outlined for me

to do. We both liked to do temple work.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple July 13th, 1950, after

a brief but interesting courtship.

Concerning Amy, she was born February 5th, 1874, in England. She received a liberal education at the Young Ladies' College of Birmingham, England, where she majored in languages and music, and studied voice culture. She was baptized into the church on August 15th, 1909, serving in the Relief Society presidency for thirteen years; and was for many years a teacher in Sunday School and in the Primary Association.

In 1919 she became "Mission Mother" in charge of the mission home for the elders in Birmingham, which position she held until

1927. Then she and her son Alfred came to America.

Both in England and in America, Amy did much to bring others to the faith. She was a stake missionary for a time after arriving in America. She knew her Bible and understood the doctrines of her faith.

A good homemaker, she was also honest, vivacious and lovable. She had great faith and strong convictions, and much courage. She loved children, and was loved by them in return. She did much generalogical work, chiefly in behalf of her beloved family. In the evening she played and sang at the piano, after which she and I would kneel in prayer before retiring.

But on a Friday morning, November 21st, 1958, Amy was suddenly taken from me. We had gone to the temple early. She complained of not feeling well, and of breathing heavily. I sought to take her home, but she wished to remain. A few minutes later,

however, I saw that she was very ill, and called a cab.

At home a doctor came and said she must go at once to the hospital, and called an ambulance having an oxygen machine. She died, however, before she could be gotten to the hospital.

She was buried the following Monday at a beautiful ceremony, and it was a comfort to me to see how peaceful she appeared, and

how serene.

Each of my children now has a career of his or her own. My son, Captain Alton B Moody, United States Naval Reserve, now holds the position of Deputy Director of the Division of Navigational Science, United States Navy Hydrographic Office, Washington, D.C. He is also bishop of his ward.

Hazel, as has been mentioned, is the widow of Eric A. Knudsen,

former owner of extensive rubber and sugar property.

Ruth is the wife of Oliver C. Ostegar, a senior appraiser of the Federal Housing Department.

Delia is the wife of Lawrence N. Bates, Lieutenant in the United

States Navy, Retired.

Flora is the wife of Harold D. Pease, Consul for the United

States and stationed at present at Birmingham, England.

Mabel is wife of Harry M. Whitmer, former business manager of Arizona State Hospital, and presently office manager of the Arizona State Game and Fish Department.

Regenia is the widow of Virgil Blaine Chadwick, former owner and manager of the Coast Carton Company. She lives at present in Provo where she is soon to be graduated from the B.Y.U.

All have splendid families, and I am proud of them.

Conclusion

I have written the incidents of this book at intervals spreading over a number of years. It took a lifetime of eighty-eight years to live all that has been narrated in the book.

In spite of my advanced age, I am hale and hearty, and able to manage my business and attend to church duties. I have seen much, lived much, and enjoyed life. But as I think of my achievements of past years, I find myself rather looking to the future than to the past, and I would like to close this chronicle by saying with Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at last art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Addendum

Ina D. Lee

I wish to pay tribute to a friendship of which I have previously made brief mention, and which persisted and grew for forty-six years; this is the friendship between Ina D. Lee, sister to the wife of my brother Thomas, and me.

A friendship between those of opposite sexes can be perpetuated "without a touch of sensuality or selfishness; it is a hallowed sympathy of soul with soul, which is a fire of that immortal element which Christians believe will warm kindred souls in the home eternal." (Weaver)

Miss Lee and I met upon my return from my first Samoan mission. Casual friendship grew, mainly through correspondence, into a fine, deep comradeship. We corresponded for years, at wide intervals; we met but rarely; yet as the years passed, our affection, in a purely Platonic way, grew deeper. Both my wife, Sarah, and Fanny whom I later married, met and loved Ina as I did. In the course of time she began to address me as "Uncle Will" and I addressed her as "Aunt Ina." She never married, though at one time would have wed but for the untimely death of her fiance. He willed her a substantial amount of property.

Ina and I exchanged booklets, cards and bits of verse and prose many times. From one of the last letters she wrote me before her death, I quote: ADDENDUM 217

"This is the month of June, Uncle Will, and it is a very precious thought to remember that it was at this time of the year, long, long years ago, that you were here and the friendship began that has been enjoyed throughout the days that have come and gone, one at a time, steadily growing into years, and I hope on to eternity. In our hearts we know that God has prepared the eternal home where we shall live on in the loves and friendships there as here, but so much more wonderful and beautiful. As Tennyson once said, 'Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.' . . . Do you remember Addison's definition of friendship? 'The habitual inclination of two persons to promote the happiness and welfare of each other.' . . . God bless and keep you and all those dear to you, and protect and enfold you always in His loving care.

Always,

Ina."

Our friendship stood unmarred thoughout most of our lives. May it continue on and on without stopping.

I wish to make mention of the fine support and helpfulness offered me by many whose friendship I value greatly. As an example, Brother I. B. Ball of Berkeley, California sent me the following, after the death of my wife Sarah.

The poem, When Nature Wants a Man, by Angela Morgan, and quoted below, in part, bore the following inscription:

"To my brother, William A. Moody, a man whom Nature and Nature's God seems very much to want, for she seems to have tried to hammer him and to hurt him, but it has apparently only served to mould him to play the nobler part.

"I love your spirit, my dear Brother Moody, and send this as a grand message of comfort, for so it has been to me, and doubtless has been to many others, and so will continue."

(Signed) I. B. Ball

"When nature wants to drill a man, And thrill a man and skill a man . . . Watch her method, watch her ways! How she ruthlessly perfects Whom she royally elects; How she hammers him and hurts him And with mighty blows converts him Into trial shapes of clay Which only Nature understands . . . While his tortured heart is crying, And he lifts beseeching hands! How she bends, but never breaks, When his good she undertakes . . .

How she uses whom she chooses And with every purpose fuses him, By every art induces him to try his splendor out. Nature knows what she's about."

Rich, indeed, is the man who has friends such as Brother Ball!

Victoria Regenia Moody Hawley

Gean, as she was commonly called, was the second child born to my father and mother and spent her early childhood in pioneer environments in St. George, Utah, where she was born, and in Eagle Valley, Nevada, where she, in common with the rest of us children, endured many hardships.

Being nine years of age at the time our mother died in 1872, and the only girl in a family of five, her motherly instinct caused her to assume much of the care of her brothers. She was indeed like a mother to me, the youngest. It was Gean who soothed and comforted me in my childhood needs, more than any other.

I do not remember how long she cared for four motherless little boys in the dugout we called "Gean's Cellar," but I do recall that her half-sister Mary came at night to stay with her.

Gean milked cows, sewed, made bread, and did so many endless tasks which were the usual tasks of a pioneer woman, even though she was only a child herself.

Her life was not without plenty of trouble and annoyances, yet she was of a cheerful disposition, and had a witty, humorous nature. I have heard her often tell of the trials she had to meet, not the least of which was the care of her baby brother. Not only did she rescue me from the bed of red ants, but once had to cut off my hair as close as possible to rid me of head lice which I had acquired from playing with Indian children in their camp nearby. She was a sweet, lovable character, and her trials only made for a sturdier character.

In 1881, she met and married Jacob Celly Hawley in Deseret, Utah. She bore him eight children, and the Hawley family was one of the most successful and respected in that entire part of the country.

ADDENDUM

State of Arizona Law and Legislative Reference Library

February 25, 1933.

219

Hon. Wm. G. McAdoo Transamerica Building Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. McAdoo:

I am informed that Wm. A. Moody of Berkeley is an aspirant for the position of Registrar of the United States Land Office at Sacramento.

It was my privilege to be associated with Mr. Moody in the organization of Arizona's State Land Department, following Statehood, during the years of 1912-15. My association with Mr. Moody then and my acquaintance with him thereafter inspires this communication.

Mr. Moody is of the highest type of American citizen. As an official he is deliberate, accurate, thorough, earnest, energetic and impartial. Each of these adjectives is employed advisedly, and with due regard for its significance. As a man he is a genuine credit to his home, his friends, his community and society. I know that his selection for any post of responsibility or distinction would be applauded by every one of his old Arizona acquaintances—by everyone, anywhere, who knows him.

I sincerely trust that you may be able to give favorable consideration to Mr. Moody's candidacy.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Mulford Winsor

















